Photograph] **The Market Place and Town Hall, Kingston, on a Saturday morning.** [*W. F. J. Hodgson,*

The Royal Borough of Kingston-upon-Thames,

Ancient and Modern,
with Notes upon
Surbiton and its Surroundings.

BY

DR. W. E. ST. L. FINNY.

"May't be pleasure to a reader's ear,
That never drew save his own country's air,
To hear such things related."

Heywood.

Issued by the Homeland Association for the Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain, under the general editorship of PRESCOTT ROW.

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES: G. PHILLIPSON & SONS, Market Place.
SURBITON: BULL & SON, 20, Victoria Road.
LONDON: THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION, LTD., St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

CORONATION YEAR, 1902.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

With a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to the Editor, care of the Homeland Association, St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF KINGSTON-UPON THAMES, WITH NOTES ON SURBITON AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

Whereas our Town of Kingston-upon-Thames in our County of Surrey is a very ancient and populous Town.—*Charter of Charles I. to Kingston-upon-Thames.*

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES, Aubrey says, is so called to distinguish it from Kingston-upon-Hull, the Kingston of the north; and as that ancient town has in the course of time worn its name quite down to a stump so that it is now better known as Hull, Kingston-upon-Thames may be excused, if in these days of hurry, it allows its name to be more shortly, but less correctly described, as Kingston-on-Thames.

Kingston-upon-Thames was early incorporated. The first known charter was granted in the first year of the reign of King John, and was witnessed at Porchester by the Bishops of London and Winchester on April 26th.

Among the early forms of spelling the name Cyningstun, Cyngestun, and Kyngestun appear, which indicate its Saxon origin ('Cyning,' King A.S.=son of the nation); the derivation has been the subject of discussion, some deriving it from Kings-tun (Anglo-Saxon *tun*=an enclosure) others from Kings-stone (Anglo-Saxon *stan*=a stone) from the coronation stone preserved in the Market Place.

Lombarde in his Topographical Dictionary says it was called Kingston "bothe for that it had been some house for the princes, and also because dyvers kings had been anoynted there." Aubrey says: "the Saxon Kings making it sometime their place of residence occasioned the name of Kingston to be given to it," and this view, that it was named from its being the demesne and occasional residence of the Saxon Kings, which is supported by Lysons, Manning and Bray, Brayley and Walford, and others, seems borne out by the record of the Acts of the Great Council held in the town in the year 838, A.D., in the reign of Egbert, in which the town, described as "famous," is called Kyningstun; from this record, if it is authentic, it would appear that the town was so named long before the date of the Coronation of Edward the Elder in 902, the first king known to have been crowned here.

Derivation of Name.

A record in the Herald's College states that it was "anciently the King's towne until the time of King John, who by charter gave the same with all appurtenances to the Freemen of the said towne in fee farm, ... etc."

The termination "ton," or "tun," signifies a residence, or collection of dwellings, the *ton* was a place surrounded by a hedge, or palisade to enclose cattle, beyond this was the enclosure for the "bear," or produce of the land called the "barton" which in addition to the barn often included mills and fishing weirs, and had beyond that again the outlying cotes for sheep and swine, and the serfs, Sheep-wards and Hog-wards (Howards) who had the care of them.

Around Kingston-upon-Thames are names which suggest this origin, viz.: Norbiton (North Barton) Surbiton (South Barton), The Bittoms (The Barton) and West-by-Thames, which was probably originally West Bittoms. The derivation of the name Bittoms, is uncertain, it occupies the site of the Saxon Palace.

Both Aubrey and Camden, the latter on the authority of Matthew Paris, say an earlier name of the town was Moreford (The Great Ford), but, that owing to its becoming the demesne and residence of the Saxon Kings

after the Heptarchy it was called Kingston. Biden states that Moreford was situated lower down the river than the present town is, but, that having fallen into a ruinous condition during the invasion of the Danes, at the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth centuries, it was, together with the bridge, rebuilt upon its present site and called Kingston.

In Roman times the town is said to have borne the name of TAMESA, or TAMISIA. This is upon the authority of the anonymous geographer of Ravenna.

Evidence goes to prove that Tamesa, or some Roman settlement was situated upon the slope of Kingston Hill, and this spot was probably selected, because, as geologists show, the course of the river was formerly wider and shallower than it is now, and allowed at this spot for the first ford above its mouth. A town so placed would have commanded this ford, besides being elevated above the unhealthy marshes of the river.

Roman Kingston.

Biden says this town was of no small importance, "the foundations of walls, household utensils, and coins of brass, silver and gold have been found in great abundance, and in 1722 a large number of funeral urns wholly, or partially filled with ashes, the remains of an ancient Roman cemetery were dug up near the same spot." He says also that it was one of the few towns in which Roman coins were struck, for among the ruins, not only coins, but masses of silver ready for the smith, plates beaten out ready for coining, and dies and coining apparatus have been discovered. These coins being of the reigns of Diocletian, the Maximinians, Maximus, Constantius, and Constantine the Great carry the history of Tamesa back as far as the end of the fourth century, and indicate its comparative importance, for there was no mint in England before the time of Diocletian.

Leland, after referring to these "divers coynes of brasse, silver and gold with Romaine inscriptions," says: "yn the declining down from Come Park towards the Galoys yn ploughing and digging have been often discovered foundations of waulles of houses." The exact site, however, of this once important town is not known

now, for no Roman remains have been discovered in recent years, but it is believed to have been on Coombe Warren.

In a garden in Eden Street there is a well-preserved Roman altar of the usual form, bearing the following inscription :—

DEAE
FORTVNAE
ET
NVMINI
BVS
AUGVSTO
RVM.

This inscription is taken by Mr. Mill Stephenson, F.S.A., to read "To the goddess Fortune and to the Majesty of the Augusti." Mr. F. Haverfield, F.S.A., gives it, "To the goddess Fortune and to the Divinities of the Emperors," and thinks from the phrases used that it belongs to the end of the second or beginning of the third century. Though the inscription gives no clue as to the altar having been originally set up in this town, Mr. Haverfield thinks that at least it may well be considered to have been originally set up in Britain.

CHAPTER II.

A Perambulation of the Town and District.

> Those that do teach young babes,
> Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.
>
> *Shakespeare.*

VISITORS to Kingston-upon-Thames, who are anxious to see the features of the town, can do so on foot if they are good walkers.

PART I.

Starting from the railway station and taking the road immediately opposite to it, called Fife Road, the first important structure we notice is the Royal County Theatre, where a round of smart companies in up-to-date plays are constantly engaged. On the other side of the road we see the Polytechnic Institute.

From Fife Road we turn to the right in Clarence Street, so named from the Duchess, afterwards Queen Adelaide, who declared the stone bridge over the river open in 1828, and passed in grand procession along this street; further on we obtain a fine view of the Parish Church, dedicated to All Saints, and we proceed to the bridge which spans the Thames and connects Surrey and Middlesex. From this position a pleasing view of the river is obtained, looking upwards as far as the bend at the Water Works, we see on our left the Queen's Promenade, behind it the Portsmouth Road and the Chapel of St. Raphael; further up, but just out of sight, is the island of Ravens Ait, which is much used for boating, and is the head quarters of the Surbiton Swimming Club and the famous Kingston Rowing Club, which holds its own at Henley and elsewhere. On the right of the river is the Home Park

of Hampton Court Palace, and the towing path along the river side. Looking down the river we see (beyond the beautiful greenery of the gardens of Hampton Wick on the left),—the iron railway bridge, and get a view of Canbury Gardens on the right. Returning from the bridge to Thames Street we pass at the corner Messrs. Platt's Stores, in the back premises of which, now used as a butter cellar, is what was originally constructed as a bath with steps leading down to it; the leaden drain pipe to the river still remains. This structure is curiously arched in, and can generally be seen by permission of the owners.

Passing along Thames Street we obtain another view of the Parish Church, on the other side of the road there is a narrow way, called Bishop's Hall, from the Palace of the Bishops of Winchester which formerly stood there. Many shops in this old street have been extensively enlarged and altered to meet the requirements of their growing businesses. While the alternations were proceeding on the premises of Mr. Austin Venn a carved piece of oak was discovered which bears the merchant's mark of some trader of a bygone age.

The old houses at the top of this street on both sides, with their overhanging upper stories, contrast with the Restaurant and Banqueting Halls of Nuthall and Co., in the modern Renaissance Style.

Turning into the Market Place we see the Town Hall standing in the centre, and if it happens to be a Saturday, the busy scene with the stalls covered with fruit, vegetables, and flowers is most attractive.

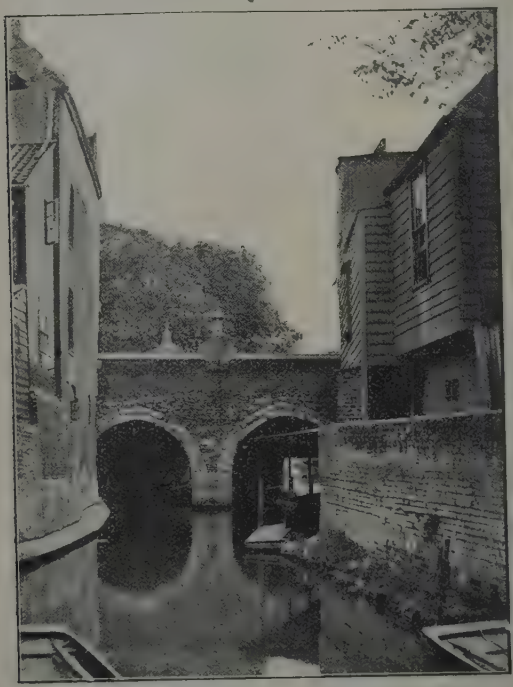
The Market Place.

Looking round the Market Place we notice on the north side the gates of the Parish Church, while on either side, east and west, smart modern shops fit themselves tightly against seventeenth century buildings, some of which have been sorely modernised, only their quaint tile roofs being left to tell the enquirer that they were once picturesque buildings. On the east side of the Market Place is the shop of Mr. Hide, formerly the Castle Inn; it contains a beautiful carved staircase of world-wide renown, which can be seen by the courtesy of its fortunate owner.

From a drawing by] **Kingston Market Place about 1770.** [*John Richards, R.A.*

In front of the Town Hall stands a statue in white marble, by Mr. Williamson, the sculptor of Esher, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Henry Shrubsole, who was thrice Mayor, and who died during his third year of office while presiding at a charity dinner in the town.

Passing along the Market Place the Coronation stone upon which the Saxon Kings were crowned a thousand



Photograph] **Clattern Bridge from the Creek.** [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

years ago, comes into view (page 49); it is enclosed by an iron railing and pillars of Purbeck marble of imitation Saxon work, designed by Major Chas. E. Davis, F.S.A.

Behind the Coronation Stone are the Assize Courts, the Free Library, and the Municipal Offices; passing southwards we come to Clattern Bridge, which crosses the Hoggs Mill stream, which takes its names from a Saxon named Hogg. It is asserted that scolding women were ducked here on the cucking stool kept under the Town Hall for the purpose.

Clattern Bridge has twice been widened by the additions of several feet on the east side; on the last occasion in 1852 the brick parapet was replaced by the imitation Saxon open ironwork now to be seen. A Roman bridge probably stood upon this site. Crossing the bridge and passing along High Street we see beyond it one of the old malting houses, now converted into an antique dealer's store. Before the introduction of railways the Maltsters of Kingston-upon-Thames carried on a considerable trade in the preparation of malt, which was conveyed away by barges, but, with the facilities and cheaper rates offered to other places by the railways, this trade has declined, though formerly it was of great importance.

A little further along we notice a house bearing the name of West-by-Thames, said to be a corruption of West Bittoms. There are, however, some who consider "Bittoms" to be a corruption of "By Thames." Beyond this the road widens into a part known as Town End, where in the days of the Commonwealth there was a bowling green. At this point is a quaint little inn, "The Anglers," soon alas to be demolished. It contains a very notable old fire-place and snuggery, and is a fine example of the riverside inn of past generations. Here we obtain a good view of the river, bordered on the right by the Queen's Promenade, so named from its having been opened by Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria; this Promenade is now the property of the Corporation. It was near this that the leaden pipes which Cardinal Wolsey had laid to convey the water from Combe Springs to supply Hampton Court Palace, passed under the river.

Passing along the Portsmouth Road we come to the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Raphael, erected by the late Mr. Alexander Raphael, in which in recent years have been performed the wedding services of members of the French Royal family; one of these took place on June 25, 1895, when the Duc d'Aosta was married to Princess Helene d'Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, Comte de Paris, "Head of the Royal family of France"; another on October 13, 1899, when Prince Jean

Photograph] **Disappearing Kingston.** [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

An old Fire Place and Cosy Corner at the "Angler's Inn."

d'Orleans, son of the Duc de Chartres, married Princess Isabella d'Orleans, also a daughter of the late Comte de Paris. His Majesty King Edward, then His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was present at the first of these occasions and signed the register as a witness.

Surrey County Hall.

Retracing our footsteps we turn up Surbiton Road, noting the quaint milestone at the roadside and the old malting house further up, then we turn into Penrhyn Road, passing on the right "The Grove," the residence of Geo. Phillipson, Esq., J.P. This house is mentioned by Rhoda Broughton, in "Not Wisely but too Well," who lived here. On the left side we see the Surrey County Hall, where the County Council meets and the Quarter Sessions are held; passing this fine building we see in front of us the "water splash" by the foot bridge over the Hoggs Mill stream, and on our

Photograph] **Surrey County Hall.** [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

Headquarters of the Surrey County Council.

left turning into St. James' Road, two red brick buildings, the first of these is Tiffin's Girls' Schools, the next the Technical School for science, art, and craft classes. This building contains the interesting collection of geological specimens and antiquities which were presented to the town by the late Alderman Gould as the nucleus of a museum, and can be seen by applying to the caretaker.

This building was formally opened by the late Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell, of Killowen, in 1899. Passing on we come to St. James' Hall on the right, where the meetings of the Literary Society are held during the winter months. From St. James' Road we enter Eden Street, formerly called Heathen Street, from its being the Jews' quarter of the town, and nearly opposite we see the Apple Market, with its quaint buildings among them the picturesque "Old Harrow" Inn.

Turning along Eden Street we pass the Congregational Church, belonging to the oldest nonconformist body in the town, expect the Quakers: we next come to the Post Office, a large building in red brick, from which we can see the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, a cut stone building.

Here we note on the left "The Three Compasses," another old time inn, with a low-pitched bar parlour, reminding one of the cabin of a ship. This room contains a very fine old wrought iron projecting fire-place and is quite worth seeing. The famous highwayman, Jerry Abershaw, formerly frequented this inn, consequently the recent discovery in the garden of the keys of the coaches, "Eastlock to Stoneham" and "Tunbridge to Porters" have a strange significance.

Turning along Ashdown Road we catch sight, in Orchard Road, of the large iron structure known as the Drill Hall, the head quarters of the Third Volunteer Battalion of the East Surrey regiment; and behind it Hodgson's Brewery. Ashdown Road ends at the Fairfield, an extensive, well kept, public recreation enclosure, upon which cricket, tennis and football matches are played.

Here turning to the right and following the road along the south side of the Fairfield we come to the fountain of Doulton ware, erected in the year of Queen Victoria's 1887 Jubilee.

At the fountain we turn sharp to the left and cross the Fairfield, emerging finally in the London Road opposite Cleave's Almshouses (page 137). Now turning to the right, and passing on the left a beautiful old house enclosed with a fine iron railing, a good example of local iron work of the period, we come to Queen Elizabeth's School with

Photograph] **Old House, with Notable Iron Work.** [*W. F. J, Hodgson.*

London Road, Kingston-upon-Thames.

Lovekyn's Chapel opposite to it (page 135). Soon we reach on the right St. Peter's Church, Norbiton, a brick structure, its late Norman style resembling that of Appeville in Normandy. Norbiton church was built in 1842 to meet the growing requirements of the town, for, until that date All Saints had been its only church.

We pass the gates of Norbiton Place and must notice nearly opposite Coombe Lane the old Manor house of Hertingdon-Coombe, which was at one time the residence of Archbishop Tillotson, later on it was used as a school, and until 1836 it was the workhouse, but now it is divided into two private residences, they contain much old oak, said to have been removed from the old royal palace at Kew. "Kingston Lodge" at the corner opposite, was formerly occupied by Mr. George Meredith, our greatest living novelist, and here he wrote "Vittoria" generally considered his finest work. Here, for the purpose of convenience we will divide our ramble.

PART II.

Continuing the walk and bearing to the right up Coombe Lane we pass Norbiton railway station, the extensive red brick building on our left being the Union Workhouse, which provides for the necessities of the sick and needy from a large area; from its elaborate style this building is often called the "Palace on the Hill." On the opposite side of the road is the Victoria Hospital, built and maintained by public subscription, on land given by H.R.H. George, Duke of Cambridge; this hospital nobly serves a useful purpose and constitutes a practical memorial of the long reign of the great Queen whose name it bears.

Turning into Gloucester Road we come to a substantial building now the Princess Louise's Home for young women, where girls are trained in laundry and domestic work. From this position we obtain a fine view of the town beneath us nestling around the Parish Church.

Descending Kingston Hill we turn into the Queen's Road which ends at the gates of Richmond Park. This entrance has a little history attached to it. Formerly the gates here were close wooden ones like those now at

Specially drawn by] **A Peep at Cleave's Almshouses.** [*E. E. Briscoe*

The Gates of Richmond Park.

the Ham entrance, which precluded all view of the magnificent Park within. The late Alderman Gould approached Lord John Manners on the subject, asking that Kingston-upon-Thames might have as fine gates as those at the Richmond entrance, at the same time pointing out that the smallest portion of the Park is in the Richmond parish, while the largest was in our own. Eventually the Chairman of the Land Society, Mr. Crelin, seeing that it would improve the neighbourhood and the company's estate, agreed to pay for the gates, which were formally opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany.

Just inside the gates on the right is the useful drinking fountain presented by Mr. T. Skewes-Cox, M.P., the genial member for East Surrey.

Bearing to the left along the pathway, a most beautiful walk, through charming scenery we come to Ham Gate, by which we leave the Park, passing on our left close to the gate, the residence of Lord Charles Beresford. Proceeding across the beautiful Common we meet Richmond Road at right angles, and here is a square stone which may have been originally a Roman altar, but, if so all inscriptions have now disappeared. Proceeding along Richmond Road towards Kingston-upon-Thames we come to a new and rapidly growing portion of the town, and see in front of us on the left the red brick tower of St. Luke's Church, with its useful four-faced clock; on our left we notice Latchmere Road, the word Latchmere, being the Saxon for "the field of corpses," indicates the site of a battlefield or a burial place. On our right are the beautiful grounds of the Albany Club, and further along by bearing to the right we reach the Canbury Gardens beside the river, in which the band plays during the summer months. The name Canbury, formerly Canonbury, reminds us that the Prior and Canons of Merton formerly held the parish church and owned land near here.

Passing out at the other end of these gardens we find ourselves near the Electric Light Works and the Public Baths, both of which were constructed by the Corporation, and here we pass the Vicarage and re-enter Clarence

Street, and make our way back to the railway station, having visited most of the places of interest in the town on our way, many of which are more fully described in the succeeding chapters.

Photograph] **Canbury Gardens.** [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

CHAPTER III.

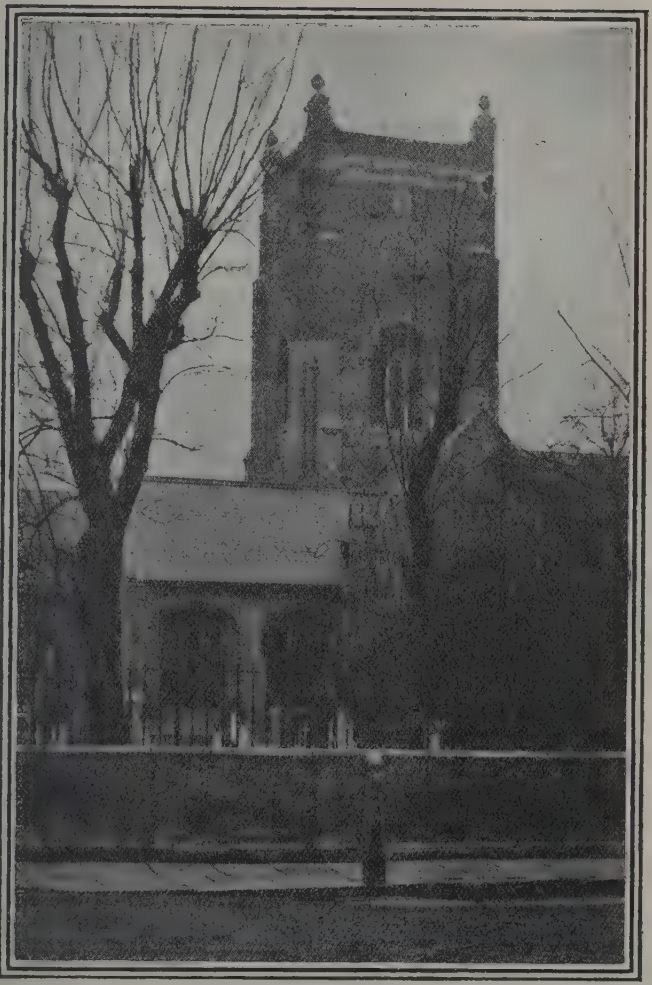
The Parish Church.

Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens.
Webster.

STANDING back, with ever open doors, just sufficiently removed from the busy life of the Market Place, to gain restful quietness for its worshippers, yet near enough to offer a sanctuary to all, is the Parish Church of Kingston-upon-Thames, dedicated to All Saints, in which generations of burgesses have offered their devotions, and around which lie buried many whose names were associated with the commercial advancement of the town in years gone by.

This church, which until 1842, was the only one in the town, is a well proportioned, cruciform structure consisting of a central tower with a nave and aisles, a transept and a large chancel with a chantry on either side. Of the present structure only a portion dates back as far as the end of the 14th century; the exact date of its building is unknown, but, it is believed to have been built in the reign of Richard II. between 1370 and 1380. The older portions are the lower part of the tower, the South Chancel and perhaps the arches between the nave and the aisles, but, the aisles themselves were rebuilt and the whole of the interior repaired in 1721.

Though the present church cannot be placed at an earlier date than the latter part of the fourteenth century, the Doomsday Book tells us that there was a church standing here when it was compiled; this may refer to the chapel of St. Mary which fell down in 1730, but there is no record to say that this is so. The knowledge that the original name of the church was All Hallows, which is the Saxon for All Saints, supports this view.



Photograph] **Kingston Parish Church.** *[W. F. J. Hodgson.*

During the life-time of the late Vicar, the Rev. H. P. Measor, in 1865, the restoration of the church was begun, the architect being the late Mr. Pearson, who followed the original design as far as it could be ascertained; it was again undertaken between 1885 and 1888 at a total cost of £17,000. A further sum of £1,000 being spent on the restoration of the South Chancel in 1900.

The late Major Heales, who was a very careful antiquary, and whose work on the history of this church is described in the Athenæum of 1883 as "a distinct contribution to the knowledge of the past" pointed out that the base of the tower and the north side of the main chancel must be the oldest parts of the present church, as the piscina on the north-east pier of the tower is early decorated work, the remainder of the church being Perpendicular.

An interesting paper on this church was read before the Surrey Archæological Society by Mr. Style, F.R.I.B.A., in which he pointed out that the nave piers are octagonal with moulded capitals, those on the south side of the Chancel being clustered and of lighter design.

On the respond of the arch to the South Chancel from the transept, are the remains of a wall painting, probably of the fifteenth century, showing the figure of St. Blaize, who was the patron saint of the Woollen Drapers' Company formerly incorporated in Kingston-upon-Thames, he holds a carding comb in his hand.

The Chancel. The Chancel, as already stated, has two side chapels, that on the South is the same length, but narrower than the main chancel and is divided from it by three arches; this is probably the chapel of St. James; and that in the north is most likely that of the Holy Trinity. This latter chapel is of later date and shorter than the rest of the chancels, its piscina is still preserved. A low vestry has been added further eastwards; the reason for concluding that the north Chancel is that of the Holy Trinity is that Clement Mylam, who died in 1498, directed in his will that his body should be buried in Holy Trinity Chancel, on the north side of the church by the wall, and the recessed tomb under the window in the north wall of this chapel is believed to be his burial place although there is no inscription on it now. Robert Hammonde in his

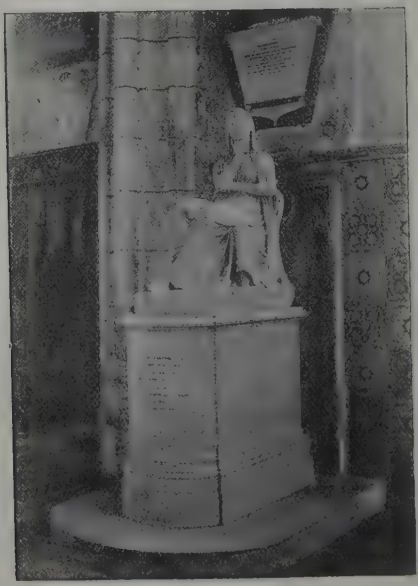
will proved 1557 desired his "bodie to be buried in the Trinitie Chauncell before my seate there next unto the wall." The Gild of the Holy Trinity was incorporated in Kingston-upon-Thames in 1477, and authorised to use a common seal, and to appoint a chaplain, a similar gild having been granted to Kingston-upon-Hull by Henry VI. in 1443; this gild which existed in many towns was more anciently known as the Shipman's gild, and from the original gild is derived the Trinity House Board of to-day which supervises lighthouses and navigation. From the will of Clement Milam we gather that other chapels existed in the church. He left "to the modyr church of Winchester 4d.; to the Hye Awter of Kingston, for tithes forgotten 6s. 8d.; to Our Lady light of Pety 12d.; to Seynt Katherine's light 12d.; to Seynt Antony light 4d.; to Seynt Sythys light 6d." The chapel of St. Katherine was probably in the north chancel where the piscina now remains. A fine Norman arch was uncovered at the North door some time ago.

The Skerne Brass.
Photograph] [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

Clement Milam also willed that a yearly obit should be kept in the church on the day of his death and provided

for "a priest to sing in the chancel of St. Trinity for the soul of him, his fader and moder and for all Christian souls."

In 1459 William Skerne, of Kingston-upon-Thames, obtained leave to found a chantry at the altar of St. James, and desired to be buried near his uncle, Robert Skerne, whose tombstone with the fine brass, now against the east respond of the south-east pier of the tower, was at the east end of the south chancel when Manning and Bray's History was written, so there can be little doubt that this was the chapel of St. James. This chapel, or the



Countess of Liverpool's Monument by Chantry.
Photograph] [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

recess on the south side of it, became the usual burial place for the vicars and their relatives.

Down Hall, which is situated near the Thames, by the railway bridge, formerly belonged to Robert Skerne whose brass, together with that of his wife, who was the daughter of Edward III. and Alice Perrers, are the best in the church. The inscription below it raised in old English letters tells us that he was "valiant, faithful, cautious, skilled in law."

There is also a brass against the north-west pier of the tower to John Hertcombe and his wife, of 1488, which is a good example of a lady's head-dress of that period.

There are several later monuments of much interest, most of which are in the south chancel; among them is a very beautiful white marble statue by Chantry to the memory of Theodosia, the late Countess of Liverpool, third daughter of Frederick Augustus Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol; she died June 12th, 1821. There is also the tomb of Sir Anthony Benn, who died in 1618, he was Recorder of Kingston-upon-Thames, and also Recorder of London. He is represented in the scarlet robe of the latter office, his head reposing on a cushion; above him are two shields one of which, now almost obliterated, displayed his own arms, argent, a fesse dancettee gules, between three lions rampant sable, and upon the other the arms of the family of Evelyn are discernable. This Sir Anthony Benn, as Aubrey says, "mary'd Jane, daughter of John Evelyn" and mother of the Countess of Kent. Beside this tomb is that of the Honourable Anthony Fane, third son of Francis, Earl of Westmoreland, who married Annabel, daughter of Sir Anthony Benn, and died in 1643. Among the numerous other monuments are those to the names of Snelling, Roots, Cleave, Nuthall, Salter, Hayward, Agar, and others still familiar to the town.

In the floor of the chancel is one to "Mrs. Mary Morton, daughter of Robert Honeywood, of Charing, Kent, Esq. (by Mary his wife, the wonder of her sex and this age, for she lived to see near 400 issued from her loynes)" etc. This prolific Mrs. Honeywood died at Marks Hall, Essex, in 1620, aged 93, having seen 367 of

From the original] [*in the Public Library.*

The Interior of the Parish Church previous to the Restoration in 1863. The Nave, looking west.

her descendants, 16 children of her own, 114 grand-children, and 228 of their children and grand-children.

The Tower. The church has suffered much from both fire and tempest from time to time. In 1445 the belfry was burnt in a fire caused by lightning, and in 1703, the tower was again much injured by a storm, and the spire, which was of wood covered with lead, had to be taken down as well as the upper part of the tower; it was re-built in the present brickwork in 1708 without its former spire. Aubrey quaintly says: "Here is a leaden steeple, the height whereof was taken by Mr. Chelsham of this town trigonometrically, which, he told me, but, I have lost it and he is since dead, but, there was one Wiltshire (of the Feathers) did about the year 1671 throw a stone over the weather-cock standing in the church-yard on the north side near the church; he would throw a stone over the Thames (by the Bridge) and struck the poles on the town side, which (I think) was not so difficult as the other throw. He was then of middle stature, and about thirty years of age."

Formerly, all the arches at the base of the tower were low like those into the transepts, separating the nave too much from the chancel for modern services; the east and west arches have been raised; Mr. Pearson proposed to raise them all, but, found the piers were not sufficiently solid to be disturbed further.

Adjoining the present church and opening from it (probably on the south side of the chancel) stood the far more ancient chapel of St. Mary, which may have been the original Saxon Church, but, of which no traces now remain, it was destroyed in 1730 after part of the walls and roof had fallen, killing the sexton who was digging a grave too close to its foundations. As this was the original church and the place where the Saxon kings were crowned, the neglect which suffered it to get into such bad repair and afterwards to complete its destruction was a deplorable loss to the antiquities of the town. The following letter dated from "Kingston-upon-Thames, March, 4th, 1729," describes the accident—

"On Monday last our sexton, with his son and daughter being employed in digging a grave, part of the

The Destruction of the Saxon Chapel.

ancient chapel of S. Mary fell in upon them, killed the sexton and one other man (Richard Millis) on the spot; bruised and wounded several others, and buried in the grave both the son and daughter for above three hours, during which time many were employed in digging out the rubbish, in order to get at the bodies that were buried.

"Mr. Belcher and Mr. Siggins, the Bailiffs of the town, were so good as to attend the workmen and give proper directions.

"After the removal of the timber and several loads of rubbish, they heard very plainly some loud groans and cries in the grave, soon after they came to the heads of two persons, the man was speechless and almost dead, having his head closely confined between two stones; the woman was not so much pressed, but, being immediately

Esther Hammerton, the Sextoness of Kingston-upon-Thames.
From an old Print.

taken care of by Dr. Cramer, they are both in a fair way of recovery . . . the damage is estimated at £1,000."

Part of the Chapel having fallen, the people soon demolished the rest of it. Formerly it contained effigies of Edred, Edward the Martyr, and Ethelred, who had been crowned in the Market Place, and of King John, from whom the town received its first charter.

Abram Hammerton, the sexton, who was killed by the falling chapel, was succeeded in his office by his daughter Hester, the piece of stone which preserved her life being still to be seen in the church. It is a large octagonal block, and bears the words "Life Preserved." She lived until 1745, and was the principal witness against two men who were hanged in the Market Place for robbing the church. There was formerly a porch to the church, for in 1530 the churchwardens paid for its being taken down. Its position is not stated in the record, it was probably of wood.

The Prior and Canons of Merton were from the reign of Henry I. until Dissolution, patrons of the living and owners of the property in that part of the town called Canbury Manor, or Canonbury, which in 1503 paid annually to Kingston Church two loads of straw, "or else the sum of ij*s.* viii*d.*"

The history of the Association of the parish church with Merton Priory affords one of the earliest instances of the spoliation of the parochial clergy by the monks, and an instance of the continuous robbery of the seculars by the regulars. It shows too that while the monasteries became the objects of jealousy, suspicion, and dislike, the laity never lost their love for their parish church, never ceased to stand up for its claims against the greed and arrogance of the priory in whose patronage it lay, and never forgot to add to the endowments of the vicarage while the monks were trying to shirk their obligations.

The inventory of church goods confiscated in 1552, with the supplementary inventory of 1553, suggests that not all the church furniture was handed over to the royal commission, for it is hardly credible that so important a church can have been so poorly supplied with plate, ornaments and vestments.

The Parish Registers.

The Parish Registers date from 1542, and contain many interesting entries, which throw light upon some ancient customs. The "Morres-dancers" held their sports in May, their dresses being provided by the churchwardens. They soon united this Mooresque dance of Spanish origin with the favourite dance of Robin Hood, the part of Maid Marian being taken by a boy dressed in girl's habit. Friar Tuck wore a russet gown, one of the dancers was mounted on a hobby horse, and the remainder had "rings on their fingers and bells on their toes" as told in the nursery rhyme which evidently refers to them.

A painted window in Betley in Staffordshire represents these Morres-dancers, and an entry in the Parish Registers of Kingston-upon-Thames gives the cost of their dresses.

1508	For paynting of the Mores garments for sarten gret leverers (liveries)	0	2	4
	For plytes and ¼ of laun for the Mores garments	0	2	11
	For Orseden for the same	0	0	10
	For bellys (bells) for the daunsars . . .	0	0	12
1509-10	For silver paper for the Mores daunsars . .	0	0	7
1519-20	Shoes for the Mores daunsars, the Frere, and Mayde Marian, at 7d. a payer . . .	0	5	4
1521-22	Eight yards of fustyan for the Mores daunsar's coats	0	16	0
	A dozen of gold skynnes for the Morres . .	0	0	10
1536-37	Five hats and 4 porses for the daunsars . .	0	0	4½

The games took place around the church or within it, and the profits on one occasion are said to have been £9 10s. 6d., and on another £3 10s. 6d.

These games were suppressed in 1542 by a proclamation of Bonner, Bishop of London, prohibiting "all manner of common Plays, games, and interludes to be played, set forth, or declared within the churches," etc.

On Michaelmas Eve or the Sunday next before it, which was termed "Crack-nut Sunday," it was a custom to crack nuts in church during divine service, and it is stated the noise of nut cracking frequently drowned the voice of the preacher.

The church, like many another, suffered considerably during the Commonwealth, when the royal arms were

ordered to be "painted out," at the same time the Royal Arms in the Gild Hall were ordered to be "taken down."

The tower contains a peal of ten bells. There is some modern stained glass in the windows.

The living is a vicarage in the gift of King's College, Cambridge, the Rev. Albert Stewart Winthrop Young, M.A., late Fellow of that College, and Rural Dean of Kingston-upon-Thames, has been vicar since 1877.

Photograph] **Down Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.** [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

See Page 31.

A house upon this site was the home of Robert Skerne, whose brass is in the Parish Church. The garden contains a mutilated statue of Queen Anne, probably placed there by one of her Maids of Honour, a former resident.

CHAPTER IV.

From King Edward the Elder to King Edward the Seventh.

> Fair Court of Edward! Wonder of the World!
> I see a matchless blazonry unfurled
> Of Wisdom, Magnanimity, and love. *Wordsworth.*

FROM the time when King Edward the Elder (who had been elected and crowned king of the West Saxons at Kingston) united the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms under his own rule, and was in consequence the first King who was addressed by the Pope by the title of "King of the English," down to the accession of King Edward VII., with varying fortunes the old town of Kingston-upon-Thames has maintained its relative importance in the country.

Though other towns which were great a thousand years ago, have now either almost, or entirely disappeared from the map, and though upon what were then uncultivated tracts now stand towns which have sprung into vast commercial prosperity, Kingston-upon-Thames has all along maintained its rank and position in a dignified manner, ever proud of its loyalty to the reigning house, ever conscious that it is one of the ancient royal boroughs of England.

Saxon Kingston.

But, even before the coronation of King Edward the Elder, this town was one of considerable importance; for a great Council, apparently an ecclesiastical assembly was held here in the reign of King Egbert, when a record was made of the recovery by Archbishop Ceolnoth of land at Malling in Sussex, for Christ Church Monastery Canterbury; in this record the town is described as "that

famous place Kingston" thus "congregatum est venerabile concilium in ille famosa loco quae appellatur Cyngestun in regione Suthregia." The signatures to this document include those of Ceolnoth the Archbishop, two Abbots, seven Presbyters, and two Deacons.

There is also a grant by Egbert, King of the West Saxons of land at Shalfleet to the see of Winchester, this charter is dated "in that famous place which is called Kingston in Surrey," and is also interesting as being attested by Egbert Rex, Ethelwolf Rex (his son the sub-regulus, or King of Kent) five bishops, including Elmstan, Bishop of Winchester, and also by "Swithinus Diaconus" afterwards St. Swithin, who attended this Council in the suite of the Bishop of Winchester, whom he succeeded in A.D. 852.

The date of this Council is given as 838; some confusion however has arisen about the date, for Egbert is recorded as having died in 837. There were, however "two systems of reckoning at that time, one being two years before the other."

During the Saxon period, Kingston-upon-Thames was undoubtedly the demesne and occasional residence of the kings of Wessex as well as their place of coronation.

The Bishop's Hall.

The Bishops of Winchester made it their place of abode, and it is stated, used the church as their temporary cathedral. The narrow street leading from Thames Street to the river still called Bishop's Hall indicates the site of the episcopal palace which was described in Bishop Wykeham's time as being situated "between a lane leading to the Thames on the South, a tenement occupied by Hugh Gandwyn on the North, and the river Thames on the West."

Wykeham leased it on lives at the close of the 14th century, as did his successors, and it was at length alienated to the Crown in 1538 by Bishop Gardiner; later Henry VIII. granted it to Richard Taverner.

It is much to be regretted that the chapel of the coronation fell and was demolished in 1730, killing in its fall, as if in judgment, the grave digger whose rashness brought about its destruction.

Though the Saxon palace has disappeared, near its site the ancient coronation stone is preserved and can be seen by all who visit the Market Place.

Domesday.

After the Norman Conquest, William the Conqueror caused an inventory of his possessions to be made, known as the Domesday Book; from it we learn that the Vill of Kingston is returned as containing 3,900 acres, of which 3,200 were arable land and 40 meadow, a small portion woodland, and the remainder consisted of roads and buildings.

The King farmed 200 acres, and 2,500 were in the hands of his tenants at will. There were 8 corn mills and 3 fisheries. The Church belonged to the manor, and the manor was worth £30, equal to about £1,800 in our time.

Humfred, the chamberlain, had the charge of collecting the Queen's wool money.

Besides the manor there was also a separate estate called the Soke, which Walter, keeper of the King's forest's in Berkshire, separated for the King's use; and further, we learn that the Abbey of Chertsey held 50 acres of land here.

The town was early incorporated, the first known charter was granted by King John at Porchester, and bears the date April 26th, in the first year of his reign. At Taunton, on September 23rd, 1208, a second charter was granted by the same king.

By these charters the town was freed from the exactions of the sheriff so long as it made annual payments to the crown.

All the succeeding kings granted charters, each with extended rights; it was not until 1256 that the gild merchant was recognised, the complete incorporation and the right to have a common seal being granted in 1441, and the sergeants at mace, indicating majesterial power in 1480.

A very elaborately worded charter was granted by Charles I. In the reign of James II, mayors were appointed, by order of the Crown, instead of the bailiffs.

These mayors were, 1685, Thomas Agar, who was twelve times bailiff, also; 1686, William Legg; 1687,

Sir Edward Evelyn, Bart.; but in 1688 the ancient customs were re-established, and it was not until 1835 that mayors were again appointed.

Kingston-upon-Thames has been the scene of many events closely associated with the history of England.

In 1168 Henry II. levied a tax on his demesne to provide a marriage portion for his daughter Matilda, £12 10s., in addition to £2 3s. 4d. from Ham was exacted from Kingston-upon-Thames; this as compared with £9 6s. 8d. from Guildford suggests the comparative importance of the town.

King John had a place of residence here, and an old house in High Street, now known as "King John's Dairy," indicates the portion of the town in which it was situated; this house which was built at a much later date than the reign of King John, is chiefly noteworthy as being the place where George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, which is still a considerable body in the town, held his first meetings. These Friends, who were termed Quakers, were subjected to numerous fines, penalties, and persecutions in consequence of their views.

Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, had a castle in the town, which in 1263, during the wars between Henry III. and his barons, fell into the hands of the insurgents, who having captured Prince Edward detained him there a prisoner under the charge of Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester. In the following year Henry III. marched out of London and re-took the castle.

After the death of the Black Prince, his wife Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, retired to the castle of Kingston-upon-Thames with her son, who was afterwards Richard II., for the purpose of completing his education.

On the death of Edward III., at Richmond, Walworth, Lord Mayor of London (said to have been a native of Kingston-upon-Thames) waited on the Prince to implore his favour and protection for his city, and requested him to reside in London; he acceeded to the request, and from that time all accounts of a royal residence in Kingston-upon-Thames cease.

Edward IV. held a council at Kingston-upon-Thames, on October 1st, 1467, at which the marriage of the King's

sister Margaret with Charles, Duke of Burgundy, was arranged. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, whose family had previously supported the house of York, was absent on this occasion, owing to the jealousy of the Queen's relatives the Woodvilles.

Warwick's castle stood at the junction of Eden Street (formerly Heathen Street) and London Road; foundations of walls of great thickness are still to be seen in the cellars of the houses here, and *Warwick* still lingers in the names of some of the residences in the neighbourhood.

In 1472, Falconbridge, with an army of 17,000 men came to the town, but retired to St. George's Fields.

Catherine of Arragon.

Catherine of Arragon on her journey to Kennington Palace in 1501, to meet Henry VIII. rested for the night at Kingston-upon-Thames, but it is stated that Cardinal Wolsey never entered the town, because it had been foretold that he would meet his fate at Kingston. This prediction was to some extent fulfilled, for, when resting at Leicester Abbey on his way to the Tower he heard knocking without, and on being told Kingston, meaning Sir William Kingston, had arrived with a message, he exclaimed that his fate had come to him and died shortly after.

In 1554 Sir Thos. Wyatt and his insurgents visited the town and crossed the river by repairing the bridge, which had been broken down to impede his progress. For this act of loyalty on the part of the inhabitants Queen Mary afterwards showed her gratitude in the form of a free charter to the town.

Queen Elizabeth dined in state in the town in 1597, and during her reign the Gildhall was built; it was enlarged and adorned with heraldic glass windows in the reign of James I.

During the Civil War in the reign of Charles I. the town was loyal to the Crown. The first armed force we hear of is said to have assembled here. It was reported to the House of Commons, in January, 1642, that Col. Lunsford was at Kingston-upon-Thames, where the magazines of arms and ammunition for Surrey and Middlesex were, and that he had a troop of 400 or 500 horsemen. He was in consequence declared a traitor and

confined in the tower. During the engagements that followed, the town was alternately occupied by royalist and parliamentary troops.

In October, 1642, the Earl of Essex, with 3,000 men took possession of Kingston-upon-Thames.

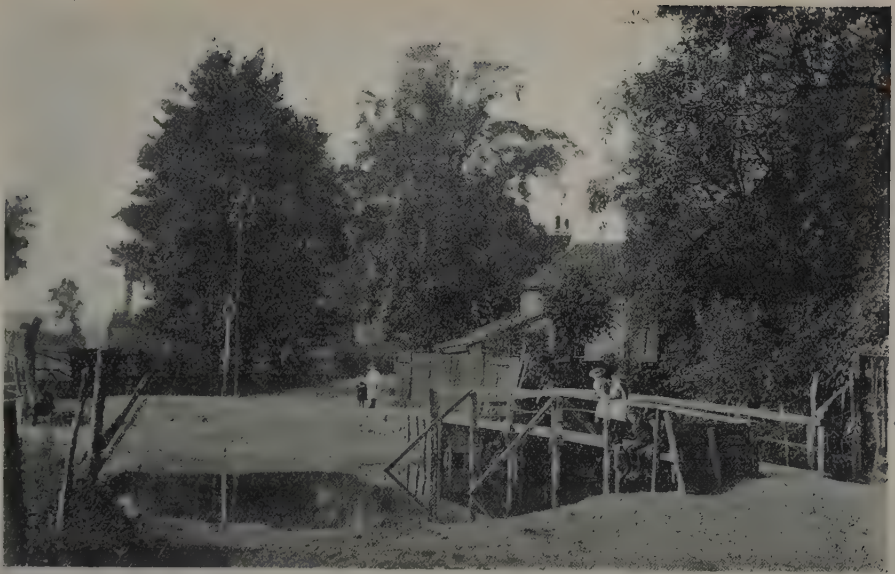
"In November, Sir Richard Onslow, one of the Knights of the Shire, went with the trained bands of Southwark to defend that town; but the inhabitants thereof shewing themselves extremely malignant against them, would afford them no entertainment, calling them Roundheads, and wished rather that the Cavaliers would come among them, whereupon he left them to their malignant humours."

The Roundheads called all royalists "malignants" as a term of reproach.

On November 13th the King marched with his army to the town, and was received with great demonstrations of joy by the Bailiffs and Freemen, who decorated the town in his honour; he remained here until the 18th.

From the Parish register we learn that on November 27th, 1642, two soldiers were hanged in the Market Place, and in June, 1643, thirteen soldiers were buried, eight in one day, from the Bowling Green.

The last struggle on behalf of the Royalist cause was made at Kingston-upon-Thames. In July, 1648, the Earl of Holland, who was High Steward of the town, together with the Duke of Buckingham, and his brother, Lord Francis Villiers, assembled 600 horsemen, intending to release the King; the Parliament immediately sent troops, and a skirmish took place on Surbiton Common, in which the Royalists were eventually worsted and retreated to Kingston-upon-Thames. Lord Francis Villiers was unhorsed, but standing with his back against an elm tree, on the east side of a lane, "fought most valiantly with half-a-dozen," until "the enemy coming behind him, pushed off his helmet, and so killed him." The next day his friends, having heard that Lord Francis Villiers was dangerously wounded, sent "chirurgeons" to take care of him, but "it was too late, for he was dead, and stripped, and good pillage found in his pocket." His body was conveyed by water and buried in Henry VII.



Photograph] **Rustic Bridge in Oil Mill Lane.** *[W. F. J. Hodgson.*

Millais painted his famous picture of "Ophelia" from the Hogg's Mill stream close to this Bridge.

Chapel, Westminister Abbey. The memory of this engagement is preserved in "Villiers Path," now in Surbiton. Thus both the first and the last effort on behalf of the King took place in the Royal Borough of Kingston-upon-Thames.

During the reign of Queen Anne the commercial prosperity of the town seems to have advanced, and the Gildhall was enlarged and adorned with a gilt statue of the Queen; but for the following years the town has not been connected with any remarkable historical events, and at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria the town presented a quaint, old-world appearance, with its narrow, inconvenient streets, rough of surface, and badly lighted. The Parish Church was then the only church; and as much of the domestic architecture of the town belonged to the Elizabethan and Caroline periods—picturesque, but inconvenient, and often insanitary, the aspect of Kingston-upon-Thames at the beginning of the 19th century contrasts markedly with its thriving appearance at the present time. On the 4th October, 1837, Queen Victoria honoured the town with a visit on her way to Brighton; and a magnificent triumphal arch was erected for her carriage to pass under.

In an earnest endeavour, without entering upon rash schemes, to provide for its inhabitants all modern improvements and advantages, the Corporation has been mainly instrumental in supplying the town with those conveniences which, in addition to the many charms it owes to its position and environment, render it both healthy and attractive as a place of residence.

Modern Improvements.

The streets are now lit both by gas and by electric light, this latter is also supplied to private houses from the Corporation Electric light works. Public Swimming Baths have been provided by the Corporation. The Public Free Library in Clattern House contains about 10,000 volumes, a reference library, a lending department, and also a newspaper room which is open from 8.30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Along the banks of the river ornamental gardens have been formed at either end of the town, and are known as the Queen's Promenade and Canbury Gardens, they are

both within the borough of Kingston-upon-Thames, and were constructed and are maintained by the Corporation which also provides bands to play in the gardens during the summer months.

The streets and roads have been well paved and enlarged, and the London and Suburban Omnibus Company supplies an excellent omnibus service, not only within the town, but, also to Surbiton Station, Richmond, and Hampton Court, while other omnibuses run to Esher and the Dittons.

The Fairfield has been levelled and enclosed, and here cricket and tennis in the summer, and football in the winter provide enjoyment and healthy sport for all classes.

Near the Fairfield stands a large iron structure which cost £1,000, known as the Drill Hall. The interior is lined with wood and decorated with banners and shields; it belongs to the third Volunteer Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment.

A memorial of the Queen Victoria 1887 Jubilee has been placed on the side of the Fairfield in the form of a fountain of Doulton decorative ware; but, it is totally eclipsed by the memorial to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, in the form of the Kingston-upon-Thames Victoria Hospital, built by public subscription, on land given for the purpose by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and afterwards graciously opened by him; forming at once a useful and attractive recognition of the many benefits the town has received during the great reign of Queen Victoria, and also an important bond of union between all classes, to which all can contribute for the alleviation of the sufferings which are common to all.

Local Institutions.

The Kingston-upon-Thames Literary Society, which is the best of its kind in and around London, provides an attractive programme of scientific and instructive lectures in St. James' Hall on Tuesday evenings during the winter months, and no expense is spared in providing a variety of the best lecturers of the age.

There are two social clubs; viz., the Kingston-upon-Thames Club, and the Albany Club (of the former Dr. H. Beale Collins, R.N., is the Hon. Sec.)

The Royal County Theatre is situated in Fife Road, the main thoroughfare between the Railway Station and the Market Place; it was erected by a limited company in 1897, and is one of the most charming and complete theatres in the country. Under the spirited management of Mr. Peter Davey, the house has achieved very great popularity, and it is the most successful of the numerous theatres in the outer suburbs.

The Theatre.

The Theatre, which is a handsome two tier building, accommodates an audience of 1,250, and it is visited by all the best companies on tour. It is open all the year round, with a change of programme weekly, except at Christmas when the Annual Kingston Pantomime occupies the stage for about six weeks; owing to the excellent entertainment that is provided, it has come to be regarded as quite a local institution. During the remainder of the year every class of play-goer is catered for in turn, the entertainments ranging from Grand Opera to Melodrama, and from Musical Farce to Shakespeare. The evening performance commences at 7.45, and there is a Matinee every Wednesday at 2.30.

The Amateur Regatta and the Borough Regatta are held annually; the latter is managed by a committee, the mayor for the time, being President. A coat and badge, presented each year by Mr. Skewes-Cox, M.P., is offered for open competition at it.

The Young Men's Christian Association, the Polytechnic Institute, and the Workmen's and the Gladstone Clubs have a large membership.

The Science and Art Schools and the Technical Institute offer many advantages in the form of higher education in science, arts and crafts, at merely nominal fees.

The Kingston-upon-Thames Photographic Society, ably managed by the Hon. Sec., Mr. J. F. East, has one of the largest memberships of any photographic society in England, and by its affiliation with other societies provides special advantages for its members.

Dr. Faust sought for, and with the aid of Mephistopholes, gained the power of rejuvenescence for his aged

frame, but, his triumph cost a very high price. This old borough has learnt to rejuvenate itself without diabolical aid; and it is in the healthy vitality of its various undertakings that we find the secret of its perennial youth, in a town which was important and attractive in the reign of King Edward the Elder, and which is still, after a thousand years of life, important and attractive in the reign of King Edward the Seventh.

> God and His Angels guard your sacred Throne,
> And make you long become it.
>
> *Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER V.

The Coronation Stone.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,
An hour may lay it in the dust.

Byron.

IT is exactly a thousand years (901-1901) according to the usual reckoning, since Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great, acceded to the throne of his father, and having been elected by the Witan, was afterwards crowned King of Wessex by Plegmund Archbishop of Canterbury at Kingston-upon-Thames.

As in the case of King Edward VII., there appears to have been a considerable interval between the King's *Accession* and his *Coronation*; for, Sharon Turner, F.S.A., in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, Vol. 2, p. 163, tells us "he was crowned at the Whitsuntide after his father's death"; the Chronicle of Ethelwerd states: "Anno 901, the successor to the throne was Edward, the son of the above-named (Alfred), he was elected by the nobles, and crowned with the royal crown on Whitsun Day," there is a difficulty in fixing the precise year of this event, but, it is popularly believed, that Alfred the Great died on Oct. 26th, 901, A.D., therefore Whitsun Day, 1902, marks the thousandth year since the Coronation of Edward the Elder, and coincides with the recent celebrations at Winchester.

According to Ralph de Diceto, who was Dean of London about the middle of the 12th century, the Coronation of King Edward the Elder took place in A.D. 900, "Edwardus rex Anglorum est consecratus regem a Pleemundo Durobernensis Archiepiscopo apud Kingstone."

Bromton's Chronicle, gives the date as 901, and states that the king was consecrated by Ethelred, Archbishop of Canterbury, this is evidently incorrect, as Ethelred died in 890 A.D. The Chronicle of Johannis Bromton reads: "Post mortem vero dicti regis Aluredi Edwardus filius suus modo cognomento senior, regnum paternum capiens Anno Domini DCCCCJ. caepit regnare. Hic consecratus est apud Kingston ab Ethelredo Archiepis copo." Stow in the "Annals of England" supports the statement that Edward the Elder was crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames, and says "Edward surnamed the Senior, the son of Ælfred, was crowned and annointed King at Kingston." The Rhyming Yorkshire Chronicler, Peter de Langtoft who died 1307, states that it was "at London, at Saynt Poule's, he took his crowne"; as however, London was in the Kingdom of Mercia at the time, this is clearly incorrect.

The Anglo-Saxon Metropolis.

This town appears to have been selected as the place of Coronation not as has been stated, because it was "the metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon Kings," a title which applied better to Winchester; but, because of the convenience its position afforded both to the people of Wessex and to the people of Mercia; and further, because King Edward with that tact and foresight which characterises his illustrious descendant on the throne to-day, foresaw in this stroke of policy the first step towards the union of the Anglo-Saxon Kingdoms under one ruler, which union he afterwards accomplished.

It must not be forgotten that towards the end of the reign of Alfred the Great the Kingdoms of Kent, Sussex, and Essex had merged into the Kingdom of Wessex, while the Kingdom of Mercia, which included London within its boundary, was ruled over by Ethelred who died A.D. 912, and was succeeded by his widow Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred the Great and the sister of King Edward the Elder. The Kingdoms of Northumbria and East Anglia were occupied by the Danes.

Kingston-upon-Thames, was, therefore, more centrally situated for persons coming to the Coronation from the

The famous Coronation Stone on which many of the Saxon Kings were crowned.

sub-kingdoms of Wessex than Winchester was; it was convenient for the King and for the Bishop, both of whom had palaces here; and further, it was convenient for the people of Mercia, who were in such friendly relations with the people of Wessex, that after the death of their own King, Ethelred and his widow, Ethelfleda, they accepted King Edward the Elder as their "father, lord, and protector," thus uniting all the Saxon kingdoms under one rule.

In A.D. 924, "the King of the Scots and the whole nation of the Scots and all those who dwelt in Northumbria, chose him for father and lord."

Hence Edward the Elder was the first King of England, and was the first to be addressed by the Pope by the title of "the King of the English"; of him it has been said that "it was only the unequalled glory of his father which has condemned this prince, one of the greatest rulers that England ever beheld, to a smaller degree of popular fame than he deserves."

Edward the Elder and Edward VII.

King Edward the Elder like King Edward VII, succeeded to the throne of an illustrious predecessor, and during his reign he proved himself to be a worthy successor of his father King Alfred the Great, and a noble ancestor of King Edward VII. The people of Kingston-upon-Thames, who so enthusiastically celebrated the septcentenary of the granting of the first charter to their borough, have also celebrated the millenary of the Coronation of King Edward the Elder. Some such remembrance is surely due to this Coronation, for, although Alfred the Great succeeded to the throne of his brother, he was merely accepted as King without ceremony on the battlefield, in the time of his Kingdom's great adversity, and, so far as we know, was never crowned; therefore, the Coronation of Edward the Elder begins the unbroken record of successive Coronations which has run through a thousand years, such as no other reigning house can point to, no other European nation can claim to equal.

The words of the Coronation oath in Anglo-Saxon times are interesting at the present time. They are, "In the name of the Most Holy Trinity I promise;

First, that the Church of God and all Christian people shall enjoy true peace under my government; secondly, that I will prohibit all manner of rapine and injustice to men of every condition; thirdly, that in all judgments I will cause equity to be united with mercy, that the most clement God may, through His mercy, forgive us all. Amen."

The Coronation Stone.

The coronation stone which, it is stated, was formerly kept in the chapel of St. Mary, adjoining the Parish Church, in which the effigies of the Kings who were crowned here were preserved, and which fell down in A.D. 1730, is now honourably preserved in the Market Place, near the site of the old Saxon palace.

After the fall and destruction of the Saxon chapel, which would now have been the most interesting building in the kingdom, the coronation stone was placed in the Market Place, at the entrance to the Gild Hall, on the East side, where its neglect brought dishonour, not upon itself, but, upon the ignorance of those who were so indifferent to its ancient traditions. By the exertions of the late Alderman J. Gould, Mr. Samuel Ranyard and others, in 1850, the old coronation stone was placed in its present position, which is the site of the Saxon palace, and mounted on a heptagonal base bearing the names of the Kings who were crowned upon it and the dates of their coronation, together with a coin of the reign of each sovereign, presented by the British Museum for the purpose. The whole is surrounded by a railing of Saxon-like design by the late Major Davis, F.S.A., who shortly before his death, discovered at Bath a cross, which bears an inscription, which records what was not previously known, that Edgyfu, wife of King Edward the Elder, died there in October 972.

The stone itself, of grey wether sandstone, is supposed to be a glacier borne boulder. It has been suggested that it formed part of a stone circle, and was used by the earlier inhabitants of Britain; it has recently been carefully examined with a view to discovering any trace of "cup-marking," *i.e.*, circular marks often found on sacred stones all over the world. But, neither on this

one, nor upon the Scone stone at Westminster were any definite "cup-markings" discovered; both stones appear to be portions only of their originals. The stone at Kingston-upon-Thames measures 30¾ inches in height, 26 inches in length, and is 22 inches broad.

The names and number of the Kings crowned here are differently given by different authorities; Mr. Lysons mentions seven, Speed, nine. Those inscribed on the stone are given in the appended table.

The Coronation of Athelstan.

The coronation of Athelstan was a ceremony of great importance, and is given at length by various writers. It is stated that he was placed upon an elevated platform "the better to be seen of the multitude." The vivid imagination of Dean Hook describes him as a thin spare man, thirty years of age, with his yellow hair beautifully interwoven with threads of gold. He was arrayed in a purple vestment with a Saxon sword in a golden sheath hanging from a golden belt, the gifts of his grandfather Alfred the Great.

Among the other kings crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames was Edwy the Fair, whose story has a pathetic interest for us, for, it was in this town that the boy-king, tired of the intemperate feasting of his courtiers, withdrew quietly from the coronation banquet to the apartment of his Queen Elgiva, leaving the guests who had come to do him honour to amuse themselves. The Abbot Dunstan, commissioned the nobles and bishops, who resented this discourtesy, forced the King to return, dragging him roughly back to the hall. Edwy's anger at this indignity drove Dunstan across the sea, and led to a rupture between the King and the Church, which ended so tragically in the mutilation and death of the beautiful young Queen.

Etheldred II. who was the last king crowned here, by his marriage with Emma, daughter of the Duke of Normandy, gave to his descendants the claim to the English Throne which William the Conqueror afterwards asserted.

The Danish Kings despised the Saxon town and neglected the coronation stone.

Edward the Confessor was crowned at Winchester,

but he determined upon Westminster Abbey, which he founded as the "place of the King's constitution and consecration for ever."

To commemorate the inauguration of the coronation stone upon its present site in 1854, a medal was struck, a large number of which were sold. A silver impression of this medal is preserved and is to be seen in the Public Free Library.

Although armorial bearings, as we know them, were unknown to the Anglo-Saxons, yet, arms of the type known as apochriphal heraldry have been duly assigned to their Kings, and are so recorded in the Herald's College. In the absence of any portraits of these Kings, these "arms" serve as badges, by which they may be indicated, but they should not be confused with the armorials actually borne by the later Kings.

Anglo-Saxon Kings Crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames.

	Crowned.	Claim.	Authorities.	Died.
Edward the Elder.	Accession 901. Coronation, Whitsun Day, 902. Crowned by Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury.	Son of Alfred the Great.	Ralph de Diceto. Col. 451. Bromton's Chronicle.	At Farringdon, 924. Buried at Winchester, beside Alfred the Great.
Athelstan.	924, aged 30, by Aldhelm, Archbishop of Canterbury.	Son of Edward the Elder.	Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Bromton's Chronicle. Wm. Malmesbury, Huntingdon, Hovenden.	940, at Gloucester.
Edmund I.	940, aged 18, by Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury.	Brother of Athelston. Son of Edward the Elder.	Diceto. Col. 452.	946. Buried at Glastonbury.
Edred.	946, aged 22, by Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury.	Brother of Edmund I. Son of Edward the Elder.	Diceto. Col. 455. Holinshed. R. Hovenden.	Died at Frome, 955. Buried at Winchester.
Edwy.	955, aged 17, by Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury.	Son of Edmund I. Nephew of Edred.	Diceto. Holinshed.	959. Buried at Winchester.
Edward the Martyr.	975, aged 15, by Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Oswald, Archbishop of York.	Eldest son of Edgar, whom he succeeded.	Diceto. Holinshed.	Killed at Corfe Castle. 978. Buried at Shaftesbury.
Ethelred II.	979, aged 12, by Dunstan and Oswald.	Youngest son of Edgar. Step-brother of Edward.	Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Bromton. Hovenden. Holinshed.	April 23rd, 1016. Buried at St. Paul's, having married, 1001, Emma, sister of Richard II., Duke of Normandy.

CHAPTER VI.

The Town Hall.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear,
Robes and furred gowns hide all.

Shakespeare.

IN the centre of the Market Place, on the site of the Gild Hall, the earlier Willehalle, and probably upon the site of the Saxon Moot Hall, stands the modern Town Hall, a light coloured brick structure, dressed with stone; the arches surrounding its under part being faced with stone, their iron girders having been supplied from the foundry in the town. On either side of the building at the southern end, are two ornamental turrets; over the door stands a statue of Queen Anne, composed partly of lead gilt over, it originally stood in front of the old Gild Hall. On St. George's Day, 1902, the Bi-Centenary of the Coronation of Queen Anne this statue was re-gilt by the Mayor, and formally unveiled by His Excellency the Japanese Minister, Viscount Hayashi, who has made the town his summer residence.

The Town Hall was built in 1840, from designs by Mr. Charles Henman, at a cost of about £4,000.

The lower portion of the Hall is used for market purposes, and on Saturday stalls are erected and let out by the Corporation to traders, who vie with one another in the beauty and variety of their wares, flowers, fruit, vegetables, and other provisions being displayed for sale, reminding the spectator of a continental town. A further attraction is the presence of large numbers of the fair sex in their most charming attire, adding graceful vivacity to the already animated scene. The rights of this market extend for a seven-mile radius, as defined by the Charter given in the fourth year of Charles I. to the town.

The Council Chamber.

The upper portion of the Town Hall consists of the Council Chamber, the Committee room, and a fire-proof apartment in which the charters, maces, mayoral chains, and other valuables are preserved. The Council Chamber is 42 feet long by 27 broad, the walls were artistically decorated by the late Mr. Dolling; the chairs of American oak, backed and seated in leather, bear the town seal stamped in gold upon them, the mayor's arm-chair has in addition the royal arms carved upon it. Two fine electroliers of wrought-iron are suspended from the ceiling.

On the south side of the Chamber are three windows; the central one, behind the mayoral chair, contains some interesting old painted glass.

From the chamberlains accounts we find a portion of this glass was executed in 1618 at the cost of £14 10s., another part in 1663 costing £1 18s.

This glass was removed from the old Gild Hall and re-arranged in the present Town Hall, but, the work was done by some one so innocent of the knowledge of the elements of heraldry that the three fish in the town arms have been reversed in the process, and other errors have been committed.

The eight panes exhibit the following armorials.

1st Pane.—The Royal Arms as borne by Charles II.
2nd Pane.—The Prince of Wales' Feathers with a garter.
3rd Pane.—The arms of Anne of Denmark, Consort of James I.
4th Pane.—The arms of the Marquis of Hastings.
5th Pane.—The armorials of James I., curiously surrounded by the "Armes of the severall Kings that have aunciently reigned within his nowe dominions."
6th Pane.—The arms of Kingston-upon-Thames, and the date 1618.
7th Pane.—The arms of Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, High Steward of the town in the reign of Charles I.
8th Pane.—The arms of the Hatton family, three of whom were Recorders of the town between 1638 and 1676.

On the right of this window is another of stained glass, designed by the writer and executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler & Bayne.

This window, which was erected by public subscription to commemorate the seven hundredth anniversary of the granting of the first charter to Kingston-upon-Thames, by King John, was unveiled by the Right Honble. Wm. Court Gully, Speaker of the House of Commons, who is the first Honorary Freeman of the town.

On the other side is a companion window, also designed by the writer, and executed by the same firm; it commemorates the Millenary of the Coronation of King Edward the Elder at Kingston-upon-Thames, and was unveiled on May 17th, 1902, by the Lord Bishop of Rochester, Edward Stuart Talbot, D.D., who is the 100th occupant of that See.

On the walls of the Council Chamber are displayed a full length portrait of Queen Anne, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who presented it to the town; a half length portrait of Mr. Thomas Evance, Recorder of the Borough from 1776 to 1830; and a picture of Michael overcoming Satan, a copy by Chatelain of Guido's celebrated work, and resembling Raphael's picture in the Louvre. This picture was presented by Mr. Samuel Raynard to the town in 1850, and is singularly appropriate to a town hall, as St. Michael is usually regarded as the patron saint of gilds and corporations, and for this reason the Lord Mayors of London and other mayors are often chosen on Michaelmas Day.

In large oak frames are recorded in gold letters the names of the mayors of Kingston-upon-Thames since 1835. A unique right belongs to Kingston-upon-Thames, in that it is the only borough in England which has the power of electing *both* its own Recorder, and its own High Steward. Mr. Charles William Bardswell, M.A., J.P., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, has held the office of Recorder since Oct. 10th, 1890.

The High Stewards.

The Earl of Rosebery was elected High Steward on May 21st, 1901: This office has previously been held by many distinguished statesmen, among them Lord Howard of Effingham (1584-1624). George Earl of Dartmouth (1685-1688). Right Honorable Arthur Onslow, who was followed by his son, the first Earl of Onslow (1736-1768). The second and the third Earls of Liverpool

(1816-1851), and Viscount Midleton, the present Lord Lieutenant of Surrey (1875-1893). Charles Woodhouse Currie (1893-7). Lord Thring (1897-1901).

On the landing, over the entrance to the Council Chamber are the arms of Queen Anne, and the motto, "Semper eadem." Adjoining the Council Chamber is the Committee room, which is 21 feet long by 18 feet wide; it has three windows facing south, and is lit by electric light. Along the west wall of this room is some excellent oak panelling preserved from the old Gild Hall, the lower portion shows the linenfold pattern surmounted by fourteen panels displaying alternately, a K over three fish and a K over a tun; the whole is surmounted by the Tudor Arms in a frame surrounded by a laudatory inscription to Queen Elizabeth. On either side of this carving, mounted on pedestals are two fine carved lions, rampant, and supporting shields bearing the Tudor Arms in colours, they originally formed part of the state chair, or throne in the Gild Hall.

The Mace.

There is also a map of Kingston-upon-Thames in 1813, and a copy of the Magna Charta.

In the fire-proof record tower are preserved the Mayor's mace, the construction of which is so severely criticised by Mr. St. John Hope, in his great work on corporation insignia; one of the old bailiff's maces, which is silver gilt, 2ft. 8in. long and is of the Commonwealth type of mace; the Tipstaff's baton; the Mayor's silver chain of S.S., presented by Sir Henry Peake, Bart., and which is really an old herald's collar. It bears as a pendant the seal of the borough

in gold and enamel, and the names of the Mayors with the date of their years of office are engraved on the back of each link. As one Mayor died during his year of office, his link is coated with black and blue enamel.

There are also preserved in the tower the Mayoress' gold chain, a silver salver made from the silver of the great seal of Queen Caroline, 1738, a silver snuff box, the charters of the town, the chamberlain's account books, with other municipal records and valuable documents.

In front of the Town Hall stands a statue of Queen Anne, bearing the date 1706, which, together with the bell in the south-west turret presented by Oliver Cromwell, was removed from the Old Gild Hall.

The Gild Hall.

Formerly the Gild Hall was a quaint structure, very similar to the old Market House at Farnham, which was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign this hall was either built or enlarged, its south end was re-built in the reign of James I., hence his arms and those of his Queen Consort in the painted glass window. It was enlarged in the reign of Queen Anne, which accounts for her statue, portrait and arms. Biden tells us that some panelling formerly in the Gild Hall, bore the royal arms of Henry VII., and of Henry VIII., indicating a date a hundred years anterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The Assizes were formerly held in the Gild Hall, but, owing to want of accommodation, the present Assize Courts were built in 1811; these are now used for the Petty Sessions and the County Court work.

The Gilds of Kingston.

In the old Gild Hall met the Four Companies or Gilds of Kingston-upon-Thames under their respective Wardens. Their "Orders and Constitutions," which are preserved in the Town Hall, tell us that these "Orders" were re-modelled in 1635, but, that they were to the same effect as those made on Oct. 31, 1579. The Companies were the Mercers, Butchers, Woollendrapers, and the Cordwainers. The control of the whole trade of the town was in their hands, and no man could carry on any business in it unless he had first served his time as an apprentice, and had after-

wards been admitted a freeman of one of these Companies. It is hardly credible to us in these days of free trade, that, so recently as Dec. 18, 1834, three men, Joseph Spraggon, John Chapman, and George Acton, were fined because each of them "had on two separate occasions kept open shop," they not being freemen of the town.

The Town Clerk was also the Clerk to the four Companies; he recorded indentures of apprenticeship, the rolls of membership, kept the minutes of the meetings, and transacted other business; he was paid "out of the Common box of each Company."

The freemen of the Companies were compelled to attend the meetings at the Gild Hall, and the festivals of their brethern, and numerous taxes, fees, and fines were imposed upon them. They were not allowed to "join partnership with any foreigners," as all other traders were termed; for it had been the custom "time out of mind," to disfranchise any one prejudicing the liberties of the town. The eldest sons of freemen had certain hereditary privileges. The office of Warden of a Company was inferior to that of Bailiff of the town.

Though freemen were obliged to belong to one of these four Companies, traders who had learned their respective trades elsewhere, could be "tollerated" and allowed to transact business in the town by consent of the Council, and on payment of a fine, but, this right was strictly limited to the man or woman who desired to trade; "noe child or apprentice" of a person so "tollerated" had any hereditary rights, or privileges in consequence. Thus, on Nov. 27, 1685, toleration was granted to John Child, who paid £10, the record stating "the trade of a Dyer is very wanting in the towne, there being noe other person of that trade." In the same way, we learn that there was no plumber and no patten-maker in Kingston-upon-Thames, until 1689. In 1694 Clement Surmon, a currier, paid £4 4*s*. and was tolerated, but, in 1697, having declared before the Council that "he minded and resolved to quit and leave this Towne," toleration was granted to Edward London, a currier from New Brentford, who paid a fine of "one and twentie pounds of lawful English

From the Original) **An Election Day at Kingston-upon-Thames, 1826.** *(in the Free Library.*

money." Up to the same date we learn there had been no felt-maker, and only one brazier in Kingston-upon-Thames.

The register of these "tollerations" throws much light on the commercial history of the town, being usually recorded in set words—thus, on Jan. 27th, 1686, we read:

"Arnold Miles, his Tolleration.

"Whereas at a Court of Assembly holden in the Gildhall of the said Towne of Kingston-upon-Thames in the County of Surrey the 5th day of November last past before the date hereof, before Sir Edward Evelyn, knt. and bart., Mayor of the said Towne of Kingston-upon-Thames, and the Aldermen and Common Councill of the said Towne, came Arnold Miles of Guildford in the County of Surrey, Sadler, and earnestly desired them to permit and suffer him to keepe a shop and use the trade of a sadler in the sd towne, he paying a fine of £10 and all manner of duties, taxes, and charges as freemen and parishioners ought to doe" . . The right (strictly limited to himself) "to keepe a shopp and exercise the trade of a sadler" was then granted; "the said Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councillmen, well knowing the honesty of the said Arnold Miles," it being covenanted that "the said Arnold doe not att any time . . follow, or exercise any other trade, mistery, or manuell occupation whatsoever, but, only the said trade of a sadler within the towne aforesaid."

The word "mistery" is interesting, it was originally the Norman *mestier*—a trade, and that it might be understood by the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons the word *trade* is always found in connection with it.

The Trade Companies of Kingston-upon-Thames were quite distinct from the London Companies of the same names, and though the coat of arms of the Worshipful Company of the Butchers appeared in the East window of the Gild Hall, there was no authority for its use, and further none of the Companies of Kingston-upon-Thames had any arms recorded in the Herald's College. The glass bearing the Butchers' Arms has recently been discovered by the writer and restored to the Town Hall after being carefully repaired.

Trade Gilds.

These Trade Gilds differ from the modern trade-unions, because, in them all persons of a craft, whether employer, or employed, belonged to their respective Companies. The Gildsmen saw that their apprentices were properly taught, and that the work done was of good quality; they all met and dined together on

stated occasions, they protected their individual and mutual interests, and they buried and provided masses for their brethern when they died. They usually had a patron saint, hence the painting of St. Blaize, the patron of the woollen drapers on the pillar of the Parish Church.

The Woollen Drapers were formerly, as they are still, a great power in the country. In the reign of Edward III. the King's dues on wool were collected in Kingston upon-Thames, as the centre of the whole of Surrey, before it was exported to Italy. At that time the taxes on wool formed one fifth of the taxes from the whole of England, hence we find wool bags in the seals and armorials of nearly all Surrey towns, and the wool-sack in the House of Lords.

The Gilds of this Saxon town are of great antiquity and of especial interest; the very name being derived from a Saxon word—*gilden*—to pay; or *gild*, a fraternity.

Their universal nature in Saxon times is indicated in the laws of Alfred the Great (cap. 27).

"If a man kinless of paternal relatives fight and slay a man, and then if he have maternal relatives, let them pay a third of the wer, (compensation) his gild bretheren a third part, and for a third let him flee, . . ." showing that at that early date it is taken for granted that every man belonged to a gild.

Originating as societies to which members contributed for the two-fold purpose of providing funerals and masses for the dead and other religious services, and for the preservation of peace and mutual protection from fires, murderers and thieves, these gilds often termed Frith Gilds, or Peace Gilds, were early recognised by the Norman Kings; and after the conquest in order to protect themselves from their oppressors, the trading members united to form a special gild, known as the Hanse, or Commercial Gild; thus we find the Gild Merchant, first mentioned in England in 1103, was recognised, allowed and granted to Kingston-upon-Thames by the charter of Henry III., dated Sept. 13th, 1256.

With the developement of Arts, these traders sub-divided into companies, but, it was not until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that the trade, or craft side of

gild life developed into the preponderance over its original religious and protective side, and into the elaborate Trade Gilds and Companies, which still remain in London in which the religious side of the Gild has so shrunk that it is now usually only represented by a Chaplain who seldom even says the Grace at the annual banquet, from which, however, he is not often absent; but, in Kingston-upon-Thames the Vicar is still the Chaplain, to the Corporation; and in recognition of the King as a Defender of the Faith, the Mayor, accompanied by the Aldermen, Councillors, and Officers of the Corporation, attend service at the Parish Church on the Sunday after his appointment, the mace being borne before him.

In most towns the Gild merchant was soon so associated with the governing body of the town as to be practically identical with it, but, in the "Orders" of the Four Companies of Kingston-upon-Thames dated 1635, a distinction between the Wardens of the Companies and the Bailiffs of the town, is clearly shown.

The Tipstaff, the official emblem of the Warden of the Gild Merchant is still borne by an Official of the Corporation, who is called the Tipstaff.

The right to bear a mace, the emblem of magisterial authority was not granted until the charter of 1480.

The Willehalle.

The Willehalle which preceded the Elizabethan Gild Hall is frequently referred to in old deeds one dated 20th year Edward III. between Peter le Sadler, of Kyngeston, and John atte Chambre of the same place mentions the "Willehalle in Kyngeston." Others show that a road in the town was called "Willehalle Road," while the grant of land by John de Benestede to John Wenge, and Agnes his wife, of land in Kyngeston, refers to "Willehalle Waye." Mr. Cornish thinks that the word Willehalle is the Plantagenet name for the Saxon Moot-halle. If so, this Willehalle, which is not mentioned in any County history, was probably standing from the reign of Edward the Elder to that of Henry VII.

The keys of the Town Hall are kept by the Mace-bearer, Mr. Parslow, who nobly upholds the dignity of his ancient and honourable office.

CHAPTER VII.

Municipal Heraldry.

To be the herald of our Country's Fame,
Our first ambition and our dearest aim.

Gough.

THE right to use a Common Seal was granted to the town by a Charter of Henry VI., given March 14th, 1441, in which the Bailiffs and Freemen were permitted to purchase lands and tenements, and to "have a Common Seal, to serve for things and business."

What appears to be the original of this seal is preserved in the Town Hall; it is made of brass, circular in shape, two inches in diameter, and it has a wooden handle. In design it shows the gothic trancery which Boutell points out was usual in seals from about the fourteenth century. Though no impression from it has been preserved attached to any document bearing an earlier date than the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "it may," as Brayley and Walford say: "probably be referred to the time of Henry VI." It is not now used officially, the impression of the Town Seal being now affixed to documents by a modern lever press.

The Town Seal.

The Town Seal has in the centre a shield, bearing three salmon naient in pale, and a letter in the base, which is generally described as R (for Regis), but, considered by Mr. Fox Davies in the book of "Public Arms;" Mr. Moule in the "Heraldry of Fish," and by others, to be a K, the doubt arising from the similarity of these letters in old English.

Around this shield are three lions passant guardant, and the inscription:—"S. Comunitatis Ville de Kyngge-stone Super Tamisiam **"

Charles I., on December 13th, in the fourth year of his

reign, confirmed the grant of a Common Seal to the Bailiffs and Freemen of Kingston-upon-Thames, and granted also that it shall be lawful for them from time to time to break, change, and new-make that seal as shall seem fit to them.

It would appear that the freemen made use of this privelege, for a second seal is also preserved in the Town Hall, it is of latten, circular in shape, $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter. Mr. St. John Hope considers it to be "late 16th, or early 17th century workmanship." It represents a tun, over which is the letter K, and around both two olive branches.

This seal is interesting as having been used as the Seal of the Court of Record, which was authorised by this charter of Charles I., and is described in the records of the College of Arms as the Seal of the town; the older seal being described as the Common Seal of Kingston upon-Thames.

The possession of the right to use a Common Seal by the governing body of the town, was of peculiar interest, for, though the seal alone was not conclusive evidence of its incorporation, yet, as it was one of the most tangible tokens of its corporate existence, its destruction would have indicated the dissolution of that body. However, in conjnction with the right to hold lands, and to sue, or be sued, the right to have a Common Seal indicated complete incorporation; or, in the words of the Charter of 1441, "that they should be one body in right and name, one commonality corporate for ever."

But, the Seal of the borough of Kingston-upon-Thames is quite distinct from, and must not be confused with the Arms of the borough of Kingston-upon-Thames, and the correct understanding of this difference is the more important as until Aug. 10th, 1886, when Croydon obtained a grant, Kingston-upon-Thames and Guildford were the only towns in the county which had any arms recorded at the Herald's College.

The Arms of the Borough.

The date of the grant to Kingston-upon-Thames appears to be 1572. At that period the use of arms by individuals and corporations was periodically supervised by the Kings-of-Arms, who were commissioned by the King to make

visitations throughout the country and to challenge all persons and corporations to show their right to use the arms they laid claim to.

The Arms and Seals of the Town of Kingston-upon-Thames as recorded in the Herald's College in the Visitation of Surrey made Anno Domini, 1623. Everard Green. Rouge Dragon.

In the 20th year of his reign Henry VIII., commissioned Thomas Benholte, Clarenceux, King-of-Arms, to visit this town and convene before him all persons that do, or pretend to bear arms, or are styled esquires or gentlemen, and to require them to produce and show by what authority they claimed the same. It further empowered him to enter all houses, castles, and churches and to survey all arms, and to pull down or deface all arms unlawfully assumed, whether on plate, jewels, paper, parchment, windows, tombs, or monuments, and to make infamous by proclamation all offenders, with full powers to destroy all armorials unwarrantably assumed.

This visitation took place in 1530, but, the Herald does not record that Kingston-upon-Thames either claimed, or, had any arms, nor do any appear in the records until the Visitation made by Robert Cooke, Clarenceux, King of Arms, in 1572, though subsequently these Arms are mentioned in the Visitation which was made in 1623; by William Camden Clarenceux, King-of-Arms.

There is a MS. preserved in the British Museum (Harl. 1561. folio 34) which reads:—

Kingston-upon-Thames.

Arms—azure, three salmon naient in pale, argent, finned gules. The Corporate Town of Kingston-upon-Thames in the Com. Surrey in Corporate by the name of Baylifs and freemen, and at this present Visitation, Henry Bowray and Thomas Lydgold. Baylifs, John Stepham, gent, Thos. Bensonn, Thos. Hunt, Robert Carpenter, Geo. Snellynge, John Mugett, John White, Robert Norton, William Bayard

In witness whereof, I the said Baylif have herto sett my hand the Xth day of September in ano 1572 by me.

In all probability this is the original grant and belongs to Kingston-upon-Thames, a copy of it is the earliest entry relating to this town recorded at the Herald's College.

The arms of Kingston-upon-Thames are therefore: – "Azure, three salmon naient in pale, argent, finned gules," that is to say, a blue shield bearing three silver salmon represented swimming, with red fins; and it is a peculiar fact that though these arms were used correctly until 1808, since then, they have almost invariably been used incorrectly.

In the Town Hall there is an old glass heraldic window, in which there is a shield bearing the town arms correctly shown, and the date 1618. They are also correctly shown upon the grave-stone of Alderman Cleave (1667) the founder of the Alms houses, and upon the old iron gates around the Parish Church.

By the Charter of the fourth year of Charles I., it was granted that the sergeants at mace might carry a silver mace "engraved and marked" with the King's arms, and the arms of the town before the bailiffs "according to the usage and custom there anciently used." One of these small silver maces is preserved in the private collection of a gentleman living in Kingston-upon-Thames, who purchased it from a second-hand dealer; it would be interesting to learn how such portable property left the Town Hall. In the words of Mr. St. John Hope, "it is only 4½ inches long, with a short, plain stem, with medial and terminal rings, and a hemispherical head 1 nine-elevenths inches in width; on the top is a flat plate with a crowned shield of the royal arms, with the initials of Charles II. in low relief. The rest of the mace is, however, quite modern, with the London Hall mark 1807-8." As the Charter ordered, and as all maces ought to, it bears the royal arms of its time at the bulbous end, and the arms of the town correctly shown at the other end.

At the passing of the Municipal Corporation's Act, and the appointment of a Mayor, the two gilt maces, formerly carried before the two Bailiffs, were no longer required, so one of them was reconstructed to form the present emblem of the Mayor's magisterial authority; on the lesser, or Bailiff's mace, which is kept in the Town Hall, the Arms of the town are correctly shown on the smaller end.

The Tipstaff's baton, originally the wand borne before the Warden of the Gild Merchant, bears the royal arms at one end, and those of the town correctly shown with the date 1808, at the other.

Since that date, however, the error of introducing either K or an R, into the shield of arms has crept in, an error which originated doubtless in confusing the shield on

the Common Seal of the Borough with that of the Town Arms. And further, the designs on the old carved oak panelling in the Town Hall tend to increase this confusion, showing as they do examples of punning heraldry, the alternate panels bearing a K upon a tun and a K over three fishes.

Such a device designed as a play upon a name is termed a *rebus*, and it was common in the middle ages to introduce such devices into mural decorations. In later days as knowledge and interest in heraldry have waned, these have often been mistaken for genuine armorials; hence we find a device of this nature on the front page of Biden's "History of Kingston-upon-Thames," with the name of the town upon a scroll beneath it, as though it were the arms of the town.

The mistake of introducing a letter into the town arms once having been made has ever since been repeated without investigation; but the error is the more excusable because the various writers of authority who have mentioned the arms of Kingston-upon-Thames have as a rule described them, either incorrectly, or in such words as to leave their meaning obscure.

Such standard works as Papworth's "Ordinary of British Armorials," Berry's "Enclycopædia Heraldica," and Burke's "General Armoury," fall into the error of describing the salmon as "haurient," that is, erect with their heads towards the top of the shield. Mr. St. John Hope in his great work on Corporation Insignia says; "Three fish and the letter R appear as the arms of Kingston-upon-Thames," and in referring to the seal, describes the fish and the letter R as being of gold instead of silver. However, he almost discovers the error concerning the R, for, later on, in describing the smaller, or, Bailiff's mace, he points out that "on the end is a shield of the town arms, three fish (without the usual R)"!

Mr. Fox Davies, with his accustomed accuracy, in his book of "Public Arms," and Mr. Lysons, in his "Environs of London," both give the arms of Kingston-upon-Thames correctly; the latter, when describing the carved oak in the Town Hall, says, "the arms of the

town (azure, three salmons argent), and upon a device of the letter K and a tun"; Allen, in his history of Surrey and Sussex, repeats these words, both Manning and Bray, and Brayley and Walford use the same words, but, by omitting the brackets and stops made their meaning incorrect.

Ornamental china, emblazoned with the arms of the town correctly shown, can be obtained from Miss Welch, in Church Street, who has had the designs especially prepared. 'Goss' china bearing the town seal correctly shown also is sold in the town.

The introduction of the three salmon into the arms of the town arose from the three salmon fisheries which are mentioned in the Doomsday Book as being at Cyngestun. Mr. Moule in his "Heraldry of Fish" says that Kingston-upon-Thames "bears the type of the privilege of fishery upon the town seal," and points out that the three salmon are appropriately sculptured upon the keystone of the arch of the bridge over the river.

That the right to use the town arms was strictly limited to the burgesses of the town appears from an entry in the Diary of the Herald, Sir William Dugdale, made Nov. 3, 1668—"John Salmon, of Chester, maketh brass pence with arms upon them (three salmon); to disclayme him."

CHAPTER VIII.

Inns and their Sign-boards.

I love everything that is old—old friends, old times,
Old manners, old books, old wine.—*Goldsmith.*

OWING to its position, Kingston-upon-Thames has always been a convenient resting-place for travellers to and from London, and consequently the sign-boards of its inns contain in their quaint way a record of the progress of events.

Before the introduction of coaches into England by the Earl of Rutland in 1555, the means of travelling had been by the river, or on horseback; we are, therefore, not surprised to find among the oldest inn-signs of this river-side town, names which signify a connection with the river—for example, "The Row Barge," "The Ship," "The Jolly Sailors," and "The Dolphin"; the association of this latter name with a place so far from the sea is better understood when we learn that in the 3rd year of Henry V. "seven dolphins came up the Thames, whereof four were taken." In coaching times such signs as "The Coach and Horses" appeared, while "The South Western," "The Railway Hotel," and "The Station Tavern" refer to the more recent mode of travelling.

Kingston Inns.

Conveniently situated opposite to Kingston Station the "Kingston Hotel" provides excellent accommodation, and a daily "ordinary" is served in the comfortable dining-room which is capable of seating over one hundred people. In the Market Place "The Sun" and "The Griffin" are two good Hotels affording first-class accommodation.

"The Sun," a sign derived from the arms of the Distiller's Company, has extensive gardens stretching down to the river, with a charming view of Kingston Bridge, and a landing stage for boating parties. This hotel is much used for public dinners where as Shakespeare says :—

"All the world is cheered by the Sun,"

"The Griffin," formerly painted golden, is mentioned as far back as the reign of Edward VI. This hotel has lately been re-modelled, re-decorated, and fitted throughout with electric light and all modern improvements; the ball-room is handsomely adorned, and the banqueting and other rooms are exceedingly comfortable. Between these two hotels there formerly stood "The Castle Inn," now converted into a shop occupied by Mr. Hide, in which is still preserved a beautifully carved oak staircase.

The Carved Staircase.

This remnant of the grandeur of the old hostlery can be seen by permission of the owner. An examination of its carving shows that it was designed to suit a house devoted to festive hospitality, for it appropriately displays a Castle, associated with a vine, grapes, and a Bacchus seated upon a tun, objects frequently used in the ornamental decoration of the best taverns; indeed, the following lines almost apply to this old house :—

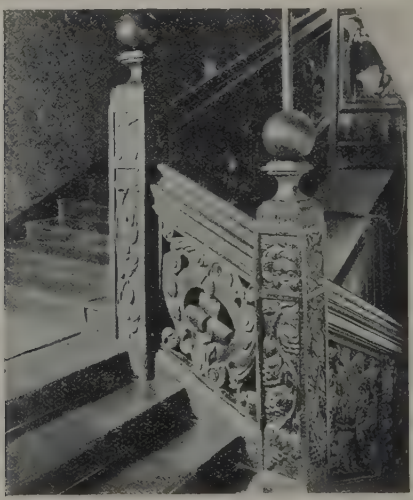
Without there hangs a noble sign,
Where golden grapes in image shine
To crown the bush, a little punch
Gut Bacchus dangling of a bunch,
Sits loftily enthorned upon
What's called (in miniature) a tun.

The Complete Vintner.

This oak carving which is of exceptional interest is described in "Old and New London" as being "the glory of the house" and "a really noble specimen of late Elizabethan, or early Jacobean Work."

In coaching times, "The Castle," "The Griffin," "The Sun," and other inns were much used as posting houses; no less than twenty-four coaches passed through the town daily, four of which stopped at the "King's Arms," one

of them being the "Red Rover," for Southampton, which started from the well-known Bell Savage (La Belle Sauvage) in London.



Carved Staircase at No. 5, Market Place, Kingston-upon-Thames.
Photograph] [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

In the London Road is a quaint building bearing the date 1592, and displaying the sign of the "Three Tuns," derived from the arms of the Vintner's Company; this house is an excellent example of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Still further along the London Road, the "Fighting Cocks," now a modern house, retains its interesting old sign. Its close proximity to the Grammar School is remarkable, as formerly, upon Shrove Tuesday, the Head-Masters of the schools, as the controllers and directors of what was then a national sport, were accustomed to arrange a cock fight, and from Fitzstephen's

"Chronicles" we learn that every popular school had its cock-pit.

When this inn was being re-built a few years ago, two circular pits were discovered in the stable yard; one ten feet and the other eight feet in diameter.

In High Street the sign of the "Jollie Butchers" reminds us that the worshipful Company of Butchers was formerly incorporated in this town. What purported to be their coat of arms, appeared in a window in the old Gild Hall, and no man was allowed to carry on any trade unless he belonged either to the Butchers, Woollen-drapers, Mercers, or Cordwainers Companies of Kingston-upon-Thames.

At the meeting places of these Companies where the members met to transact their business and "to drink the gild," wines were stored; these houses were often used as inns, and in time have become modern public-houses. The "Ram," also in High Street, a famous boating house in the reign of Queen Anne, suggests, by its sign, which is the crest of the Woollendrapers, that it was originally the meeting place of that Company.

The "Blue Anchor," the emblem of hope, placed as it is between the Church and the Bishop's Hall, probably originated as an inn for the Bishop's retainers. The "Cross Keys," no longer in existence, derived its sign from the arms of the Bishopric of Winchester.

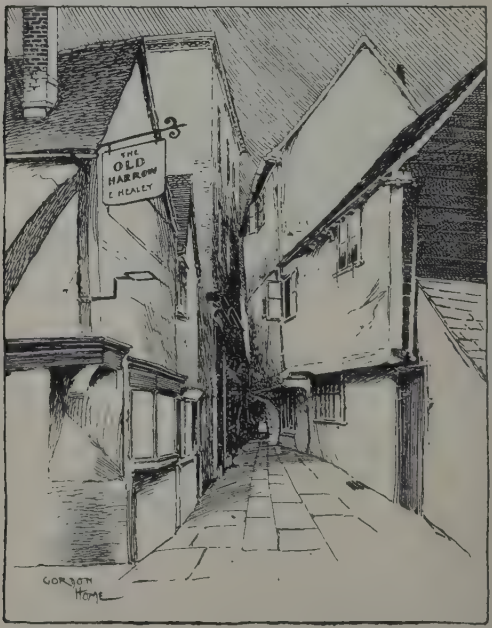
The "Three Compasses" (page 20), the arms of the Carpenters' Company, reminds us that many carpenters lodged in the town during the building of Hampton Court. In the "Old Harrow" are still to be seen the cupboards in which the tailors kept their work.

When the old "Rose and Crown," formerly situated in Old Bridge Street, was demolished, the workmen discovered whilst excavating the site, the existence of a roomy, subterranean chamber with a vaulted roof, the arched groins of which were well cut and finished; and the walls constructed of hewn chalk blocks relieved with black flint decorations. The whole structure appeared to be a portion of a building that had been standing before the picturesque old "Rose and Crown" was built.

Being in a line with, and close to where the old wooden

bridge crossed the Thames, this may have been the house mentioned in the Close Rolls in the 7th year of the reign of Henry III. (A.D. 1223) and described as "the house belonging to the bridge."

Sign-boards were a necessity in the days when few could read, and therefore traders of all sorts endeavoured to attract customers by displaying familiar heraldic devices, or pictures; but, with the spread of education signs are no longer necessary, so many of them have been painted out and written over, or the sign-boards themselves abolished.



A Quaint Corner in Old Kingston.

Specially drawn) *(Gordon Home.*

See Page 20.

CHAPTER IX.

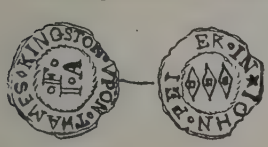
Trader's Tokens.

. . . The liquid ore he drained into fit moulds prepared,
rom which he wrought . . . . . Fusil, or graven in metal.

Milton.

THE examination of the trade tokens of Kingston-upon-Thames throws a light upon a brief portion of the commercial history of the town, upon the genealogy and family history of its traders, and the relative preponderance of their respective trades in the town and in the county during the Commonwealth (1649-1660).

It is significant of the feeling of the time, that though repeated applications had been made to the Crown, begging for the issue of half-penny and farthing coinage ever since 1378, yet no trader's tokens bear an earlier date than 1648.



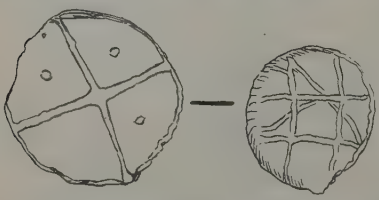
In Kingston-upon-Thames, as elsewhere, these little coins were issued during the Commonwealth by traders as promissory tokens, to be exchanged on demand for their reputed value in money, or goods, and were useful in supplying the want of copper coinage among the people; the direct issue of which had been considered beneath the dignity of the sovereign, though occasionally patents had been granted to individuals, conferring upon them the right to issue a limited amount of small money, a right which had invariably been abused. The name of

the mint house of these licensed tokens, which is situated on the north side of Lothbury, is preserved in the name Tokenhouse Yard to this day.

Brass Tokens.

The unlicensed traders' tokens were usually of brass, of small real value; they bore on one side the name of the issuer, surrounding his wife's initials, united with his own, and on the other, the name of the place of issue, and if the issuer belonged to one, the arms of a London Company. This it appears was a distinction envied by others who had not gained the freedom of the city. Thus the trade token of John Hollis, of Kingston-upon-Thames, of 1666, bears what purports to be the arms of the London Butcher's Company, but differs from them in displaying six bull's heads where the Butcher's arms bear three, as if he did not dare to copy them exactly.

But, long before the issue of traders' tokens an earlier form of lead token was in wide circulation. This probably originated with the cloth-workers who were accustomed to its manufacture, for they were compelled to attach a seal of lead to their pieces of cloth as a means of identification in case of short measure. Be that as it may, these lead tokens differed from the traders' tokens in bearing no writing upon them. The writer found some of these lead tokens together with a trade token of Simon Sutton, Vintner of Isleworth, in the ruins of an old house in Kingston-upon-Thames, indicating the comparatively wide field of credit these traders' tokens obtained.



Lead Tokens.

Though the public gained much by their issue, the trade tokens had their disadvantages.for, a petition to Richard, the Protector, 1659, says: "Almost every petty retailing tradesman putting forth a several farthing token,

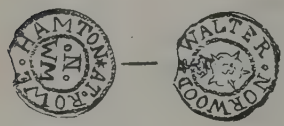
not valuable, without any license, . . . great numbers of these retailing tradesmen break, others remove themselves from one place to another, and many of them die insolvent. . . The people of this nation are daily cheated and cozened by these indirect practices."

On the other hand, it should be remembered that it was by the introduction and use of these illegal tokens that the Government, which had again and again considered the subject since 1378, was led to issue halfpence and farthings in 1679, at the same time traders' tokens were suppressed by royal proclamation of Charles II.

The investigation of this subject is full of quaint interest. A report which was presented to the Council of State, Aug. 10, 1651, indicates the insanitary condition of the great unwashed at that period. It says: "many are deprived of alms for want of farthings and half-farthings, for many would give a farthing who are not disposed to give a penny, or two pence, or to lose time by staying to change money, where they may contract a noisome smell, or, the disease of the poore."

In his great work on the subject of Trade Tokens, Dr. Williamson—to whom I am indebted for the loan of most of the tokens reproduced here—(the remainder being from the British Museum), tells us that there are 307 varieties of tokens known to have been issued from 55 different places in Surrey; of these Guilford and Chertsey are the only towns which issued them officially, these were called town tokens, and bore devices of their towns; the remainder were issued by individuals. Kingston-upon-Thames had 21 issuers, Guildford 31, Richmond 12, Godalming 11, Farnham 11, Croydon 10, Dorking 9, Reigate 3; Rotherhithe heads the list with 42. These numbers probably indicate the local revolutionary feeling of the time rather than the comparative commercial importance of the towns.

Nearer home at Malden, in 1667, Mathias Tomkins issued 1, bearing a man on horseback. At Thames Ditton, Samuel Hay issued 1 in 1662. Roehampton had 3 issuers, Petersham 2, West Molesey 1, Wimbledon, 1.



Upon the tokens of Kingston-upon-Thames, among other heraldic devices the arms of London Barber Surgeons, Butchers, Cordwainers, and Tallow Chandlers Companies appear, also the arms of the town.

For complete list of the trade tokens see Appendix.

CHAPTER X.

Richmond Park.

Our life . . . finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.
Shakespeare.

THE circumference of this Park is about eight miles, including an area of 2,253 acres formerly it partook of six parishes, 1,008 acres being in the parish of Kingston-upon-Thames, 615 acres in Mortlake, 265 acres in Petersham and Ham, 230 in Putney, and 101 acres in Richmond; thus, though nearly half the Park was situated within the parish of Kingston-upon-Thames it received its name from the parish in which it has the smallest acreage.

The cause of this appears to be that Henry VII., and Henry VIII. used Richmond as a favourite residence; for though the Park was not enclosed until the reign of Charles I. it was undoubtedly a royal hunting ground as early as the reign of Henry VIII., for in 1528 it was arranged that the French Ambassador, who was being entertained at Richmond, might hunt "in every one of the King's Parks there."

There are now six entrance gates with keepers' lodges;—they are Kingston Hill, Ham, Richmond, Sheen, Roehampton, and Robin Hood; also a swing gate entrance for foot passengers on Kingston Hill known as "Ladder Stile." The Park is now outside the parish of Kingston-upon-Thames.

The Park Lodges.

Within the Park are residences called Lodges, each of which has some interesting historical association. That situated nearest to the Kingston Hill Gate is called Thatched House Lodge, and is so named from a thatched house standing

within its grounds upon the brow of the hill about 900 yards from the Park Gate. The walls of this house are adorned with paintings of a classic design, which according to Mr. Bridgeman (to whose valuable notes on the Park, gathered from the State Papers at the Record Office and from numerous other sources, I am much indebted), were probably done between the years, 1780-1788, while the House was in the possession of Sir Charles Stuart. The paintings have been attributed to Angelica Kauffmann.

According to tradition it was in this interesting summer house that Sir Robert Walpole entertained Queen Adelaide and the Princesses at tea, and also "George I, shortly before his departure for Hanover, June 3, 1727, upon the expedition from which he never returned to England."

Thatched Lodge House was originally an under-keeper's lodge, and was known as Burkett's Lodge in 1769. Though the earliest certain record of it appears 1716, when, as we learn from the records, £40 was spent upon its repairs, there is reason to believe it is the Lodge which was built by Humphrey Rogers in 1637. It is now under Royal warrant, the residence of Lady Gardiner, the widow of the late General Sir Lyndock Gardiner, C.B., K.C.V.O., Equerry-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, Bath King of Arms, who died there Dec. 15, 1897. He added new offices and a library, re-built the stables, and effected many other additions and improvements.

White Lodge.

Further on, just within the parish of Richmond, close to Spanker's Hill, on elevated ground, stands the well-known White Lodge, formerly called the New Lodge (the Old Lodge was pulled down in 1841.)

The central block, commenced in the reign of George I., originally designed by Henry, ninth Earl of Pembroke, as a place of refreshment for the King and Royal family after hunting, was finished in the reign of George II. The side blocks of the building were commenced by Princess Amelia during her unpopular Rangership of the Park, but they were still unfinished in 1767. The first occupant appears to have been Princess Amelia, during

her Rangership, 1751-1761; after her resignation it was occupied by the succeeding ranger, John, Earl of Bute, until his death, March 10th, 1792.

It is chiefly remarkable for being the home of H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, who died, October 27th, 1897, mother of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and as being the birth-place (June 23rd, 1894) of H.R.H. Prince Edward, a future heir to the throne.

Near Richmond Gate is Pembroke Lodge, formerly called Hill Lodge, commanding a magnificent view of the river and country beyond. Originally built as a vermin killer's house, it was rebuilt in the reign of George III., and was occupied by Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Pembroke, one of the court beauties who was occasionally visited here by the King, and from whom the Lodge derived its name. On her death, which occurred in 1831, the Lodge was given by William IV. to the 17th Earl of Errol, whose wife Elizabeth was a daughter of this monarch and Mrs. Jordan, born when he was Duke of Clarence. Lady Errol died January 16th, 1856, when the Lodge was given to the distinguished statesman, Lord John Russell, to whose daughter Lady Agatha Russell it was granted in 1898. It was on a mound in the grounds of this Lodge, so tradition says, that Henry VIII. awaited the signal gun from the Tower which announced the execution of Anne Boleyn, after which he rode off to marry her successor. It is also stated that from this mound Oliver Cromwell observed a battle.

Richmond Park also contains the well known Penn Ponds called formerly the Slade Ponds, around which herons have for a long time past made their nests and reared their young.

The Park as already stated was enclosed as a royal hunting place by Charles I. as "His Majesty was anxious to have one near London, for his more convenient hunting." The King's action met with great opposition, and attempts were made to dissuade him from his project, though the King paid the then high price of £5 an acre for some parts of the land he enclosed. The work was so unpopular that it undoubtedly made a factor amongst the many causes of dissatisfaction which brought about the civil war.

The Park thus formed partly from Land belonging to the Crown, and partly from the property of private owners, was conviently situated for the Royal Palaces at Richmond and Hampton Court. It was commenced in 1634, and its enclosing wall finished in 1637 when Jerome Weston, Earl of Portland, was appointed the first Ranger with a fee of 12d. per day, and pasture for four horses.

During the Commonwealth the park was presented to the Citizens of London. At the Restoration "it was nobly returned to the King by the City of London, who said they had only held it as his Stewards."

It was not, however, until the reign of George I. that there was any building fit for the King's use within the Park, when on the appointment of Sir Robert Walpole as Ranger, the "Head Keeper's Lodge" or "Bog Lodge," was enlarged and called the "Ranger's Lodge," July 21, 1725, and we find it recorded that on August 24, 1728, at a stag hunt with the King and Queen, Walpole was "cloathed in green as a Ranger."

This Lodge was called the "Old Lodge" or "Great Lodge," and pulled down in 1841.

On Spanker's Hill side, it is stated that Walpole spent £14,000 in draining and improving the Park which was previously "a bog and a harbour for deer stealers and vagabonds." He also "took away the ladders on the walls and shut up the gates, but, settled keepers at them who were to open to all foot passengers in the day time, and such carriages as had tickets, which were easily obtained."

The Park Rangers.

In 1751, George II. appointed his daughter H.R.H. Princess Amelia, as Ranger, and James Shaw Esq. was appointed Deputy Ranger under her. Princess Amelia practically shut up the Park, admission being granted to but few: this caused considerable ill-feeling, and several actions at law were the result. The matter was finally settled at the Assizes at Kingston-upon-Thames before Sir Michael Foster, April 3, 1758, in an action brought by a Richmond brewer named Lewis, when the right of a public footway was established for ever between East Sheen and Ham Gates, and ladder stiles put up.

In 1761, Princess Amelia resigned the office of Ranger and John, Earl Bute was appointed her successor until his death in 1792.

In 1814, George IV., then Prince Regent, appointed his sister, Princess Elizabeth, as Ranger, who, in her turn was succeeded by H.R.H. Duke of Cambridge. The final abolition of locked gates is owing to the act of this royal Duke. The following tables, compiled by Mr. Bridgeman, give interesting information never previously published.

PARK RANGERS.

1637.	June 15.	Jerome Weston, Earl of Portland.
1649.	Restos.	City of London.
1660.	July 20.	Sir Lionel Tollemache, Bart and his wife Eliz C. of Dysart. He died 1668. She died 1698. (Resigned 1695).
1664.		Sir Daniel Harvey, Kt.
1673.	May 30.	John, Duke of Lauderdale, died Aug 20, 1682
1683.	Oct. 31.	Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, died 1711.
1688.	Mar. 10	
1711.		Henry Hyde, Earl of Rochester and Clarendon.
1725	July 31	Lord Walpole (son of Sir Robt. Walpole), died 1751.
1727.	Oct. 3	
1740.	Mar. 7	
1740.	May 11.	Sir Robt. Walpole (joint Ranger), died 1745
1751.	Ap. 1.	H.R.H. Princess Amelia, resigned 1761.
1761.	June 25.	John, Earl of Bath, died Mar. 10, 1792.
1792.	Mar. 10.	(In the hands of the Crown).
1814	July 22	H R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse.
1830	Oct 6.	Homburg, sister of Geo. IV., resigned 1835.
1835.	Sept. 10.	H R H. Adolphus, Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, died 1850.
1837.	Dec. 2.	
1850.	Nov. 12.	H.R.H. Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, died April 30, 1857.
1857.	July 13.	H.R.H. George, Duke of Cambridge.

It is strange that there is no school of forestry in England, although in this Park, so conveniently situated and so richly endowed, there is ample space for one; and though formerly our foresters instructed the students of continential nations in that art, now, our students are forced to seek in Germany the instruction they cannot gain in this country.

Kingston Bridge.

CHAPTER XI.

Kingston Bridge.

Our Saxon Fathers built a bridge,
Of wood and stone they made it.

An Old Song.

THAT there was from earliest time a ford, or shallow at or near the site of the present bridge, is indicated by the geological character of the district, and this being the first ford above the river's mouth the position became one of importance.

It is probable that there was a bridge here long before there was one at London, and from a passage in Dion Cassius, it has been inferred that there was a bridge or "ford of stepping stones" here, when Aulus Plautius invaded Britain in A.D. 43.

It has been asserted that it was here that Cæsar having forced the Britons under Cassivelanus to retreat, engaged them in battle, and afterwards built, or rebuilt a bridge, which stood about half a mile lower down than the present structure.

When the Saxons obtained possession of the country they rebuilt the bridge near the site of their town, which they called Moreford (the Great Ford). This bridge suffered so much from attacks of the Danes and repeated

frosts, that it was reconstructed near the present site at the end of the fifth century, and though often injured and repaired, seems to have retained its original plan until 1828.

The earliest certain record of this bridge appears in the Close Rolls of Henry III. on the ninth of August in the seventh year of his reign, when the King who was staying at Kingston-upon-Thames granted the care of it to Henry de St. Alban, Matthew the son of Godfrey of Kingston, and the Sheriff of Surrey. The following year the bridge was given into the care of Matthew alone.

The King to the Sheriff of Surrey greeting.

We command you that without delay you cause Matthew, of Kingston, to whom we have commuted the custody of the bridge, of Kingston, to full seisin thereof with its appurtenances which belong to the said bridge, and all record and things relating thereto.

So important a structure as the first bridge above London has necessarily been associated with many events of local and national historical importance, and its maintainance and repair have from time to time been a cause of considerable anxiety to the Bridgewardens.

In 1368 John Lovekyn left £10 for its repair; in 1376 Edward III. granted it to the care of the Bailiffs of the town (Hugh Taverner and John Waigne) and their successors for 51 years, with permission to devote the tolls of ten years towards its repair, as it was "then gone to ruin and decay."

At the expiration of this lease, in the 27th year of Henry VI., the bridge was again granted to the Bailiffs for a further term of fifty-one years. Entries of repairs and grants are of frequent occurrence—thus, Richard Clark, in the 7th year of Henry VIII, by indenture conveyed to the Bridgewardens a messuage in Kingston-upon-Thames, "for repairs to the grete bridge," and in the 11th year of the same reign Hugh Stephynson also conveyed by indenture two messuages and three gardens, and their appurtenances, opposite Clattern Bridge, for its repair.

In 1565 (Queen Elizabeth's reign) Robert Hammond, of Hampton, Bailiff, of Kingston-upon-Thames, settled land to the value of £40 a year for the future support of

the bridge, and for exempting it from all tolls, thus relieving the town from considerable anxiety. In remembrance of this munificent donation these words were inscribed on a rail about the middle of the bridge :

1565.
Robert Hammond, gentleman,
Bailiff of Kingston, heretofore.
He then made this bridge
Toll free for evermore.

And although later the bridge suffered considerably from frosts and floods, and had in consequence to be frequently repaired—as for instance, in October 1570, when during the night such a storm arose that barges drifted into the Market Place—it stood until 1812 when it was condemned as past all mending, and the construction of the present stone bridge was decided upon.

Mr. Anderson, in his local history published in 1818, says :—"The Bridge, in its present state is an ordinary structure of timbers, so inartificially put together, as would warrant us in pronouncing that whatever changes it hath undergone in its materials, from frequent repairs, there hath been no deviation from the plan on which it was originally built. The supporters, which are more than twenty in number on each side, occupy the space of an hundred and twenty-five yards, exclusive of about forty yards of masonry employed at both ends."

This old bridge was associated with many historic events. In 1472 Falconbridge with an army of 17,000 men tried to cross the river here in pursuit of Edward IV., but finding the bridge broken down retired with his army to St. George's Fields.

Wyatt's Rebellion.

In 1554, Sir Thomas Wyatt unable to cross from Southwark by London Bridge, marched his insurgents to Kingston-upon-Thames which he reached at "4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of February," here he found that by Queen Mary's command the Bailiffs and Bridgewardens had broken down the bridge, that thirty feet of its structure had been destroyed, and all boats and barges removed to the Middlesex side, which was guarded by 200 men. Wyatt, however, who had two pieces of cannon, soon dislodged this guard and rudely repaired the bridge with

poles and planks "so that by 10 o'clock of the nighte it was in such a plighte as both ordnance and companies of men pass over without peril."

It was in consequence of this loyalty of the inhabitants that Queen Mary, on her marriage, granted the town a charter without fees confirming its ancient privileges, and granting to the Bailiffs the right "to build, set up, and erect a wear, called a fish-wear, in the centre of the Thames, next or near to the town," and also granted to the town, "a space of eighty poles in the aforesaid water of the Thames, for the said wear to catch fish"; in fact, during the reign of Mary the people of Kingston seemed to have escaped the persecution which took place elsewhere.

During the Civil War in the reign of Charles I. the bridge was alternately in the hands of the Royalist and Parliamentary forces, but the townspeople were ever loyal to the king, who termed them "the faithful men of Kingston"; and the Earl of Essex found it necessary to make special plans "to guard the passage of the bridge" to prevent them from assisting the King.

From early times the bridge was used as a place of punishment for women who were convicted of being brawlers, and were termed "scolds." Thus, *The Universal Spectator* of October 14th, 1738, gives an account of the ducking of a woman by order of the Quarter Sessions, also the following paragraph appeared in *The London Evening Post*, of April 27th, 1745:—"Last week a woman that keeps 'Queen's Head' ale-house, at Kingston-upon-Thames in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair and ducked in the river Thames under Kingston Bridge in the presence of 2,000 or 3,000 people."

The Cucking Stool.

Another writer says:—"They fasten an arm-chair to the end of two strong beams, twelve or fifteen feet long and parallel to each other; the chair hangs on a sort of axle on which it plays freely so as to remain in a horizontal position. The scold being well fastened in her chair, the two beams are then placed as near the centre as possible across the the bridge side, and being lifted up behind, the chair, of

course, drops into the cold element. The ducking is repeated according to the shrewdness possessed by the patient, and generally has the effect of curing her immoderate heat, at least for a time."

The cucking stool was the property of the town, and with the stocks was kept under the Gild Hall.

Among the accounts occurs the following :—

1572	Making of the Cucking Stool	8/-
	Ironwork for the same	3/-
	Timber for the same	7/6
	Three brasses for the same and three wheels	4 10

"1572, August, on Tewsday, being the xix. day of this monthe of August—Downing wife of—Downinge gravemaker of this parysshe, she was set on a new cukking stolle made of a grett hythe and so brought a bowte the Market Place to Temes bridge, and ther had 111 duckings over hed and eres because she was a common scolde and fyghter."

Mr. Anderson writing in 1818 says:—"This form of punishment has long since been laid aside," though the practice of placing the old stool against the house of a scold continued for some time afterwards.

An idea of the life of the town in those days is gained when we learn that until 1690 the bridge was locked up every Sunday morning and the keys brought to the Mayor.

In 1825 the Corporation obtained an Act of Parliament empowering them to build a new bridge, to purchase and make suitable approaches and to raise the money upon the credit of the tolls to be put upon the new bridge.

The result was that the present bridge was erected from the design of Mr. Lapidge; it consists of five arches over the water, and two small brick arches on either side for floods. The span of the central arch is 60 feet, and its height 24 feet, the width of the water way is 334 feet, the entire length 382 feet, giving a road and foot-way of the total width of 25 feet 6 inches.

The total expense, including the purchase of its site and roadway was £40,000.

The first stone was laid on Nov. 7th, 1825, by the Earl of Liverpool, High Steward of the borough (whose name

is perpetuated in Liverpool Road, Kingston Hill), and the bridge was opened on July 17th, 1828, by the Duchess of Clarence, hence the name Clarence Street.

But the Bridge, though handsome in design, bore a toll-house, and its tolls pressed heavily on the tradesmen of the town; so, in 1869, when the Corporation of London and the Metropolitan Board of Works made application to Parliament for an extension of the coal and wine dues, the Corporation of Kingston-upon-Thames claimed a share in the proposed extension, with the result that after considerable negotiation, on Saturday, March 12th, 1870, the toll gates were broken down and wheeled away amid the cheers of an immense crowd in the presence of the Mayor of Kingston-upon-Thames, Alderman Jos. Marsh, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Lord St. Leonards, High Steward of the borough, the High Sheriff of Surrey, and other officials.

Mr. Alderman Frederick Gould, who had taken an active part in gaining such a substantial advantage for the trade of the town was presented with a silver salver, silver candelabra, and silver mounted ornaments made from the wood of the old bridge, on which an inscription testified to the result of his great work in freeing all bridges.

Thus the names of both Hammond and Gould should be gratefully remembered by those who now enjoy the privilege, as a matter of course, of using the bridge free of toll.

CHAPTER XII.

Surbiton and its Surroundings.

How green you are! and fresh in this old world.
Shakespeare.

IN its marked contrast to the old world appearance of Kingston-upon-Thames, the sister township of Surbiton, loses nothing by the comparison.

A beautiful Town.

Its wide streets, and roads of luxurious houses, new and well kept, with the air of wealthy occupants, are rendered charming by the foliage of trees conveniently placed, providing both shade and ornament for the fortunate residents in this up-to-date town.

The shops, too, in the business streets, show by their well-stocked windows, that their owners are able to hold their own in the keen competition which their close proximity to London involves. Though Surbiton has but few historical associations as compared with Kingston-upon-Thames, yet we find it mentioned as far back as 1235, in the records of Merton Priory. And again in 1352, as a portion of Kingston-upon-Thames, and further it was within its boundary that the last skirmish on behalf of Charles I. took place, in which Lord Francis Villiers lost his life "after a gallant defence, and as sharp a charge as ever I saw in these unhappy wars," as one of the Parliamentary soldiers wrote.

Villier's Path.

The initials of Lord Francis Villiers were carved on a tree, which was cut down in 1680. The memory of this event is preserved in the name of "Villier's Path" which marks the scene of this

engagement (see page 43). The scene of this historic encounter lies off the omnibus route between Surbiton and Kingston; Avenue Elmers will give approach to it, and the pathway now confined between palings, is clearly marked by the local authority, it winds along, flanked on one side by a deep ditch and is still shaded by noble elm trees.

Surbiton, owes its present importance and prosperity

Rural Scene from the foot of Clay Hill, near Villiers Path.
Photograph] [*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

to the railway, and the advantages which its frequent train service, its numerous expresses, and the convenience its station on the main line, within half-an-hour of London, afford to the "City Man." Its origin as a town may date from 1838 when the railway from Nine Elms to Woking was opened, and a station known as "Kingston Station" was constructed

here, because the old borough of Kingston-upon-Thames in which the coaching element was strong, had insisted that the railway, then quite a novelty, would injure local interests if it came any nearer to the town. Unwise as this policy may now appear to have been, it must be remembered that the burgesses only acted in accordance with the general feeling of the day; but, in doing so, did not go so far as other townships such as Maidstone and Aylesbury did, which prevented the railway from coming within ten miles of their towns.

Those who know only the Surbiton of to-day, will hardly realise that even three years after the opening of the railway, it had only 69 inhabited houses, and contained a population of 387. Lewis' Topographical Dictionary, written 1838, only mentions Surbiton as "an estate at the south end of the town (Kingston) comprising 80 acres, and adjoining the London and Southampton Railway Station, a great portion of which is now being covered with houses consisting of separate villas, streets, &c."

The advantages of the railway, however, soon became apparent for in 1852 the houses had increased to 300, and the population to 2,800.

The growth of Surbiton.

In 1881 the population had increased to 5,569, in 1891 it was 5,710 and in 1901 it was 15,019, with a rateable value of £169,135.

In 1855 the Surbiton Improvement Commission was formed, as the result of application to Parliament, and Surbiton commenced life as a new town, independent of Kingston-upon-Thames.

It is now controlled by an Urban District Council, which includes the parishes of Hook and Tolworth, and is presided over by an able Chairman, Mr. G. M. Walker. The offices of the Council, situated in Ewell Road, are fine buildings of red brick and cut stone displaying the lion of St. Mark, as a badge, carved in stone over the front entrance.

The oldest Church is St. Mark's, a cut stone building in the perpendicular style. The registers date from 1845, in which year it was separated as a parish from the Mother Church at Kingston-upon-Thames.

This building consists of nave, aisles and chancel, the

Photograph] **St. Mark's Church, Surbiton.** *[G. T. Jones & Co.*

tower is surmounted by a spire. The living has been held since 1870 by the Venerable Charles Burney, M.A., Oxon., Archdeacon of Kingston-upon-Thames.

The other Churches are St. Matthew's, St. Andrew's, and Christ Church; there are also a Wesleyan Methodist and a Congregational Chapel.

The Attractions of Surbiton.

As a place of residence Surbiton affords many attractions. The facilities with which London, twelve miles distant, can be reached by rail (which also gives ready access to Molesey, Hampton Court, Aldershot, Guildford, and the South and West of England), the healthy and charming locality, its clean wide roads, its numerous convenient residences, its ready access to the river and to some of the most beautiful portions of rural Surrey; all tend to attract the busy man to take his leisure and make his residence here; for his family can secure undoubted educational advantages in the numerous schools, while the spacious recreation grounds along the railway, the many charming walks, and the social clubs, all provide plenty of out-door exercise and entertainment for both sexes.

Situated near the junction of Claremont and Surbiton Hill Roads, stand the Assembly Rooms, consisting of a large Hall, with a stage; there are also rooms of considerable size on the ground floor, and a beautiful but smaller hall upstairs. These rooms are much used for balls, concerts, and theatrical entertainments. Constructed as it is of *terra cotta* and brick, this building is quite an attractive architectural feature of the town.

The Cottage Hospital, in St. James' Road, supported by voluntary contributions, contains 16 beds and 5 cots; established in 1870, it has a long record of good work, and its voluntary medical staff have won for themselves and their hospital a high and richly deserved reputation.

The extensive recreation grounds of Surbiton, are laid out and carefully kept for the various athletic sports in their seasons, and the manner in which they are used by the various clubs, testifies to their usefulness. On the other side of the railway line are Barr's well-known nursery gardens, where

flowers bloom in the utmost profusion. Leaving Surbiton by the Ewell Road, a good walker can enjoy a very charming country walk, passing through Tolworth, noticing the drinking fountain at the cross roads, and continuing along the Ewell Road to the corner, where the road from Malden and Worcester Park intersects. By turning up this road to the left, the over-arching trees, the stream, and osier beds beside the road produce a very charming effect; continuing along this road we pass on our left the very interesting Church of Old Malden. This perpendicular Church, consisting of a chancel and nave, has a tower containing six bells and a western porch. The interior of this church is of great beauty, and contains much of interest. The nave and the tower were rebuilt in 1610. The font is of Caen stone. The Church was enlarged in 1875 by the addition of a nave and chancel on the north side; in this chancel is a remarkable reredos of Venetian mosaic work, presented by Mrs. Chetwynd Stapylton. The Pulpit is of Caen stone, with figures carved in alabaster. There is a low chancel screen of carved stone, and the reredos has four mosaic panels of gilt stonework representing the Annunciation and Nativity. There is a beautifully carved oak screen on either side of the chancel. The windows contain some heraldic glass. Leaving the church we continue our walk to Worcester Park, and here turning to the left join the road to New Malden.

Rambles from Surbiton.

Old Malden.

New Malden is a rapidly growing residential town. Like Surbiton it derives advantages from its station on the main line of the London and South Western Railway, around which the houses extend on either side. Its streets of smart shops, surrounded by roads of comfortable villas, testify to the activity of the District Council in securing for the residents all the advantages of modern sanitation.

New Malden.

Christ Church, built in the early English style, in 1866, on land given by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge for the purpose, was enlarged in 1894. It now consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles. The register dates from 1867. Trinity Free Church was consecrated in 1883;

there are also Congregational and Wesleyan Chapels. The College for sons of gentlemen is a popular training school. Malden has an ancient reputation as a place of learning; for here, in 1264, Walter de Merton, Lord Chancellor, and Bishop of Rochester, founded a college for the maintenance of 20 scholars of the schools of Oxford. The charter of this college was approved by Edward I. in 1274. New Malden is two miles from Kingston-upon-Thames, to which we return by Cambridge Road.

Photograph] [*G. T. Jones & Co.*

On the River between Kingston and Molesey.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Thames between Kingston and Molesey.

There are two things scarce matched in the universe,
the Sun in heaven, and the Thames on earth.
Sir W. Scott.

Mr. Gibson Thompson in a lately published volume on "Picturesque Surrey," thus delightfully sums up the attractions of the river at Kingston :—

"Sit, on a summer evening, on the Queen's Promenade, and the scene presented can hardly be surpassed for its combination of natural beauty, vivid colouring, and an animation which, while constantly changing the details of the picture, cannot destroy the restful charm of a waterway. Up stream there are obtrusive shafts of waterworks

pumping-stations, blots which perfect by contrast the kaleidoscopic picture bridgewards. There the leafy background throws up the sturdy lines of the stone bridge, while the broad river in the forefront is a brilliant panorama of punts, skiffs, canoes, occasionally Venetian gondolas, launches, 'that among the quieter craft are like kites among pigeons.' Patient fishermen angle for barbel or pike, or for trout that experience has made preternaturally wary. The sun silvers the ripples, glints on a sail or a red parasol, makes a gaudy patch of the green awning of a launch, picks out here a white swan and there the gold of boat cushions. Horsemen and cyclists flit swiftly along the tow path; a harp ripples softly from a passing steamer, or a mandolin tinkles from a lazy punt. Sun and distance brighten and refine all that might be crude; and the living pictures have a charm that landscape lacks, for they change like a never-ending cinematograph. There is nothing in the wide-world quite like the Thames at Kingston on a summer day." Horace tells us of a husbandman who came to a river which he wished to cross, but stood waiting beside it for the water to flow away; that guileless rustic might have had his time pleasantly occupied had he strayed near Kingston-upon-Thames, where the river flows in a winding course forming one of its longest reaches; winding about between Molesey and Teddington Locks, a distance of nearly five miles by water, though only about two as the crow flies. Both above and below the town, ornamental gardens, known as the Queen's Promenade and the Canbury Gardens, are laid out and tastefully maintained by the Corporation, which also provides bands to play in them during the summer months. From seats in these gardens the visitor can watch the charming and ever changing scenes presented by the river traffic. If, however, he desires to go upon the river, he can do so, for skiffs, canoes, or punts, are on hire to suit his requirements at numerous points on the river; the usual charges being 1/- for the first hour, 6d. for the second, or 6/- for the day, or for double sculling family boats 10/- for the whole day. These boats can be hired from Parker, near the Queen's Promenade, Burgoine off the Market Place, or

Photograph] **Kingston Regatta at Raven's Ait.** *G. T. Jones & Co.*

from Turk at the end of the Canbury Gardens, also from Messrs. Francis, Hart, Pope, Smith, Eastland, and others.

Water bottles for those who wish to make tea, can easily be borrowed from the owners of the boats, while Messrs. Nuthall, Packham, and others supply tea baskets complete on hire. Fishing punts can be hired from the Sun Hotel, under license from the Thames Conservancy.

Steam launches can be obtained from Messrs. Burgoine, Mould, or Parslow, at prices which, including the engineer, vary from £3 per day, according to their size. During the regatta season Kingston-upon-Thames holds its Borough and Amateur Regattas; and Ditton, Molesey, and Teddington holds theirs, while excellent work is done by the different river clubs.

It is interesting to remember that old Father Thames derives his name from a Celtic word meaning broad, spreading, or still, and is probably the only memorial remaining in the neighbourhood to tell us of the Celtic people who inhabited Britain before the arrival of the Romans; indeed, nearly all the rivers in England have Celtic names which remain unaltered to-day though every vestige of the tribes who named them, and the towns they dwelt in, may have long since disappeared.

In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle the river is mentioned as Temese; the poet's name Isis, however does not appear in any ancient record.

The river season extends from Whitsuntide to the end of September, during which time excursions are arranged, and duly advertised, in first class steam launches to various places on the Thames; both half and whole day excursions are arranged for and the fares are always moderate.

On week-days a regular service of Messrs. Salters' comfortable saloon steamers run between Oxford and Kingston-upon-Thames a distance of 91½ miles, affording a pleasure trip unequalled in variety and charming effects; the whole journey occupies two days each way, the steamers stopping for the night at Henley; passengers may join, or leave the boats at any of the locks, and holders of through tickets may break their journey at any

Photograph] **Kingston Sailing Club.** [*G. T. Jones & Co.*

of the locks and resume it by a later boat; cyclists can thus leave the steamer and meet it further along the river. Light refreshments can be obtained on board, but luncheons, at moderate charges, are ready on the arrival of the steamers at Wallingford, Henley, Windsor, and Kingston-upon Thames. Amateur photographers will find a dark room provided for them on board these steamers.

Excursions.

Circular tickets are issued from the stations on the London, South Western and Great Western Railways, which combine a journey by rail and steamer; the steamer for Windsor and Henley leaves Kingston-upon-Thames from the landing stage of the Sun Hotel, off the Market Place in the morning, and another for Windsor only in the afternoon; trains from Waterloo (L.S.W.R.) to Kingston-upon-Thames, or to Hampton Court (near Molesey Lock) can be selected to suit either boat.

An almost endless variety of excursions combining train and steamer trips are arranged at moderate fares; thus one can leave Kingston-upon-Thames by steamer either at 9 a.m., or at 2.30 p.m. for Windsor, and return the same day from Windsor by train for 5*s*., or to Staines by steamer, returning by train for 4*s*., to Chertsey, for 3*s*., or to Shepperton for 2*s*. 6*d*.

These excursions are always most enjoyable, and afford the artist, or the photographer opportunities of making interesting records.

In addition there are also two large steamers, the Cardinal Wolsey and the Queen Elizabeth which ply between Hampton Court and London.

Fishing.

The fisherman will find the reach of the river near Kingston-upon-Thames a profitable one, whether he confines himself to bank angling, or hires a punt for the purpose, all his wants in the way of tackle, etc., being supplied by Mr. Richardson of the Bridge House, who is himself a keen and expert sportsman.

The river, as already stated, in this reach flows from Molesey Lock, just above Hampton Court to Teddington Lock, the distance being from Molesey to Thames

Ditton, 1 mile, 4 furlongs, from Thames Ditton to Kingston-upon-Thames, 1 mile, 4 furlongs, from Kingston-upon-Thames to Teddington Lock, 1 mile, 6 furlongs.

At Teddington (Tide End Ton or Todyngton) Lock which is situated 19 miles above London the tide ceases, high tide being two hours later than at London Bridge; the ebb tide occupying seven hours, the flood tide five hours.

The width of the river here is 250 feet at high tide, and it is estimated 380 million gallons of water flow over this weir in 24 hours. The tidal flow is of great service to the barges which still convey considerable traffic between Kingston-upon-Thames and the London Docks.

CHAPTER XIV.

Kingston as an Angling Resort.

By F. H. AMPHLETT.

The following Practical Notes upon the Fishing of the District were written for Mr. Richardson, of Bridge House, and are inserted with his permission.

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES is within such an easy ride from the great Metropolis that it is not surprising it is one of the favourite angling resorts near London. The fare is 1s. 8d. by an ordinary return ticket, but in the summer, excursion tickets are issued for 1s. return; and anglers belonging to clubs can, with their privilege tickets, always secure a ticket for a shilling whether it be summer or winter. There are many who visit this district who have no information as to the best swims to fish, and consequently Mr. Richardson has asked me to point out a few of the principal ones which should be found of service to the casual visitor. Having lived in the neighbourhood for some years and fished every portion of the river, I trust that the hints which I give below will be of service; and we may one and all congratulate ourselves upon the fact that this long stretch of water from Teddington to Hampton Court affords free fishing. Those who know how to handle a punt will in this part of the river, as in others, find it to their advantage, for there are many excellent swims which the bank angler cannot reach; but the latter has a wide scope if he will only take into consideration the condition of the water.

Now, let us quietly wend our way up stream and have a glance at the numerous good swims that will fall under our notice. We will start at Teddington weir. The bank angling below the weir itself is only good for dace but a leger line for barbel sometimes accounts for a stray

fish or two; but with a punt, one has an excellent chance of enjoying a really good day's sport. The weir itself requires visiting a few times in order that the stranger shall get acquainted with the effect of the tide upon the fishing, but it is very rare that fishing at the weir affords poor sport. Especially may this be said of summer fishing. The weir stream is not disturbed by heavy traffic such as barges, tugs and launches and very fine

Photograph] [*G. T. Jones & Co.*

View from Kingston Bridge looking down the River.

fish have been caught here. Barbel fishing is particularly good, and I have personally had them up to 8½ lbs. Fishermen whom I know have had carp up to 15 lbs., but innumerable other anglers can vouch for the excellent sport the weir affords. Weed fishing for roach is excellent, and in this the angler who cannot manage a punt can be just as successful with a boat, or the weir itself can be waded across and fished from with success amongst roach, dace and chub. In the large eddy very fair pike up to 9 lbs. are caught.

When we pass by the weir and commence our journey

up stream we find excellent pike water immediately above the head of the weir. In the winter the stream is too strong here, but I am now alluding to summer fishing. Some good bream are to be had near the wooden piles surrounding the weir, and when the main sluice of the weir is open the angler will be rewarded if he legers for barbel with a lob worm. Strong tackle must be used as the first inclination of the fish on being hooked is to make a terrific dash through the sluice.

Further up, opposite Broom Water, is one of the best localities for large bream. A punt or boat is required to fish this swim. It is located exactly opposite the creek below Broom Water and about six punt lengths from the Teddington shore. Previous ground baiting is useful here as in other places when bream fishing.

For bank anglers there are good swims immediately above and below the danger board on the tow path. Sport varies here according to the time of the year. In the summer there is scarcely any stream but there is a good depth of water. The autumn is the best time to fish here.

The bank angler can also fish from what is known as the Teddington Recreation Ground opposite the Albany Club. Very few anglers, except local ones, are aware of this privilege. The best swim is at the upper end of this piece of land, where the angler by fishing well out will get 12 feet of water with a nice steady stream, roach and bream being the principal fish to be had.

Above the Island is the noted Canbury Promenade, which is patronised by anglers all the year round. The best time to fish this water (bank fishing) is in the early spring, soon after the coarse fishing season opens, and the principal fish caught are bream.

I have seen these fish caught up to 4-lbs. each along this fine stretch. It is, however, no unusual thing to see thirty anglers at work on the promenade. Most anglers get sport. The bream are usually caught by the leger, fishing well out. At the same time the roach rod can be used in the eddy itself. Roach up to 1-lb. 8-ozs. were caught here last season, and at the end of the promenade two fine carp were caught, scaling 7½-lbs. each. The

night fishing here is particularly good when the water is favourable.

The punt angler will find a good roach swim about 25 yards from the head of the Island, in the centre of the stream, and he is protected by the Island itself from the heavy summer traffic.

On the Hampton Wick side of the river near some white posts (just below them) there is a deep bream hole which is well patronised in the summer and autumn. There are several roach swims for the punt angler in the immediately locality. The punt should be fixed well out in the deep water in the summer and closer to the bank in the winter.

The principal barbel hole just here is opposite to a charming river side residence covered with ivy.

Another deep swim suitable for roach, dace and barbel is just above the Railway Bridge, in front of the second buttress from the Hampton Wick side. There is 10ft. of water here.

Above Kingston Bridge there is the "limited liability" swim, so named by Mr. Richardson on account of the number of anglers who bait it and fish there. It is a "first come first fish" sort of swim and is just above the second buttress on the Kingston side. The swim is particularly good for barbel, and one can catch roach and dace there. It is the nearest swim to Bridge House.

On the shallows on the opposite side of the river there is good gudgeon fishing.

There have been very few chub caught in the Kingston district lately, but one of 5lb. was caught under the bridge a short time since by a young roach fisher. Summer and autumn roach swims are to be found between the Sun Hotel landing stage and Pope's Boathouse, one of the principal ones being opposite to the mouth of the creek through which the Hog's Mill River enters the Thames.

The fishing at Town's End Hole, near the Queen's Promenade, has not yielded such good sport as in the old days but this is principally owing to the fact that very few people take the trouble to properly bait up a swim.

The next best place is the swim in front of the Catholic Chapel. The clients of Knight, one of the Kingston

professionals, fish here throughout the summer and get innumerable barbel up to 4½lbs. and roach and dace. It is the best summer swim at Kingston.

At Surbiton sewer, at the top end of the Promenade, the fishing is very fair early in the season, and after rain in the summer a number of roach and bream are to be had there.

There are very good roach swims at the head of the island, but in very clear water the best swim is level with the railings at the end of the Waterworks where the water is deeper, and in the winter the swim near the Sailing Club is the best.

Barbel are caught along the Waterworks wall, but it is best to bait up well beforehand. In the centre of the river barbel up to 4lbs. work up on the roach fisher's ground bait. The bank fishing is only good when the water is coloured, though by whipping with gentles a few small chub can be had under the withies. The largest I have caught here when whipping scaled 2½lb.

We now enter the Thames Ditton reach, and the fishing varies very much with the condition of the water. Bank anglers will find a large eddy opposite the wharf, but the water should be a little coloured. Just below Hammerton's Ferry on the Ditton side there is a good autumn and winter swim. The water is shallow, but good fish work close in out of the stream which sets off the bend.

A barbel hole is situated well above the Ferry in the centre of the river but unless one knows the exact spot it is difficult to locate and is rather in the way of the traffic, especially the huge steamers the "Cardinal Wolsey" and the "Queen Elizabeth," which in the summer are rather a nuisance to anglers. Some good roach are to be had at Ditton after a flood when the fish work from the channel into the slacker stream below the island, and if one is fortunate to locate the fish good sport is sure to be had.

One of the favourite swims is at the tail of the first island on the inner side but it is useless as a summer swim. A few pike are caught here in the summer and autumn by paternostering in between the weeds or by

floating over the deeper parts. Unfortunately, the Kingston reaches are not very good for pike fishing, the largest of late years scaling only 9½lbs., but several small fish are taken.

On the channel side of the island, trees overhang the river and the best chub in the district are to be caught here. Strong tackle must be used as there are many stumps and boughs under the water amongst which the hooked fish immediately darts. At the top end of this island (below Ditton Ferry) on the channel side is a good summer roach and bream swim. The angler is, however, often troubled with bleak and therefore should use a well-shotted line which will carry the bait on to the bottom before the bleak have time to get it.

There is a bank swim in the eddy above the steps on the tow-path, but it is only a winter swim. The best summer swim is in the deep water opposite the high trees on the island; a punt or boat must be used. The back part of this island (the long one) is not of much account in the summer, as the fish work out into the better stream in the channel.

Another winter swim is below the first boat-house met going up stream. It is a roach swim, but perch are caught in the eddy at the side.

A famous summer roach swim is opposite to the Albany Club. One must fish almost in the centre of the stream, but there are several swims along the bank here which can be fished. In the summer the finest tackle must be used, for the water is not deep and is generally very clear.

Chub are caught at the water gallery on the edge of the eddy and under the trees on the Hampton Court side.

Then there are roach swims opposite the Palace stables, and in the winter there is a good eddy formed by the buttress of the Bridge on the Palace side.

After passing under the Bridge we pass out of the Kingston reaches.

Photograph) **Hampton Court Palace.** *(W. F. J. Hodgson.*

CHAPTER XV.

Hampton Court, The Dittons, and Esher.

There stands a structure of majestic fame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name
Pope.

HAMPTON COURT can be reached by river or by road, omnibuses leave the Market Place every quarter of an hour. As, however, the distance is only a mile and a quarter many, may prefer to walk it. Crossing Kingston Bridge we enter Hampton Wick, formerly a hamlet of Hampton. The name Wick appears to be derived from the Saxon word for "a creek," however, the Latin word *Vicus*, "a village," is also given as the meaning of this termination.

From the right hand side of the Bridge we catch sight of a fine house and grounds, the residence of Mr. Gridley, which derives its name from Moira House in Dublin, which was formerly the magnificent residence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose widow lies buried at Thames Ditton, where Sir Guy Campbell, Bart., and other relatives of that brave, but misguided, rebel reside still.

Hampton Wick.

Before leaving the Bridge, we notice that Hampton Wick possesses a fine river frontage, extending up stream as far as Home Park, and down stream as far as Teddington. Proceeding on our journey to the left we see the gates of Home Park, and on the other side of the road the Parish Church, in Church Grove with a belt of green shrubbery. Diverging here to the right and continuing into Park Road we reach a gate into Bushey Park, and the memorial erected in 1900 to Timothy Bennet, shoemaker, of Hampton Wick, "by whose efforts the adjoining footpath was preserved for the use and enjoyment of the public." The memorial consists of a Doulton ware medallion with a representation of the eighteenth century cobbler at work on his stall and is headed "I am unwilling to leave the world worse than I found it."

Our way can now be made across the Park, or returning from the point from which we diverged and continuing along Hampton Court Road, high walls separate us on the north side from Bushey Park, where tame dear roam among the trees, the Diana fountain glistens in the sunshine, and the great spreading chestnut trees offer a leafy shade down the famous avenue more than a mile in length.

On the south side is the Home Park, enclosing the Long Water, and the buildings and gardens of the Palace. As we approach the Palace, on our right are the gates of Bushey Park, and the well-known "Greyhound" Inn.

Across the road are the famous Lion Gates, built by the order of Queen Anne, the magnificent workmanship of which claims our attention. Through these gates access can be gained to the grounds containing the Maze planted in the reign of William III., and to the Palace.

Hampton Green.

Passing by the Lion Gates we come to Hampton Green, once the tilting ground of the Palace. On the riverside of this Green are several houses belonging to the Crown, with interesting associations.

In the first of these lived the famous physician, Sir Andrew Halliday, who did so much to establish our County Lunatic Asylums. In the next house, by permission of our late Queen, lived England's best-known Chemist, Michael Faraday; he died here in 1867. The Great White House next attracts attention. Here accommodation is provided for visitors who seek a riverside residence. Its gardens extend down to the river, allowing boating parties to land. This house occupies the site of the second "Toy" Inn, pulled down in 1857. The original "Toye" in which Cromwell's soldiers lodged, stood opposite the present "Mitre" Hotel, between the Palace gates and the Bridge.

Across the Green we can see Hampton Court House, surrounded by its beautiful grounds and grotto, the residence of Mr. Augustus de Wette, J.P., C.C., one wing of this beautiful building is said to be the work of Sir Christopher Wren.

Beyond the White House, stand the old Tudor Stables of red brick, begun by Wolsey and finished by Henry VIII., under the archway we see a court yard, around which are stables and dwelling rooms, and further along is the "Cardinal Wolsey" occupying the site of an older Inn called "Ye Chequers."

In one of these houses, the exact one is not known, lived England's greatest architect, Sir Christopher Wren, he retired here on the death of Queen Anne, and was found dead in his chair on the 23rd of February, 1723. Robert Hammond, of Hampton-upon-Thames, may have lived here, he was the benefactor who made the Great Bridge at Kingston "toll free for evermore" according to his will proved 15th June, 1557, he was buried in the "Trinitie Chauncell, before my seate there next unto the wall," in the Parish Church, Kingston-upon-Thames. Retracing our steps before us is the Palace enclosed by brick walls, in front of which a row of fine elm and

Photograph] **The Thames looking over the Home Park, Hampton Court.** [*G. T. Jones & Co.*

chestnut trees, and a broad path known as the "Frog Walk," a corruption of the "Frau Walk" from the Dutch Maids of Honour who used to promenade here in the time of William III. and Mary, and now we come to Hampton Court Palace.

Hampton Court Palace.

Entering the outer Green Court by the Trophy Gates on the west, before us is the beautifully situated Palace, commenced by Cardinal Wolsey, added to by Henry VIII. and William III., from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren; but receiving its name from a structure erected here long before the Cardinal's time, which bore the name of Hampton Court.

This magnificent and historical building which covers eight acres and contains a thousand rooms, is surrounded by gardens and parks, covering in all one thousand nine hundred acres; was thrown open to the public, shortly after the Accession of Queen Victoria.

Without attempting a detailed description of its history and contents, which can be gleaned from the Guide Book by Mr. Ernest Law, for sale at the Palace, the reader may be reminded that after the Palace had been built, and most lavishly ornamented with priceless tapestries by Cardinal Wolsey; he gave it, in 1525, to King Henry VIII., who afterwards added considerably to the building and formed a royal chase around it; and it was in this Palace that most of the important domestic events in that King's reign took place. Here he resided with Catherine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn; here King Edward VI. was born, and here his mother, Jane Seymour, died; it was here that the marriages of Catherine Howard, and of Catherine Parr took place, and it was here with Henry VIII. they passed their honeymoons.

Royal Residents.

Here, too, Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, and Charles II. and his Queen Catherine had their respective honeymoons.

During the reign of Queen Mary, a celebrated tournament was held here, in which over 200 spears were broken.

Queen Elizabeth frequently resided here, and it was

here in 1572, that she suffered from the small-pox. Here James I. held the Hampton Court Conference, and Charles I. spent much of his leisure time here, surrounded by his family; and was afterwards confined here a prisoner, the tennis court upon which he played his last game, on the day he made his escape from the Palace still remains. Cromwell lived here in great state and here his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, died.

Charles II. and James II. made their homes here, as also did Queen Anne, whose name is associated with the Lion Gates and the stately avenues of chestnuts and lime trees.

William III. resided here and made extensive alterations and additions to the building, and laid out the gardens in the Dutch Style.

George II. closes the long list of royal residents, who have made their homes here. Though William IV., as Duke of Clarence, lived in the neighbourhood at Bushey House, which was recently opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as the National Physical Laboratory. The limits of this little work prevent anything more than the briefest reference to the store of historical, architectural and artistic treasures to be seen in this old Palace and its grounds.

Entering the Base or Great Court from the west, we notice the beautiful oriel windows, on the east side of this quadrangle is the Clock Tower, some eighty feet high, passing beneath the central archway, we enter the Second or Clock Court, on our left we see the Great Hall, built by Henry VIII., and containing much interesting and valuable tapestry, the windows have been filled with well executed heraldic modern glass; on the south side of this Clock Court originally stood the apartments occupied by the Cardinal himself, now obscured from view by the Ionic Colonnade of Sir Christopher Wren. Henry the Eighth's presence chamber, and withdrawing rooms being on the east side.

Clock Court.

The great Astronomical Clock dating from 1540, is well worth examining. The Chapel rebuilt by Henry VIII. occupies the site hallowed by the Knights Hospitallers, and by Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel.

Specially drawn. **Clock Court, Hampton Court.** *E. E. Briscoe.*

Ghost Stories.

Beside the Chapel is the Haunted Gallery, where, it is said, the ghost of poor Queen Catherine Howard is sometimes to be heard shrieking! It was along this Gallery she ran escaping from her chamber, and trying to seek an interview with Henry VIII., who was hearing mass in the Chapel, but she was seized by her attendants and dragged away, to be executed on Tower Hill a few days later.

The other ghost, still occasionally described as having been seen is that of Mrs. Penn, the nurse of Edward VI., whose tomb was disturbed in 1829.

The State Rooms, approached by the Great staircase designed by Sir Christopher Wren, contain old Arras work, the beauty and value of which is unequalled, and the walls are covered with pictures and portraits by Rembrandt, Titian, Holbein, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, Corregio, Giorgione, Rugendas, Guido, Romano, and many others.

The Maze, planted in the reign of William III., is a constant source of amusement to visitors. Space prevents a further description of this beautiful building, its gardens, and its Long Water; but we cannot leave this interesting place without visiting the Great Vine, the largest in the world, which has yielded as much as 2,500 bunches of grapes in a season, and which, in spite of its being 142 years old, is still as healthy as ever, producing in 1901, after 2,000 bunches had been pruned away, the magnificent crop of 1,200 bunches for the King's use.

The Great Vine.

Leaving the Palace we approach Hampton Court Bridge, noticing on our right the "Mitre" Hotel, so famous for its dinners, and its terrace. This Hotel was originally a private house, and is therefore not to be confused with the old "Mytre," which existed up to 1760, the exact site of which is not known. Standing on the Bridge looking up the river we see the lock, a charming sight on a summer afternoon, when boating parties are making their way either through the lock or over the rollers; beside it the tumbling bay with its ceaseless flow, and in the background a view of Hampton Church and the water towers.

Down the stream we get a good comprehensive view of the Palace.

Passing along the main street, as far as East Molesey Jubilee Fountain, we cross the Mole by an iron bridge. Then taking the left hand road, we come to a finger post which tells us we are one mile from Thames Ditton, cross the river Imber by a foot bridge over a "water splash," and enter Summer Road, passing the railway level crossing, we soon come to Hollingshead and Burton's Bronze Statuary Foundry, from which some well-known statues have been produced. The great statue of Daniel O'Connell, in Sackville Street, Dublin, was made here; across the road are Willans and Robinson's Electric Engine Works, and further along the famous "Swan" Inn and boating house.

Turning the corner we enter the village of Thames Ditton.

Notes on Thames Ditton.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. J. STYLE, F.R.I.B.A.

Thames Ditton was formerly a chapelry of Kingston, although separated from it by Long Ditton. It is now a distinct parish including the ecclesiastical district of Claygate. Its name probably signifies the "ton" (town or village) on the dyke, by the Thames, the river forming its northern boundary, and the old part of the village by the Church stands high enough to escape the floods which have often spread over the meadows between it and Molesey.

The old church of Saint Nicholas, a dedication frequently used for churches by rivers or near the sea, has been so much widened by additions that its original proportions are quite changed, but it contains several brasses, and a very ancient Font.

The Parish Church.

Probably the walls of the Tower and the north wall of the chancel are the only parts of the original structure remaining, and may have been built in the early part of the 12th century, when the advowson was given, with that of

Kingston, to Merton Priory. The bowl of the Font is Norman work, and is rudely carved with an Agnus Dei, a goat cast down, a cross and a star.

In the chancel there are brasses to Robert Smythe and his wife, and to their son-in-law and daughter, William and Elizabeth Notte. This Robert Smythe, who died in 1539, was the tenant of Imber Court, when it was bought by Henry VIII. to enlarge the chase of Hampton Court. As the King only wanted the land for hunting and did not require the house, Robert Smythe was not disturbed, but obtained a new lease, and his family were tenants in the reign of James I.

The Chapel of the Blessed Virgin on the north side of the Chancel seems to have been the earliest addition to the Church, and in the north wall there are some interesting brasses to Julyan Polstead and her two husbands, both of whom were officials in the royal household, the first Cuthbert Blakenden having been Sergeant of the Confectionery to Henry VIII., and the other, John Boothe, a Gentleman Usher, both to Henry VIII. and to Edward VI. Cuthbert Blakenden was tenant of the Manor of Claygate in this parish. There is also a brass to Erasmus Forde, who died in 1533, in the Chapel.

The North Aisle was built in the sixteenth century, but has been widened since. The South Aisle and Chancel Aisle are modern enlargements.

Amongst the modern monuments in the church there is one to the late Vice-Admiral Rowley Lambert, C.B., and in the churchyard there is an interesting tomb stone to Pamela, the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald removed here with her remains from Paris in 1880. The stone was broken by the bursting of a shell during the seige of 1870.

Between the churchyard and the ferry are some old houses, probably part of the house of John Lee, a man of some importance who died in 1524.

Boyle Farm. Boyle Farm now the residence of H. M. Robertson, Esq., was formerly the property of the Countess of Waldegrave, who married the Duke of Gloucester, brother to George III. Subsequently it belonged to Lord Henry Fitzgerald, and then to the

late Lord St. Leonards, Lord Chancellor. Boyle Farm and the adjoining property, Ditton House, have beautiful lawns on the river bank.

The main Portsmouth road passes through Thames Ditton parish, but to the south of the village, from Window's Bridge* over the Rythe, by Giggs Hill and the commons of Weston and Ditton Marsh to Sandown Park at Esher.

On Giggs Hill Green is the cricket ground of the Thames Ditton Club, where Maurice Read, Tom Richardson, and other Surrey players have often been seen with bat and ball in hand, and the Angel Inn is a well-known resort of cyclists.

On Ditton Marsh by the side of the road there is a curious round mile stone called the "White Lady" with the date 1767, almost undecipherable on the ball at the top.

Imber Court.

Imber Court, on the west side of the parish, was the principal property and most ancient manor, and there was formerly an important water mill on the Imber close by. It belonged to the Crown from the time of Henry VIII. to Charles I., who granted it to Sir Dudley Carlton. Afterwards it was the property of Sir Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, 1727 to 1760, so that Thames Ditton has been the place of residence both of a Lord Chancellor and of a Speaker.

The Village Hall was built in 1887 by Hanibal Speer, Esq., the Lord of the Manor of Weston, for the use of the parishioners. There is a Cottage Hospital and two rows of Almshouses for old inhabitants.

The new Church of All Saints has been lately built near Weston Green, and there is a new Congregational Church near the Station.

To the South of Portsmouth Road is Telegraph Hill, so called from having been one of the stations for the Semaphore Telegraph by which messages were transmitted from the Admiralty in London to Portsmouth before the discovery of electric telegraphy. Beyond the hill is Claygate already referred to,

Claygate.

formerly a small hamlet, but now a populous and increasing place with a station on the new line to

* Locally the bridge is erroneously called *Winter's* Bridge. One Window, who lived in this part of the parish, was instrumental in getting it built. The name "Window" occurs in the parish books as a ratepayer, but "Winter" is unknown.

Guildford. The Church of the Holy Trinity was built in 1840, but has recently been enlarged. Ruxley Lodge is the seat of Lord Foley. The Manor of Claygate formerly belonged to the Abbots of Westminster. The clay soil is suitable for brick-making, an industry which has long been carried on here.

A.J.S.

From Thames Ditton we reach Long Ditton and the Portsmouth Road, along which omnibuses run from Kingston-upon-Thames to Esher, which if time permits is well worth a visit.

The Bear Hotel, Esher.

Esher.

The historic "Bear" Hotel, at Esher, with its hospitable proprietress, Mrs. Corri, attracts our attention. Originally the sign of this inn, was the heraldic device of the Earl of Warwick, the Bear and the ragged staff, but when Henry VIII. was uneasy lest he should leave no heir to the throne, he ordered this sign to be altered from an heraldic to a zoological animal, and deprived him of his "ragged staff." The great boots,

portraits, and other treasures in this ancient hostelry are worth attention.

Behind the Hotel stands an old Church dedicated to St. George, consisting of a nave, chancel and large gallery, and a projecting pew, built on by the Duke of Newcastle. In this Church it is stated Queen Victoria frequently worshipped before she came to the throne. One of the bells was brought from St. Domingo by Sir Francis Drake. The new Church is a fine building; in the grave yard around it are some beautiful marble memorials.

Mr. Williamson, the sculptor, has his studio here; at Esher Place is the tower built by Bishop Wainfleet, all that remains of the palace to which Cardinal Wolsey went when disgraced. Of the stately mansion Claremont - the residence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, and the other charms of Esher, there is no room unfortunately to refer to at length.

Briefly its history is as follows. Founded originally by the architect Vanbrugh for his own residence, it was added to by Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl of Clare, and by him first called "Claremont." It was sold in 1769 to the great Lord Clive, who built the present mansion at a great cost. After his death it passed through many hands, until it was bought by the Crown in 1816. Louis Phillipe occupied the house from 1848 until his death in 1850.

There is a public road through the Park, although it is not a "show" place.

Returning to Kingston-upon-Thames by the Portsmouth road we conclude our journey.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ham, and Ham House.

Loveliest village of the Plain.

Goldsmith.

LEAVING the Market Place of Kingston-upon-Thames by omnibus or on foot, and proceeding along Richmond Road we pass many busy shops, noticing the Public Schools on our left; passing along to the rapidly growing residential portion of this ward of the town, which derives its name of Canbury from the Canons of Merton Priory, who held this land under Henry III., we approach the borough boundary and the borders of Ham. At one time the united manors of Canbury, Ham, and Hatch were hamlets of Kingston-upon-Thames, and within the manor of Canbury stood, within the memory of persons still living, the great Tithe Barn, stated to have been 90 feet square "with sufficient accommodation for the unloading of a score of waggons at the one time beneath its roof."

Ham Common.

At about a mile and a half from the Market Place, we see on our right, standing on Ham Common, somewhat apart from the village, the Church, dedicated to St. Andrew, which was built in 1832. In 1834 Ham ceased to be a chapelry of Kingston-upon-Thames and became an ecclesiastical parish, and here we may note that in Ham the custom of "Borough English" or the succession of the youngest son or daughter prevails.

Further along we come to the green, across which we see the National Orphan Home for Girls. Turning to

the left we take the main street, and passing the Alms Houses we come near the interesting residence of the Earl of Dysart.

Ham House.

This historical house, which is built on the level meadows and faces the river is not shown to the public, was built in 1610 by Sir Thomas Vavasour, soon becoming associated with the most important events of the Kingdom, during the next seventy years. It is now one of the most interesting residences in England, though but seldom the public can gain access to it. Over the principal entrance are the initials of its founder, "T.W.V.," the date "1610," and the words "Vivat Rex." The legend "Vivat Rex" over the door of Ham House, has led to the supposition that it was originally intended as a residence for Prince Henry. As, however, Sir Thomas Vavasour was Marshall in the Household of James I, and the Manor of Ham was the property of the Prince of Wales, this would sufficiently account for the words.

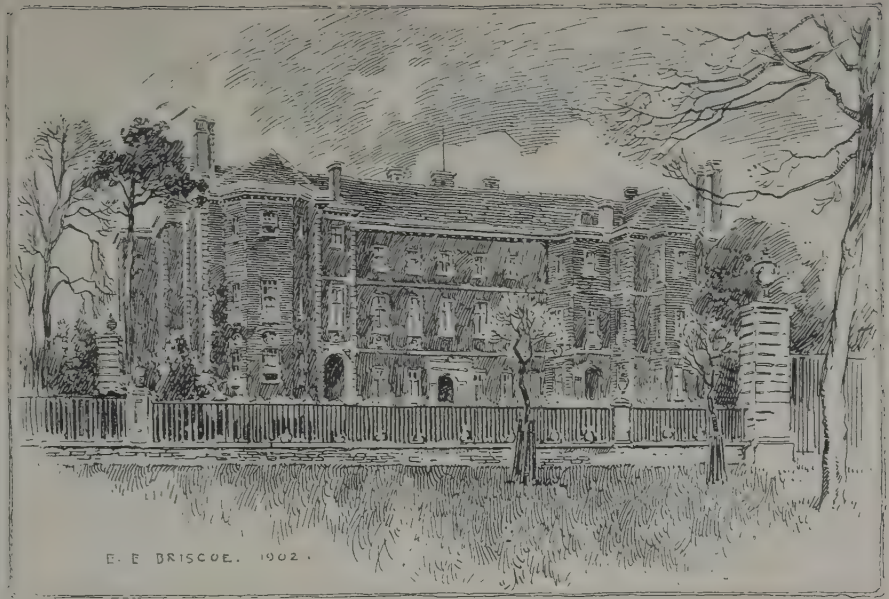
From Sir Thomas Vavasour, in 1624, Ham House passed to John Ramsay, Earl of Holderness, whose heirs sold it to William Murray, one of the Councillors of Charles I, and created by him Lord Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart; from whom the present Earl derives his title.

Elizabeth, the daughter of the first Earl of Dysart, inherited Ham House, and having married in 1634 Sir Lionel Tollemache, of Helmingham in Suffolk, she bequeathed it to her son, Sir Lionel Tollemache, who received the title of Lord Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart.

His mother married secondly John Earl of Lauderdale, who was created a Duke; and it is as Duchess of Lauderdale that she is better known in history, from the prominent part she took in the meetings of the "CABAL" held at Ham House, in the reign of Charles II.

The Cabal.

This name was given to the Ministry which was formed after the banishment of the Earl of Clarendon, from the initials of its five chief members, Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale.



Specially drawn) **Ham House.** *(E.E. Briscoe.*

Where the "Cabal" Ministry held its private meetings.

Among the other names of famous people who have been associated with Ham House are those of John Campbell, "The great Duke of Argyle and Greenwich," who was born here on 12th October, 1678, and who distinguished himself both as a soldier and a statesman; and his brother Archibald Campbell, born here in 1682, and created Earl of Islay and Duke of Argyle.

Tradition states that Charles II. narrowly escaped capture by the Roundheads here. So closely was he followed by his pursuers, that one of his loyal adherents lost his life while closing the gates against them, while Charles crossed the river and thus got safely away; it is stated that the great gates where this occurrence is supposed to have taken place have never been opened since.

John Evelyn, in his Diary, August 27th, 1678, says that he visited Ham House.

In the Revolution of 1688, James II. was ordered by the Peers to retire here; but he declined, saying that Ham was "a very ill winter house, being damp and unfurnished."

This historical house has proved attractive to several poets and writers, among them Pope, who lived at Twickenham, and who is said to have received his thrashing here for his sarcastic writing of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Gay, Swift, and Thomson, the author of the "Seasons" have visited here; and it was here beneath the shade of the lofty elms and dark Scotch firs, which surround the house, that Hood wrote his beautiful poem, "The Elm Tree."

The Mansion.

The mansion itself is a quaint red brick structure, with stone facings, a modification in design of the Tudor type of domestic architecture, the sober characters of which, being relieved by ornamentation, and a row of oval niches, bearing stone coloured busts of Roman Emperors and English poets.

Its entrance doorway, supported by marble pillars, is a fine example of Renaissance work; on either side are two projecting angular wings; in front is the lawn, on which is a colossal sculpture in stone of "Father Thames," and beyond it rolls the river.

A dry moat, with fine gates, guards the house from the meadows, and encloses the demesne.

Interesting as this building is from without, it is to the interior that the chief interest attaches.

The Hall, which occupies the whole of the centre, is surrounded by an open gallery, reached by a magnificent staircase, the balusters of which are handsomely carved. It is paved with black and white marble, and contains some full length portraits by Vandyke, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others.

In the Hall Gallery are portraits of the Dukes of Lauderdale and Hamilton by Janssen, the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale by Sir Peter Lely, and Frances Lady Worseley by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

From the Gallery open a series of rooms among them the Tapestry Chamber, the ceiling of which is richly decorated, containing four copies of Raphael's Cartoons, made at the tapestry looms established by Sir Frances Crane at Mortlake.

In the Picture Closet are medallions of Queen Elizabeth in youth and old age, and a corresponding picture of the Earl of Leicester, besides several other pictures and enamels of great interest.

The Cabal Chamber.

The Cabal Chamber, sometimes called the Queen's Audience Chamber, hung with tapestry has a special interest, for here in secret council the Ministers met, whose plans to overthrow the liberties of England are so notorious. The floor of this room is inlaid with wood bearing the cypher of the Duchess.

The Duchess of Lauderdale's own rooms are precisely as when she occupied them; her writing desk, her long cane, and shorter walking sticks remain; while everything testifies to the excellence of her rare taste and choice of works of art. Here are to be seen portraits interesting, including Charles I. by Vandyck; ranged in a splendid gallery 92 feet long, running the whole length of the house from north to south.

Among the many pictures of this house is one by Danckers, which hangs over the fireplace in the dining-room, representing Charles II. at Dawny Court,

Windsor, receiving the first pine-apple grown in England, from the gardener, Mr. Rose.

The Library for its size, is probably unequalled for the varity and excellence of its books, containing as it does, fourteen rare and perfect Caxtons and some fine Wynkyn de Wordes.

The priceless collection of miniatures, the Small Chapel containing the Prayer Book given by Charles I. to the first Earl of Dysart, together with numerous letters and documents relating to the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and other rare treasures, the portraits, the furniture, the quaint fire-dogs, all tend to carry the thoughts of the observer back to a by-gone age, and re people it in the imagination with the gay courtiers and the designing ministers of the reign of Charles II.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Schools of Learning.

A man's success in life depends incomparibly more upon his capacities for useful action than upon his knowledge.

Lord Armstrong.

PARENTS who are desirous of living with, or near their boys and girls, and at the same time of obtaining for them a sound education, will find many advantages in Kingston-upon-Thames, both as a healthy, charming, and convenient place of residence, as well as an excellent educational centre. There are many first class private schools in the town, but in addition to these, the Queen Elizabeth's School and the Tiffin's Boys' and Girls' Schools are able by their endowments to give sound tuition at very moderate fees.

The Queen Elizabeth's School.

Under the able management and personal influence of the Head Master, the Rev. W. Elliott Inchbald, M.A., assisted by a large staff of Masters, who are distinguished Cambridge Graduates, this ancient school affords a first class education and training for the sons of gentlemen. The boys are prepared for the Universities, the Learned Professions, the Navy, Army, and Civil Services, etc., while in addition to the ordinary subjects, Natural Science is taught in a well appointed laboratory.

The history of this school dates from March 1st, 1561, when Queen Elizabeth gave the ancient Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, which had been forfeited to the crown after the dissolution of the monastries and religious houses, to serve as a Grammar School for the boys of the town.

Queen Elizabeth further endowed it with gifts of land, to provide a stipend for a Pedagogue, or Master, and a

sub-pedagogue, or Hipodidasculus—titles hardly pleasing to the masters of to-day!

There is, however, clear proof that a school had previously existed on the present site, and researches in the old documents have shown that it is very probable that the original creation of this school was due to William of Wykeham, the founder of Winchester College. A letter is still extant written by the Bishop or Winchester to the Prior of Canterbury, in 1360, wherein

Photograph) **Lovekyn's Chapel.** (*W. F. J. Hodgson.*

reference is made to a certain Hugh de Kingston, Master of the Public School in that town, who had recently held the Almonry school at Canterbury.

The school of to-day is very different from the original "Grammar School." Acting on the report of the Commission on Secondary Education of 1895 the status of the school has been raised, until it now ranks as a First Grade School, suitable to the requirements of Professional men and others who value the liberal education of their sons.

Lovekyn's Chapel.

The old chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, which was founded by Edward Lovekyn in 1309, and which was reconstructed by his son John Lovekyn, who was four times Mayor of London, was built solely as a chapel, in which a Priest was to pray for the repose of the souls of the founders, and was never intended to be used for public worship; it is now used as a class room for the school. This building is of great interest as a specimen of architecture, the date of which is accurately known. It has been carefully restored and preserved under the directions of Mr. A. J. Style, F.S.A., of Long Ditton; the money being partly supplied by the Surrey Archæological Society. Inside it were two carved heads, representing King Edward III. and Queen Philipa, in whose reign it was built. Unfortunately one of these heads has been destroyed in recent years. The floor measures 37 feet 9 inches by 17 feet 3 inches; there is a staircase turret at each eastern angle. The building is of faced flint with stone dressing, the turrets being of stone; the fine new school buildings, and the Head Master's House, erected in 1877, being on the opposite side of the road, and behind it the extensive playground.

Tiffin's Schools.

Founded with the intention of providing a lower middle class school for girls and boys, in 1880, Tiffin's Schools have proved so successful that their original building is now entirely devoted to the boys' requirements. A separate building has been erected for the girls. This stands in St. James' Road, and can accommodate from 400 to 500 pupils; it was opened in 1899.

Modern subjects occupy the chief place in the curriculum of these schools, and the pupils are prepared for commercial and professional life; the upper forms are prepared for the Cambridge Local Examinations, and for the South Kensington Examinations in Science and Art.

The fees are moderate in the extreme. These schools derive their name from two brothers named Tiffin, who, in the reign of Charles I., left £150 to be invested in land for the benefit of the "honest poor" of the town. The girls' school is conducted by Miss A. J. Flavell, the

head mistress; the boys' school has Mr. Charles J. Grist, M.A., of Dublin University, as its head master.

The Science and Art School and Technical Institute.

Under the control of the Technical Instruction Committee this useful Institute has in a brief period grown into an extraordinary state of perfection. Lectures and practical classes are held here on numerous branches of Science and the Arts and Crafts, and by the excellence of their teaching and its results are attracting students from many parts of Surrey and Middlesex.

The building in Kingston Hall Road was formally opened by the late Lord Chief Justice Russell of Killowen. The fees are merely nominal. The courses are duly advertised, but a list of them can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. H. T. Roberts, B.A.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Benevolent Institutions of Kingston-upon-Thames.

The only secret of assisting the poor is to make them Agents in bettering their own condition.

George Eliot.

IN the charitable Institutions of Kingston-upon-Thames we find an unconscious perpetuation of a custom, which though modified by time and circumstances, was early a marked characteristic and national usage of the Anglo-Saxon people. This custom of combining to provide help and protection for those who have fallen by the way, which we invariably find as a feature of the early Gilds, and which, then as now, served as a bond between all classes, still shows itself as strong a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon as his natural and national merchantile acuteness.

Alderman Cleaves' Alms-houses.

The oldest of these are the Alms-houses in the London Road known as Alderman Cleaves' Alms-houses. Originally these houses provided accommodation for six poor men, and six poor women, but since 1880 additions have been made providing accommodation for four more,—two women and two men and to the memory of the late Mr. Samuel Raynard, formerly Mayor of the town, two more houses have been added for two married couples. The original alms-houses of red brick face London Road, the block consisting of six houses on either side, and a common room in the centre; this room measures 22ft. 9in., from north to south, and 19ft. 6in. from east to west. It was originally designed as a chapel, but has also been used as a dining-room. Formerly, on

Photograph] **Cleaves' Almshouses, Kingston-upon-Thames.** [*W. F. J. Hodgson*

the 5th of November, an annual dinner was held here for the benefit of the inmates, who used to wear a silver plate bearing the founder's arms on their sleeves. These alms-houses were built in accordance with the provisions of the will of William Cleaves, an alderman of the city of London, and a member of the worshipful company of Haberdashers, who died May 7th, 1667, and was buried in the chancel of the Parish Church, bequeathing all his property in this town to the founding and maintainance of this charity.

Over the door of the Chapel is an inscription, above which is a sun-dial and some armorial bearings, that is to say, the arms of Alderman Cleaves and a crest which did not belong to him. The device here displayed is interesting, because considerable discussion ensued when the Alderman, as Master of his Company, had his arms painted up in its city hall, surmounted by a crest similar to that over these Alms-houses, representing an eagle devouring a serpent, which was not his own crest. Investigation followed, and eventually the armorials in the city Hall were amended and surmounted by his correct crest, which is a fox's head erased, sable. Why the error in the crest was repeated in these alms-houses after his death history does not relate. This gentleman seems to have been singularly unfortunate in his armorial bearings, for some energetic painter, when repainting these arms coloured them in gaudy hues according to his own fancy, so that they were no longer heraldry; at the suggestion of the writer they have now been painted in their proper colours.

The correct arms of Alderman Cleaves are:—Argent, on a fess, between three foxs' heads erased sable, three mullets, or; the crest, a foxs' head erased sable.

The Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows.

In Cambridge Road stands a fine red brick edifice in the Italian style, designed by Mr. B. Ferry, the foundation stone of which was laid by the late Prince Consort, on June 15th, 1852, and on the 24th of February, 1854, it was opened for the reception of twenty-one widows. The title *Royal* was conferred upon the institution by the late Queen Victoria in 1867. The wing and

Chapel were added in 1856; the "Princess Mary Ward," to the memory of H.R.H. the late Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, was opened on July 13th, 1899, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York, Prince Edward of Sax Weimer and others. The Institution now provides accommodation for 71 women, of not less than 50 years of age, who are the widows of non-commissioned officers and privates.

The Victoria Hospital.

The Victoria Hospital was erected from designs by Major Macaulay, the Borough Surveyor, on land given for the purpose by H.R.H. George, Duke of Cambridge, and serves the double purpose of a hospital for the sick and injured, and a memorial of the 60th year of the reign of Queen Victoria. This hospital was formally opened with considerable ceremony by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who was afterward admitted an Honorary Freeman of the Borough in the Town Hall, by the Mayor (Dr. W. E. St. L. Finny), who afterwards entertained him at luncheon in St. James' Hall. There is accommodation for twelve patients. The Medical Staff give their services gratuitously.

Princess Louise Home.

In a commanding situation on Gloucester Road stands a large building, erected from the designs of Mr. H. Saxon Snell; it was previously a convalescent home, but on April 20th, 1892, it was opened by H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, as a Home for the protection of young women. There are about a hundred girls in this Home who are trained in laundry and domestic work and sent out as domestic servants. Over seventeen hundred and fifty have been received and trained by this useful Society.

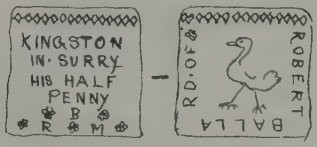
The District Nursing Association. This excellent institution, supported by voluntary subscriptions, provides nurses who visit the sick in their own homes, and under the supervision of the medical men, do such medical and surgical nursing as is required. An immense amount of good is done by these District Nurses, whose kindness and skill have won for them the hearty gratitude and wide popularity they so richly deserve. From this institution medical and surgical

appliances are lent to those requiring them. The Home is situated in Birkenhead Avenue, and is affiliated with the Queen's Jubilee Institute. There are also nurses who attend private cases supplied from the Home.

APPENDIX.

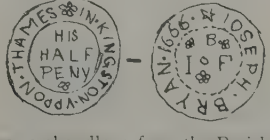
Trade Tokens of Kingston-upon-Thames.

1. O. ROBERT BALLARD, of—a figure of a crane



R. Kingston IN SVRRY HIS HALF PENNY. R.M.B
This man lived beside the Crane Inn in 1672.

2. O. IOSEPH. BRYAN. 1666=I.F.B.
R. IN. KINGSTON. VPPON. THAMES=HIS HALF PENY.



Joseph Bryan was a chandler; from the Parish Register we learn that on July 11th, 1664, he married Frances Sherbon, that their daughter Frances was buried Sept. 14th, 1674, that Joseph was buried Sept. 14th, 1674, his will being proved May 22nd, 1675, by his principal creditor, his widow Frances "renouncing." A record of married life, comparative commercial success, family bereavement, Joseph's death, his tokens dishonoured, his widow's difficulties.

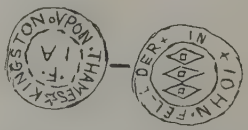
3. O. EDWARD. BVLDWIN=Three Salmon in a triangle.
R. IN KINGSTON. 1654=E,M.B.

4. O. IOHN BREYNTON 1667=I.B.
R. MERCER iN KINGSTON.=HIS HALFEPENNY.

5. O. FRANCIS DAVIS 1665.
   R. OF KINGSTON. MERCER.=HIS HALFPENNY.

6. O. THOMAS EDMONDES.
   R. IN KINGSTOE. 1650. TEM.

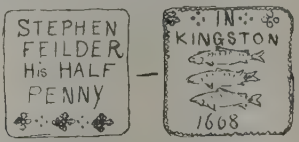
7. O. IOHN FEILLDER IN=three weaver's shuttles.
   R. KINGSTON VPON THAMES=I. A. F.



8. O. IOHN FEILLDER IN=(obliterated).
   R. KINGSTON-VPON-THAMES=HIS HALFE PENY.

John Fielder purchased much land around the town. He appears to have been a Quaker, and was fined £23 1s. 10d. for attending a meeting at Kingston-upon-Thames on May 12th, 1670. In 1667 he was committed to prison for refusing to answer upon oath.

9. O. STEPHEN FEILDER HIS HALF PENNY.
   R. IN KINGSTON 1668=three salmon.



10. O. STEPHEN FEILLDER 1666.
    R. IN KINGSTON VPON THAMES=HIS HALF PENY

11. O. STEPHEN FELDER IN=a man making candles
    R. KINGSTON CHANDLER=S.S.F

Thus Stephen Fielder issued three different tokens. From the Parish Register we learn that he was a Chandler, that his daughters died young, but his sons, James, Thomas and John, lived to grow up. Stephen Fielder the Chandler died Sept. 26th, 1672. (There

was another Stephen Fielder, a Mercer, of Kingston-upon-Thames). In his will, which was proved Jan. 28th, 1673, he bequeathed the Crane Inn to his eldest son, Stephen, Sarah, his widow, being his residuary legatee.

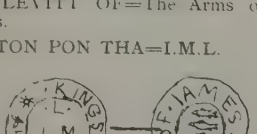
12. O. IOHN HOLLIS 1666.
R. KINGSTON ON THAMES=Butcher's Arms.

This token bears a colourable imitation of the Butcher's Arms. There were two persons named John Hollis in the town; the senior is described as "Mr.," presumably this was before he turned Quaker! for which he was fined, and in 1681 imprisoned in the Marshalsea for non-payment of tithes.

13. O. STEPHEN HUBBARD=1666.
R. IN KINGSTON ON THAMES=The Cordwainer's Arms.

This man belonged to Cordwainer's (Shoemaker's) Company of Kingston upon-Thames. His wife's name was Elizabeth. They bought 20 acres of land and other property at Hook. He was "cruelly beaten by the soldiers" and fined on May 12th, 1670, "to keep him out of the Quakers' Meeting House." In 1685 he was fined £20 per month for absence from national worship.

14. O. IAMES LEVITT OF=The Arms of Kingston-upon-Thames.
R. KINGSTON PON THA=I.M.L.

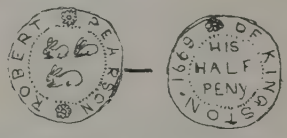


"Mr James Levett, grocer and gent" was buried Dec 12th, 1692 He had four sons, Daniel, Richard, James and William, and six daughters.

15 O HENRY MARTINE AT Ye Goulden—a griffin
R AT KINGSTONE ON THAMES=HIS HALFE PENy H.M.M.

The knowledge that the griffin was originally golden, gives a clue to the origin of this heraldic Inn sign.

16. O. ROBERT PEARSON=Three Rabbits.
R. OF KINGSTON 1669=HIS HALF PENY.



16. O. CHARLES SALTER IN 1665=The Tallow Chandler's Arms.
R. KINGSTONE VPON THAMES=C.M.S.

Charles Salter was one of the Headboroughs of the town, he was also an Alderman in 1686 under the Charter of James II.

In the Parish Church, there is an inscription –" In expectation of a joyful and glorious resurrection here lye interred the bodies of Charles Salter, gent , and Martha his wife. He had by her 19 children, and was seven times Bailiff of this Town. He died on 12th March, A.D. 1710, in the 83rd year of his age." . . .

17. O. I.T. T. OF KINGSTON=The town arms.
R. I.M.L. OF KINGSTON.

18. O. RICHARD VOARE OF KINGSTON IRONMONGER HIS HALF PENY.
R. 1668 PLAIN DEALING.

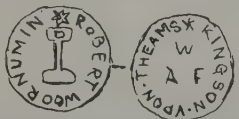
19. O. IAMES WIGHT IN KINGSTON=The arms of the Barbers Surgeons.
R. VPPON THAMES 1669=HIS HALF PENY I I W

Another taken by this man reads James White, he was probably the founder of the Medical profession in the town, he displays the arms of the London Barber Surgeons Company, showing where he served his apprenticeship and received his instruction This token is of peculiar interest and tells its own tale The Barber Surgeons Company had jurisdiction extending to seven miles radius around London Apparently James White was just outside this jurisdiction, for though 3,500 London tokens of various occupations are described by Dr Williamson, not one of these bear the arms of the Barber Surgeons; showing that this form of advertising was pro-

hibited by the Company within their jurisdiction. That their influence extended where their power did not, is indicated by the fact that among the 12,722 tokens of Great Britain and Ireland, described in Dr. Williamson's edition of Boyne's work, only seven were issued by Barber Surgeons, the token of James White being one of these seven.

The Barber Surgeons were fully qualified practitioners according to the knowledge of their day. They went through a regular course of teaching and were further "instructed in opening and searing, and imbalminge of dead corpses" and were finally examined before "the Archbishop of Canterbury and four Doctors of Phisyk" hence, the Archbishop of Canterbury still has the right to confer the M.D. Lambeth, but he wisely abstains from exercising it.

The Barbers usually display a soap box on their trade tokens.



20. O. GEORGE WOODMAM AT=a man making candles.
R. KINGSTON IN THAMES=G.B.W.

21. O. ROBERT WOORNVM IN=A shovel.
R. KINGSTON VPON THEAMS=R.F.W.

The Maltsters used crossed shovels as their sign.

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With a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to The Homeland Association, St. Bride's House, 24 Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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PREFACE.

This guide to the Epsom District is founded on my larger book "EPSOM, ITS HISTORY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS."

It has been produced in this pocket form in order to supply the demand for a reliable and handy guide to a beautiful district which has many visitors in these cycling times.

The information contained has been rendered fuller and more reliable than it might otherwise have been by the assistance of many residents in and near Epsom, and to them I take this opportunity to tender my thanks.

GORDON HOME.

EPSOM,
January, 1902.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM desired to write a few words of preface to a Handbook for Epsom. And, when one comes to think of it, one must write it soon, for there will soon be little material for a preface or a guide.

When I first came to live at Epsom, a quarter of a century ago, it was a little sleepy town, surrounded by long stretches of down and common. Its perennial slumber was broken twice a year by race meetings, when the followers and camp followers of the Turf stormed the neighbourhood during a few agitated days, then struck their tents and left the town, sodden and exhausted. Thereafter the calm recommenced, and the inhabitants could saunter over miles of open turf to breathe the purest air in England. But the memory of those six days of carnival kept off the speculative builder and his serious clients. Thus the town remained rural and old fashioned. Now all that is changed. The clients of the builder have reconsidered their objections, and so he has come and cut into the lanes and hedges. A gaunt asylum shrouds the misery of hundreds or thousands of the mad patients of London. One or two commons are enclosed. The stray edges of greenery, which were the heritage of the wayfarer, are being gradually fenced in. A new railroad, traversing a rural desert, lands its stray passengers on to a belated bull-ring, which tops the downs with its aggressive bulk. It is all, I suppose, necessary, nay inevitable. But these changes have killed the old Epsom. The new Epsom is only a fragment of the past, and only a fragment of the future.

Long ago, Epsom was fashionable. Charles the Second raced here and played bowls here. Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, came here and drank the waters. Frederick Prince of Wales lived here, enjoyed hawking on the Downs, and it is said fought a chimney-sweep, sustaining defeat. But the glorious epoch of Epsom seems to have ended with the seventeenth century. The stay of Frederick Prince of Wales at Epsom was in its unfashionable days; perhaps he only came to court obscurity when in conflict with his father. It is difficult indeed to ascertain when he was at Epsom, in spite of the strong local tradition and the statement of Horace Walpole that he actually owned Durdans. Probably he went on a visit to Lord Guilford, who did own Durdans, and who was a Lord of his Bedchamber. But in any case the chalybeate or cathartic glories of Epsom had then passed away.

When and whence were those glories? It appears that in the later years of Queen Elizabeth the waters had been obscurely, indeed parochially, drunk; and in the middle of the seventeenth century foreigners were said to come from abroad for that purpose. It was, however, the demolition of the neighbouring Palace of Nonsuch which launched Epsom on its brief career as a watering place; for the great structure furnished much building material, and so was a quarry out of which were erected dwellings in a sumptuous style, new to the country village. This was in 1670, for in that year Charles II had given Nonsuch to Barbara Villiers, who lost no time in converting it into cash.

Our local historian, Mr. Pownall, who published his little book in 1825, lingers fondly over those glorious

times. "Soon after the improvements made by Mr. Parkhurst at the Wells (about 1690), the village was enlarged to a considerable extent. It became the centre of fashion; several houses were erected for lodgings, and yet the place would not contain all the visitors, many of whom were obliged to seek for accommodation in the neighbouring villages. Taverns, at that time reputed to be the largest in England, were opened; sedan chairs and numbered coaches attended. There was a public breakfast, with dancing and music, every morning at the wells. There was also a ring, as in Hyde Park; and on the downs, races were held daily at noon; with cudgelling and wrestling matches, foot races, &c., in the afternoon. The evenings were usually spent in private parties, assemblies, or cards; and we may add, that neither Bath nor Tunbridge ever boasted of more noble visitors than Epsom, or exceeded it in splendour, at the time we are describing."

In spite of this glowing description, I am inclined to doubt whether Epsom was ever fashionable in the sense in which that epithet is applied to Tunbridge Wells or Bath. It was probably the haunt rather of the middle classes than of noble visitors. That at least is the impression left by Shadwell's coarse comedy. It may be noted, too, that a great number of letters from great people were dated from Bath, but few or none from Epsom. The houses of Bath, too, are redolent with the tradition of sublime names. There are scarcely any such at Epsom. Lord Berkeley, no doubt, had his house and entertained his friends. We have a glimpse of Lord Buckhurst and Sir Charles Sedley flirting with Nell Gwynne in the High Street. Lord Baltimore led a

debauched life at Woodcote. Lord Lyttelton closed a debauched life at Pit Place. But these noble names almost exhaust the record. And the visitors to the town who believed in the virtue of the waters, while they were cured at least as much by air, abstinence, exercise, and a healing faith, as by the merits of the well, were, it may be surmised, in the main what were called "cits." This does not imply that they were not as gay and as profitable as the gouty statesmen and nobles who sought health and gambling tables elsewhere.

In spite of Prince George of Denmark the decline of Epsom began, we are told by our historian, in 1704. The "knavery of an apothecary" was, it appears, sufficient to put an end to our career of brilliancy. This miscreant bought land, sunk a well, erected ball rooms, gambling rooms and a pump. Shops too "for milliners, jewellers and toymen," and a bowling green were there. His advertisements were indeed alluring. There was a "variety of raffling-shops, attended every day by a fine consort of musick;" there were cockfights and horse-races; there were also empty shops for "a bookseller, pictures, a haberdasher of hats, shoomaker, fishmonger and butcher, with conveniences for several other trades." The centre of these attractions he called the New Wells. Where this guilty paradise was situated I do not know; but as a source of health it was deceptive. "The water of the New Wells did not possess any virtue, and consequently those who drank it did not derive any benefit therefrom." So sighs Pownall, but as nothing was charged for the waters, it may perhaps be said that their want of quality constituted no direct fraud on the public. Worse than all, the old and virtuous wells, full

of healing, "grew into unmerited disrepute, for want of a distinction." Still in all this, though there may have been folly and presumption, there was no actual iniquity. The crime of the man of medicine remains to be told. He procured a lease of the Old Wells and locked them up till he died (in 1727). Are there any waters in the world which could triumph over treatment of this kind?

Toland, who wrote in 1711, under the hollow and glittering reign of the wicked apothecary, penned a glowing description, which will be found in this book. And yet, though the scene that he describes is brilliant and animated, within four years of this period, Epsom was, according to Pownall, gradually deserted owing to the "knavish tricks" of the spurious healer.

In 1720 there was another brief swell of prosperity, not of the surest, when the South Sea Bubble for a time filled Epsom with its train of speculators and adventurers: "alchemists, Dutchmen, Germans, Jews;" and "gaming with every other description of profligacy and vice, prevailed to an enormous extent." And at that period several large houses were erected, "amongst them that of Baron Swasso."

Who Baron Swasso may have been we cannot guess though his name rings like that of a possible alchemist—but at any rate he did not arrest the decadence of Epsom. The South Sea Bubble burst and Epsom fell once more. In 1736 the celebrated "Female Bone-Setter," a Mrs. Mapp, gave us a temporary glamour of popularity, though it was but a flicker. The "neighbouring gentry however continued their patronage, and every Monday in the summer they came to the Wells and had a

public breakfast with music, dancing, and cards till about three o'clock." There is a pathetic advertisement in 1754, quite in the modern indirect style, which aims at stimulating this fleeting fashion.

"EPSOM OLD WELL. The Gentlemen and Ladies who did me the honour to breakfast at this place last Monday morning have signified their pleasure of breakfasting here every Monday during the Season; I take this opportunity to return my unfeigned thanks for the favour of so genteel an appearance, and humbly hope for the continuance of the same, which will lay under the greatest obligation their most humble servant JANE HAWKINS. Note. The Purging Waters of this place are in excellent order."

But even this genteel appearance and the attractions mentioned in the Note failed to stimulate the flagging repute of the faded watering place, and Epsom "became (as it now remains) a populous, wealthy and respectable village, without retaining any of its former dissipated and vicious sources of amusing."

The vogue of Bath and of sea-bathing gave Epsom the final death-stroke, as a health resort; "the modern delightful practice of sea-bathing," as Pownall forgivingly calls it. When people began to bathe in the sea, they seem indeed to have become demoralised. "The well is preserved . . . but is now only visited occasionally by strangers who, not having faith in the mineral waters, after drinking them a few times, came to the erroneous conclusion that there is no virtue in them."

There is one further flash of fashion to be recorded. Some of the emigrants of the French Revolution lit upon this peaceful neighbourhood as a haven of refuge.

One group settled at Juniper Hall, whose secular and majestic cedars at the foot of Boxhill still refresh the traveller's eye. Here there resided Talleyrand and Madame de Stael, the Duc de Montmorency and M. de Jaucourt, and M. D'Arblay who was courting Fanny Burney. At West Humble were the De Broglies. Another young couple came straight from the church in which they were married to Epsom. Their name was de Gontaut, and she was destined to end as Duchess of Gontaut, Governess of the Children of France. They were delighted with Epsom, where they inhabited a little house "close to the race-course, surrounded by charming country houses. We learned later that our arrival had excited a sensation among the inhabitants of these pretty houses, who were curious to see the French people who had escaped from the disasters of their country, and in the evening peered through our window blinds to see us." The Duchess goes on to describe the races, where the English, she says, lose their habitual phlegm, become active and gay, betting with vivacity and tumult. But this little flock of fugitives soon dispersed again, leaving the faint aroma of a pleasant tradition.

Still, though the waters failed us, a miracle yet remained to be wrought on behalf of Epsom. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century a roystering party at a neighbouring country house founded two races, in two successive years, one for three year old colts and fillies, the other for three year old fillies, and named them gratefully after their host and his house—the Derby and the Oaks. Seldom has a carouse had a more permanent effect. Up to that time Epsom had enjoyed little more

than the ordinary races of a market town. The great Eclipse, himself, who long lived in Epsom, had run there in some obscurity. But now horses, some of them unworthy to draw him in a postchaise, were to earn immortality by winning on Epsom Downs before hundreds of thousands of spectators. Parliament was to adjourn during the ensuing century, not without debate, to watch the struggle. Ministers and ex-ministers would ride or drive down to the famous race; and in white hats with blue veils discuss the prospects of their favourites. Political leaders would give vent to splendid groans when they realised that they had sold the winner. In the midst of the Crimean War the result of the Derby was to be recorded in General Orders. Crowds would assemble in London, and from London to Epsom, to watch the still greater crowds returning from the contest. For a week Epsom would reek of racing. During that period the eyes of the sporting section of the civilised world would be turned on the little Surrey town. Many indeed, who were in no respect sporting, became sporting for that occasion. It is much the same now. The Olympian dust is the same, and is still scattered by the flying horses. The world still admires not perhaps with so concentrated a gaze. And all this excitement, enthusiasm, triumph, whatever you may call it, Epsom and the universe perhaps owe to an extra magnum of Lord Derby's choice claret, or a superfluous bottle of Lord Derby's curious port.

For two weeks, then, or for a part of them, Epsom races and revels; and recovers during the remaining fifty. The recovery is less sweet than it was, for what was once rural is now suburban. But Nature happily, as

we know, is not easily expelled. There are still common land and down, still stately trees and vernal blossom, the nightingales still sing, though it may be to an asylum, the air is still racy and clear.

The time may come when this can no longer be said, when each available inch will be covered by brick or stucco, and when that which cannot be built upon, the still sacred commons, will be surrounded by dun streets of whitey brown houses. Then will be the moment for the resident, who remembers and respects old, or even recent Epsom, to "twitch his mantle blue" and betake himself with his goods and chattels "to fresh woods and pastures new."

A. R.

EPSOM.

Its History and its Surroundings.

CHAPTER I.

THE POSITION OF EPSOM AND A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN AND DISTRICT.

THE town of Epsom, famous alike for its salts and its races, is situated in the county of Surrey, just fifteen miles south-west of London. It lies on the main road to Leatherhead, with the village of Ewell on the north-east, and Ashtead to the south-west, and has between it and the edge of the sprawling suburbs of the metropolis a belt of pleasant green country quite six miles wide. Epsom High Street has still that delightfully sleepy aspect given by great overhanging roofs, plastered or weatherbeaten red brick walls, and small paned windows. The London side of the town has to a great extent thrown off that look of old-world sobriety, and its shops and houses have to a regrettable degree assumed the meretricious appearance of a London suburb. But the old High Street and the modernised

Situation of the town.

portion are, by a fortunate chance, divided sufficiently for the newer portion to be almost invisible from the old.

The profusion of fine trees in the town.

About 1711 John Toland wrote, "When you are on the top of the Downs, 'tis one of the loveliest prospects imaginable, to view in the vale below such an agreeable mixture of trees and buildings, that a stranger is at a loss to know whether it be a town in a wood, or a wood in a town." And the statement is to a very great extent true to-day—Woodcote Park, Durdans, Woodcote House, Woodcote Grove, and many other houses having a wealth of splendidly grown trees, while even the cottages are, in most cases, surrounded by ample gardens. Even a very unobservant person, walking up any of the four roads to the Downs, could scarcely fail to notice this feature. Just behind the north side of the High Street, are the embankments of the South Western and the London & Brighton railways, and beyond it are tranquil green meadows, broken up by plenty of hedgerow elms and other trees as far as Horton Manor a level but well wooded park. From the midst of the foliage rises the great yellow brick tower of the Horton Lunatic Asylum, an unwelcome exchange for Horton Place, the former seat of the Trotter family. Just where a pleasant lane, now known as the Hook Road (formerly Kingston Lane), leaves Epsom in a northerly direction, there has arisen a cluster of yellow brick, blue slated cottages, so that instead of passing straight from the town into open country, with picturesque honeysuckle laden hedges on either hand, which was possible four or five years ago, one must be content with an asphalt pavement and cast iron railings or uninteresting wooden fences for some distance. The attempt to stem the growth of London on the part of Queen Elizabeth was futile, and where so absolute a monarch has failed, under far more favourable circumstances, it would be of no avail for the District Council of Epsom to make an attempt. But luxuriant hedges overgrown with honeysuckle and travellers' joy are a priceless possession, and to unthinkingly destroy them is nothing less than criminal.

THE "NEW INN," (NOW KNOWN AS "WATERLOO HOUSE") IN HIGH STREET, EPSOM.

In the days of Epsom's popularity as a watering place, this was the largest and most sumptuous Hotel in the town and held the famous ball room.

In Downs Side and other roads there are examples of the delightful appearance of modern houses behind the unsophisticated country hedgerow, quite sufficient to prove the desirability of preserving them in cases where the houses are in no way an ornament to the landscape. In the direction of Ewell, the town spreads itself along the main road for half a mile. There are a miscellaneous collection of shops and private houses, some of them old and picturesque and others quite the reverse. Certainly this entrance to Epsom gives a very erroneous idea of what one may expect in the heart of the town. The approach from Leatherhead over the common and along South Street is, on the other hand, a progression from pure country to large houses in beautiful grounds, and then, without any warning, to the whole of the old High Street. Perhaps the very best view of the place is from the station of the South Western Railway. Below are the red roofs of the town with the clock tower rising from the centre of the street; behind are the groves of trees, hiding nearly all the houses on the south side of the town, and beyond the deep green foliage rise the Downs, those "evergreen mountains of chalk . . . covered with grass finer than Persian carpets," to quote old Toland again.

The prettiest road to Epsom from London is through Tooting and Mitcham, then by a turning to the right by Mitcham station, one may join the main road from Wimbledon at the little village of Morden, whose inn, the "George," was quite important in coaching days, having been one of the hostelries where the Horsham coach changed horses. Beyond Morden, the road is undulating, and on account of the magnificent elms which line the hedges for most of the way to Ewell, it is an exceptionally pretty highway at all seasons of the year.

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING EPSOM FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY.

WHEN the greater part of Surrey was covered with forests, and at the time of the Roman occupation, Epsom probably was not. Although many traces of Roman work have been found in the neighbourhood, at Chessington, at Ewell, at Ashtead, on the Downs, and elsewhere, Epsom itself has yielded practically nothing. And this is not surprising; for it is just off the Stane Street—generally known as the Ermyn Street north of Dorking—and the military outposts were unlikely to choose such a spot as that occupied by the town, in those days doubtless full of impenetrable woods and thickets, and in part, of a very marshy character.

Derivation of the Name.

Canon Isaac Taylor says that Epsom is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *Ebesham,* the "home of Ebe," with the suffix *-ham* obscured. According to Brayley it has come to its present form through the successive stages of *Ebbisham, Ebesham,* and *Epsham.*

Before the Norman Conquest the manor of Epsom belonged to the abbot of Chertsey. The Domesday Book records that, "The abbot holds *Ebesham,* which in the time of King Edward was assessed at

33 hides; now at 11 hides. The arable land consists of 17 carucates. There is 1 carucate in demesne; and thirty-four villeins, and four bordars, have 17 carucates. There are two churches; and six bondmen and two mills valued at 10 shillings; and 24 acres of meadow. The wood yields 20 hogs. In the time of King Edward it was valued at 20l., now at 17l." Concerning the two churches mentioned, Salmon, in his "Antiquities of Surrey" says, "I am apt to think here have been two parishes laid together, one at Woodcote or Durdans, which the convent had united with Ebbisham before the Conquest." One church was probably found sufficient for the united parishes, the Woodcote church having disappeared, and no traces of it are discoverable to-day. Woodcote and Epsom were considered as practically separate places even as late as 1679, for in that year it is recorded in the court rolls of the manor of Ebbisham that it was presented to be the custom to elect two constables, one for Epsom and one for Woodcote, and that the custom prevailed with respect to the other officers.

Epsom at the Compilation of the Domesday Book.

The year 1618 saw the discovery of the mineral wells at Epsom, and from that date the obscure village, with practically no history worth recording, immediately became famous in England, and shortly afterwards throughout Europe. By the middle of the eighteenth century the town had lost its popularity, and the place seems to have settled into the habitual calm it presents to-day, only rendered more impressive by contrast with the excitement, the crowds, the dust and noise of race days. Epsom is stated to have formerly had a market on Fridays, but this has long been discontinued.

Just before the construction of the first railway to Epsom, the High Street showed more signs of activity, for there was the daily excitement of the arrivals and departures of the coaches. At 9 o'clock in the morning, the Horsham coach arrived on its way to London, driven by Bob Whittle, the fastest whip on the road. "Little

Coaching Days.

Robert," as he was affectionately termed by his brother drivers, passed through Epsom again at 5 in the evening. The following list will give some idea of the daily coach service.

To LONDON.		*Starting from*
8 a.m.	Hunt's 2 horse coach - - -	The Spread Eagle, Epsom.
8.20 ,,	Broad's 4 ,, ,, - - -	Dorking.
9 ,,	"Little Robert" 4 horse coach -	Horsham.
10 ,,	4 horse coach driven by Kirby -	Guildford.
10.20 ,,	Matthew Holden's 4 horse coach	Dorking.
2 p.m.	"The Sovereign" 4 horse coach	Worthing } on alternate days.
3 ,,	"The Comet" 4 horse coach -	Bognor. }
4.30 ,,	Walker's 4 horse coach - -	Dorking.

From LONDON.		
11 a.m.	Walker's 4 horse coach (driven by the proprietor). -	to Dorking
11.30 ,,	"The Comet" - - - -	to Worthing and Bognor.
5 p.m.	4 horse coach driven by Kirby -	to Guildford.
5 ,,	"Little Robert" 4 horse coach -	to Horsham.
5 ,,	Matthew Holden's 4 horse coach	to Dorking.
6 ,,	Broad's 4 horse coach - - -	to ,,
6.30 ,,	Hunt's 2 ,, ,, - - -	to Epsom.

Of the Epsom coach, a publication of 1825 states that: "The civil deportment and obliging attention of the proprietor, Mr. Hunt, greatly enhance the accommodation afforded by his coach, and entitle him to the patronage and support of the inhabitants." The expense of the journey by coach often induced people of limited means to walk to and from London, while the gentry often rode on horseback. For cross country journeys, off the coach routes, it was always necessary to post.

The advent of the Railways.

In 1848 a branch line from Croydon was built, having its terminus at Epsom. In the Bill authorising its construction, it seems to have been intended as a "pneumatic" railway. But it was evidently considered impractical, for the first and every subsequent train on this line has been driven by steam. The railway was eventually continued to Leatherhead, and either

HIGH STREET, EPSOM, SHOWING THE OLD WATCH HOUSE AND SIGNBOARD OF THE KING'S HEAD HOTEL

From an Engraving published about seventy years ago.

before or shortly afterwards the loop line from Wimbledon connecting Epsom with Waterloo Bridge Station (its original name) was built.

The year 1848 was a sad one for Epsom, for not only did the picturesque coaches begin to disappear, but the quaint little Watch House in the High Street was pulled down, and in its place was built the present clock tower. Stocks stood by the old structure, and these disappeared at its demolition, and no one knows what became of them. The new building is of red and yellow brick with ornamental stonework here and there, and would be an ornament to the town, if it were not surmounted by a senseless gilded Chinese cupola, suggestive of the top storey of a pagoda. If the architect had copied the little classical bell turrets still to be seen on so many of the old market houses of this country, the building would have never been spoken of with contempt, and it is still possible to effect the alteration.

The Clock Tower and Pond.

It was not until 1854 that the pond which had occupied the centre of the High Street was filled in, and another picturesque feature removed. The Local Board of Health had been instituted in 1850, and this was one of its early activities. The pond was insanitary, no doubt, but it would have been possible to keep it pure, and it could scarcely have been considered a hindrance to traffic.

The newest shops are at the east end of the town, while some of those in the old portion of the High Street still retain their small-paned windows of delightful picturesqueness. Waterloo House, originally the "New Inn," and the old building now used as a shop by Young the grocer, also an inn in former days, are undoubtedly the most beautiful of all the old buildings in the High Street, while the inns which still keep to their calling have nearly all of them a quaint and interesting aspect. The grocer's shop just mentioned is especially interesting on account of its wide staircase and heavy turned balusters. Most prominent among the inns owing to the open space in front of it is the "Spread Eagle." Its

The Old Inns.

HIGH STREET, EPSOM.
Showing the Clock Tower and Waterloo House.

walls are cream washed, its chimney stacks are solid and prominent, and its tiled roofs are in some portions velvety with moss, In a recess which might have been a blocked up window, in the upper floor, hangs the old swing sign, very black with age, but still showing the outline of an eagle. Through the archway in the front of the building one may catch a glimpse of the extensive

THE "SPREAD EAGLE" HOTEL.

stabling at the back. It is, however, scarcely sufficient to meet the demands made upon it during race weeks. The main staircase of the hotel has a fine old balustrade with a wide moulded handrail and heavy newel posts. The large room used for public meetings has a door

with richly moulded panels. It is painted now, and has been pierced with a square hole for hearing masonic passwords.

Opposite the clock tower, on the south side of the High Street, stands the King's Head. Its signboard has gone, its frontage on the street has been considerably altered, but the core of the building remains practically the same. From the stable yard, the building seems scarcely touched since the time of Pepys, old red brick gables and chimneys rising above one another in delightful fashion.

Where the new erection known as "The Shades" now stands, there was formerly a small house where the post boys ate and slept in uncomfortably close quarters, and what is now the entrance hall of the hotel was originally open to the road in front. At the back of this open space a gallery ran across the first floor. In 1838 the present assembly room was built over the space, and the room at the back of the gallery was thrown into it. The new and the old work are easily discernible from the exterior, the new portion being slate roofed. In this Assembly Room most of the public meetings of the town, including the County Ball, were held before the present Public Hall was built. It is reached by a wide modern staircase, but in other parts of the building there are no fewer than three other flights of stairs. These are rather dark and narrow, with plenty of oak beams covered by many thicknesses of wallpaper, and are far more suggestive of Epsom's famous days. The stabling here, as at the "Spread Eagle," is very extensive. From this yard there is a good view of a long avenue of limes in the garden of Ashley House—that austere classic-fronted house in Ashley Road, the former residence of a Mrs. Ashley, who gave her name to the house and road. The trees are well-grown, but they are not old enough to have seen the days of Queen Anne.

The "Albion," formerly known as the "Coffee House," at the south-west end of the High Street is an old establishment, smaller than those just mentioned, but it has a very old-fashioned aspect.

The New Buildings.

Much of the charm of old Epsom depends on the lowness of its houses—they seldom exceed two storeys in height with dormers in the roof, but those who have been responsible for the new buildings in the town have either failed to realise this, or other motives have prompted them to build up to four storeys, giving the new work a prominence which even time will be unable to eradicate, and interfering to a most unwelcome extent with the general roof line. Fortunately this new work is in red brick and of good design towards the street, and one must be thankful that matters are no worse.

The post office, in Tudor style, the new bank close by with its curved projecting windows and heavy wooden dentelle work, and the group of shops extending from the High Street to the London & Brighton Station are welcome, and would be all that could be desired if they were a storey lower. The new bank opposite the "Spread Eagle" is especially noteworthy from its bearing a certain resemblance in style with Waterloo House, reproducing in new material the simplicity and charm of the old building.

The Public Hall.

The Public Hall occupies a prominent position at the junction of Church Street with High Street and Station Road. The site was an awkwardly shaped one and this must be taken as an excuse for its most unfortunate appearance from every position except from immediately in front. It is built in classic style of terra-cotta, with pilasters by the windows and doors, and with a heavy pediment above. But the flamboyant front does not seem to belong in any way to the plain sides of the hall, as though it were intended to hide them with other buildings on either side. So little respect is paid to these side walls that they are generally covered with advertisements; and now advertisements have been mentioned, it is impossible to refrain from expressing astonishment at the extent with which the town is disfigured with posters and hoardings. They are to be seen in Church Street, in East Street, in the High Street, and in South Street in such quantities that one longs for some influential

local committee capable of saving so quaint a town from the grip of the wild advertiser.

Close to the Public Hall in Church Street stands the Technical Institute. It has a red brick and terra cotta frontage, but will be immensely improved when the adjoining space is built upon and its bare untreated side hidden. The Institute of earlier days may still be seen in the High Street—a pathetic sight, its classic stucco front looking very dilapidated and its sides plastered with posters. Fifty years ago this building held a fair library and reading room, but through the growth of an element among some of the members contrary to the proper conduct of the Institution, it was allowed to fall through, the books it contained being sold by auction.

On the opposite side of the street further east are some new shops, standing on the site of "Rabbit-hutch Row"—a collection of low and unpretentious wooden shops.

From the High Street the town scatters itself over the gently rising ground in the direction of the Downs. Church Street, originally one of the Parades of Stuart times, is still a charming road. With the exception of two or three new shops and cottages near the town there is nothing to disturb its old world calm, and nearly every house is worthy of some study. Richly ornamented doorways, curiously massive chimneys, steep tiled roofs, old pebble dash walls, and little dormer windows are to be seen on every side. A specially attractive spot is near St. Martin's Church. Here the road is narrow, and there are plenty of tall trees on both sides. The "Old King's Head," a very picturesque little inn with a bright red sign and a little wooden outside table, faces the church, with the long low red-tiled roof of "The Farm" showing above the garden wall; opposite are the large gates of Pit Place with its supercilious lions surmounting the pillars on either side.

Church Street.

Not far from here Church Street becomes the Burgh Heath Road, and with modern houses on either side for a short distance goes right up to the Downs.

Downs Road, formerly known as Walnut Tree Road, leads out of the end of Church Street. It is fairly high and is much more open than nearer the town, while the architecture of its new houses is very attractive. Ashley Road may be reached by a turning out of Downs Road. Here every house is modern but not quite so recent as those in the road just left. Of the four routes to the Downs this has the easiest gradient. The Worple Road from Church Street cuts through the Ashley Road and then runs right into Woodcote End, between fine old red brick walls overhung by the huge elms of Woodcote Grove.

From Woodcote End runs Chalk Lane—formerly written Creken or Cricker Lane—a very beautiful shady road passing the grounds of Durdans and giving a very good view of the house. A footpath a little higher than this point goes through a pleasant meadow and comes out into the Ashley Road.

Under the shadow of the Downs, between the Ashley and the Downs Roads is situated the Cemetery. It is very well kept and is full of well-grown evergreen trees. The first interment was in 1871.

The East side of the town is less interesting than the other portions, being of modern growth, although East Street itself has some buildings which have been there for nearly two centuries. The old almshouses built by John Levingstone, the "notorious apothecary," were pulled down about forty years ago and were subsequently re-built in red brick and slate. Alexandra Road, running up towards Epsom College and the Downs, has in it the Cottage Hospital, a low gabled building designed by Mr. J. R. Harding, with very good views over the town owing to the general-elevation of the road. It was erected as a memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887, and was opened in 1889 by Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck.

Church Road is parallel with Church Street, and Station Road leads past the London and Brighton Station.

It is in the memories of those still living that the land between Church Street and Ashley Road, immediately

at the back of the High Street, was chiefly covered with cornfields, and the houses in what is now known as the Parade were connected by a very primitive footpath. It is now an asphalted passage with a high fence on one side. Two or three of the cottages here have delightful gardens, in summer time a wilderness of bright flowers, while a little turning close by is common-place enough until its numerous laburnums fill it with a blaze of yellow. Springtime is delicious in Epsom, for its large and well-kept gardens fill the roads with the scents of early blossoms to an astonishing extent. Out of the south-west end of the High Street runs West Hill, leading to Stamford Green and the Common, passing Hookfield, the residence of Mr. Basil Braithwaite, on the left, and on the right Christchurch Room, West Hill House, and overlooking Clay Hill Green, the pretty little Infant School founded by the late Miss Trotter.

Epsom College.

Epsom College stands well outside the town in the direction of the downs, the red brick buildings, with their numerous chimney stacks, being one of the conspicuous landmarks near the town. The college was founded by Dr. Propert as recently as 1851, and the buildings were opened in 1855 by Prince Albert, who was accompanied by King Edward VII, then a boy of fourteen years old.

On October 10th in the same year the first term commenced, the number of scholars being nearly a hundred, all of them sons of medical men. The school was not restricted to those whose fathers were in the medical profession, except so far as concerned boys who were on the foundation: that all the original scholars were doctors' sons was therefore unintentional.

The first head-master was the Rev. Robinson Thornton, now Archdeacon of Middlesex. In 1870 he was succeeded by Dr. West, and in 1885 came the Rev. W. C. Woods' brief tenure of the head-mastership. He died in 1888 to the great regret of all, and was succeeded by the Rev. T. N. Hart-Smith, who is the present head-master.

King Edward again visited the college as Prince of Wales in 1895, accompanied by the Princess of Wales

and the Princess Victoria, to lay the foundation stone of the lower school. The chapel was built in 1857, and has been enlarged by the addition of the East end and transepts.

For the first twenty-eight years all the boys were under the personal care of the headmaster; they are now divided into four houses under the names of Carr, Forest, Propert, and Granville. The building devoted to the medical pensioners who used to reside in the college has been gradually converted into masters' houses, for the new pensioners are no longer housed in the school buildings.

In gymnastics Epsom College is above the average school standard, and it possesses in addition an efficient rifle corps and fire brigade. For thirty years or more the college has had its natural history society, which publishes its proceedings annually.

The extensive grounds of the school give ample space for the numerous games played by the boys.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH AN ATTEMPT IS MADE TO DESCRIBE EPSOM IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

ON a certain tombstone, in a certain churchyard, were written the lines,

> "Here lies I and my three daughters,
> Died from drinking the Cheltenham waters,
> If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
> We shouldn't be lying in these cold vaults,'

and it would not be easy to find a more fitting testimony to the excellent properties of the famous salts.

The chance discovery of the mineral spring on the common has made Epsom a household name throughout Europe and wherever English is spoken. But for that fortuitous circumstance, Epsom would be as little known as Chipstead or Headley, or any other remote Surrey village.

Discovery of the Waters.

The man to whom Epsom owes so much is, according to "Fuller's Worthies," Henry Wicker or Wickes, who, during the very dry summer of 1618, discovered on the common a small hole filled with water. He is said to have dug it out larger and then to have brought his cattle to drink it. To his astonishment the cows, without exception, refused to touch the water. This led to some considerable talk; a further examination of the hole was made, and the healing nature of the waters was discovered, at first for external sores, and eventually for internal use as an aperient and purifier of the blood,

Brayley, who mentions this account, also adds that the exact date of the discovery is uncertain. "It has been stated," he says, "that towards the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the waters of a pond on the common, half a mile westward of the village, were found to be serviceable in the cure of ulcers and other disorders; and after the accession of James the First, some physician, having heard of the virtues attributed to this water, visited the place, and found on examination that it was impregnated with a bitter purging salt, which was then erroneously termed calcareous nitre, but which has been since named (from its known composition) sulphate of magnesia, though still, in common parlance, called Epsom salt." I have quoted this account at length as it is necessary to be authoritative on so important a matter.

Whatever the year of actual discovery, we know definitely that the spring began to get a reputation for its healing properties, bringing strangers to test its powers, so that about 1621 the owner of the estate who was fortunate enough to possess the spring, surrounded it with a wall, and built what has generally been called a "shed" for the protection of invalids. Another twenty years passed, and the fame of the Spa had extended to Germany, France, and most of the European countries, bringing many continental persons of distinction to Epsom.

Aubrey gives the date of the discovery as 1639-40, and he drank of the waters in 1654. But the third Lord North writes of the wells as famous in 1645. In his "Forest of Varieties," published in that year, he claims for himself the credit of having first made known the Tunbridge and Epsom waters "to the citizens of London and the king's people"—1618 is therefore the more probable date.

By the year 1668 it was a common occurrence for doctors to advise a visit to Epsom, for in the Domestic State Papers of June 29 in that year we read, "Chatham Dockyard. John Owen to Pepys. I beg leave of absence for 12 days, being afflicted with . . . and advised to drink Epsom waters." In the following

August there is another entry: "Chatham Dock. Ph. Pett to the Navy Commissioners. I beg leave of absence for a fortnight through ill health, being advised by my physician to drink Epsom waters."

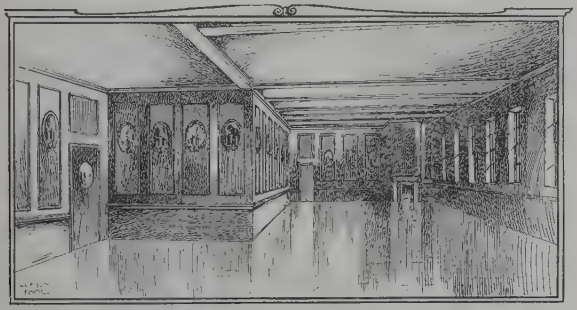
About this time also the dissolute Court of Charles II repaired to rural little Epsom in such numbers, attracting most of the fashionable folk of London, that in the *London Gazette* for June 19th, 1684, there appeared an announcement that "the post will go every day, to and fro betwixt London and Epsom, during the season for drinking the waters." The season was in the early summer, so that the country was then greenest, and the birds had not ceased their song.

Improvements at the Wells.

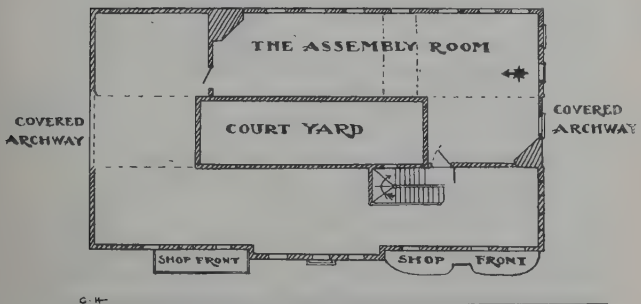
About 1690, when it is stated that John Parkhurst was lord of the manor, prodigious and astonishing changes were brought about at the wells. A ballroom quite seventy feet in length was erected together with a number of other rooms for accommodating the throng of gentry, and a piece of land was surrounded by a brick wall with a freestone coping. This wall survived for a considerably longer period than the ballroom, for though dilapidated it was still standing in 1825. Mr. Parkhurst seems also to have been responsible for planting the long row of elms and limes leading from the London road through the town and branching out afterwards in two or three directions. These trees afterwards became very ornamental, and extended down New Inn Lane through the town and halfway to Ewell, but in the first few years of the nineteenth century they were nearly all cut down by Sir Joseph Mawbey, then lord of the manor, and the timber sold for a considerable sum. For this outrageous piece of work no language is too strong, and there was evidently some feeling at the time, for we read that Sir Joseph promised to give £200 towards a new market-house, and to make the market toll free for seven years. In 1825 this had not been done, and Sir Joseph had long been gathered to his fathers. At the same time as the extensive building operations at the wells, a similar activity prevailed in the town, and inns, coffee-houses, and lodgings were multiplied with astonishing rapidity.

The "New Inn."

The greatest wonder of all was the New Inn, built about 1690, still standing in the High Street, but for some trivial reason labelled "Waterloo House." At the time of its construction it was reputed to be the largest establishment of its kind in England, and was probably regarded

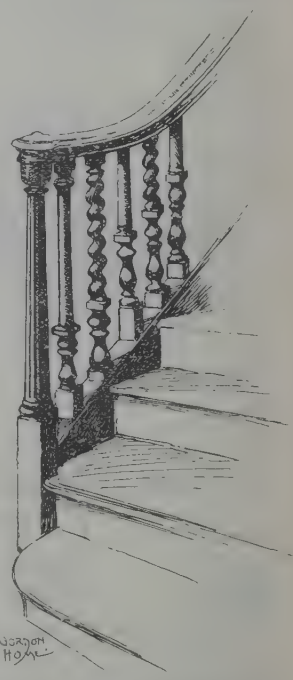


From the position marked with a star in the Plan, this is the aspect of the room before it was divided in the centre. The candle sconces are added in the positions they would have been likely to occupy.



SKETCH PLAN OF THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE "NEW INN,"
Showing position of the Assembly Room and of the entrances to the Courtyard.

with as much awe by the natives as the hotel on Crowborough Beacon in Sussex is imposing to the yokels of that sparsely populated district. The "New Inn" was kept by a Mrs. Wright, and is so little altered that it is possible to give some idea of the place under her management. The building, as I have mentioned before, is constructed of a beautiful warm coloured red brick, with facings of that soft chalk stone so largely used at that period. A wide gable end faces the street, the eaves are ornamented with heavy wooden dentelle work and mouldings painted some colour approximating white. The roof is covered with ancient tiles of the loveliest umber shades, where they are not green with moss. A long narrow courtyard occupied the centre of the building, so that coaches were able to drive in through the archway at one side and out at the other. Only a very superficial glance at the exterior of the building will suffice to show the position of these archways now blocked up and covered with stucco. At the present time the ground floor is so much cut up by the draper's shop at one end, and hidden with old furniture at the other, that there is little to remind one of the original use of the place, but on the first floor is the long dancing saloon or assembly room, divided near the



A PORTION OF THE STAIRCASE IN THE "NEW INN."

At the western end of the building.

centre, it is true, but still sufficiently itself for obtaining an excellent idea of the background of so many fashionable frivolities. From a most careful examination, I have been able to make the drawing reproduced here. The staircases have fine balustrades, which may possibly have come from Nonsuch Palace.

About sixty years or more ago, the Assembly Room was frequently the scene of cockfights. They are clearly remembered by one old inhabitant of Epsom, the favourite time for the contests being Sunday afternoon.

A little earlier than this, a travelling company converted the room into a theatre. One of the announcement bills, dated January 12th, 1829, is still in existence. The title of the play was "Speed the Plough, or the Farmer's Glory." The bill states that the theatre was "at the old Assembly Room, tastefully decorated with neat and appropriate scenery." The proprietor adds that "he proposes representing the choicest plays of our best authors, delineated by a company of performers whose acknowledged ability added to their regular conduct in their private capacity he trusts will entitle him to the support and patronage of the liberal-minded inhabitants."

Pepys visited Epsom in 1667, and in his diary under the date July 14, he writes, "To Epsum, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company. And to the towne to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house."

Pepys at Epsom.

This house, next door to the "King's Head," where Nelly, more commonly Nell Gwynne, stayed, is still standing, the ground floor being utilised as a grocer's shop. Unfortunately the interior has been altered too much to leave anything suggestive of that time, and one is forced to be content with knowing that the court favourite occupied the two little bay-windowed rooms overlooking the street, one of them being used as a bedroom and the other as a sitting-room. During a comparatively recent alteration,

Nell Gwynne.

a very small doorway was discovered in one of the walls of the left-hand room as one faces the building. This might have been used as a secret entrance or exit, but it is entirely covered up with plaster and wall papers now, so that it is impossible to examine it without having the wall pulled to pieces.

NELL GWYNNE.
One of Epsom's famous visitors.
From the Painting by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.

On July 25th, 1663, Pepys writes, " . . . Towards the evening we bade them adieu ! and took horse ; being resolved that we would go to Epsom. When we come

there we could hear of no lodging, the town so full; but which was better, I went toward Ashted, and there we got a lodging in a little hole we could not stand upright in. While supper was getting I walked up and down behind my cosen Pepy's house that was, which I find comes little short of what I took it to be when I was a little boy.

"26th (Lord's day). Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr. Minnes's house,* and thence to Durdan's, and walked within the Court Yard and to the Bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time; but now no family in it, (my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London.) Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companys that were there walking; which was very pleasant to see how they are there without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. But Lord! to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down thither."

Charles II often visited Epsom, dining on one occasion at Durdans, only just built from the materials of Nonsuch Palace. Tradition says that he built for Nell Gwynne the stabling in Church Street, opposite St. Martin's, now known as "The Farm," and partly converted into a private house. The age of the place certainly supports this belief. It consists of one long line of buildings under one unbroken gabled roof. The walls are a strange medley of red brick and great blocks of chalk covered with close growing ivy, while the roof tiles are a beautiful subdued red. In the portion still used as a stable, the solid oak beams in the roof may be seen. These are now so hardened with age, that in a fire which broke out in one of the loose boxes a few months ago, they merely charred on the surface, and were practically the means of saving this relic of Stuart times from destruction.

*Horton Manor.

Toland's Account of Epsom.

About the year 1711 John Toland came to live at Woodcote, and while there he wrote a long account of Epsom to a lady he addresses as "Eudoxa." I have taken the following extracts from the letter as it appears in the volume published in 1726, entitled "A collection of several pieces of Mr. Toland."

"MADAM,

. . . Epsom, a village in the County of Surrey, much frequented for its most healthy Air and excellent mineral Waters, is distant about fourteen Italian miles from London Bridge, and twelve from Fox-hall. It is deliciously situated in a warm even bottom antiently called Flower-dale, between the finest Downs in the world on one side (taking their name from the village of Banstead seated on their very ridge) and certain clay hills on the other side, which are variously chequered with woods and groves of oak, ash, elm, and beech, with both the poplars, the intoxicating yew, and the florid white-beam. The wyche-tree, the withy, the horn-beam, the bird-feeding quicken-tree, and the correcting birch, are not wanting. I need not mention the numberless copses of hazel, thorn, holly, maple, and other trees and shrubs of dwarfish growth, that agreeably diversify all this country: nor that, for the most part, they are amorously claspt in the twining embraces of ivy and honey-suckles. The Downs, being covered with grass finer than Persian Carpets, and perfum'd with wild thyme and juniper, run thirty miles in length, tho' under different appellations, from Croydon to Farnham: and for sheep-walks, riding, hunting, raceing, shooting, with games of most sorts for exercise of the body or recreation of the mind, and a perpetual chain of villages within a mile of each other beneath, they are nowhere else to be parallel'd. The form of this our village, as seen from thence, is exactly semi-circular; beginning with a Church and ending with a Palace: or lest our stile here shou'd offend you, Madam, it has a Palace for its head and a Church for its tail. Mr. Whistler's far conspicuous grove makes, as it

were, a beautiful knot in the middle: as the road from thence to Woodcote-green, may be called Midway Street. Epsom never misses of the Eastern or Western Sun and is about a mile in length; the area, within the bending of the bow or half-moon, being a spacious plain of cornfields, sown with every grain, and opening full to the downs. To these ever-green mountains of chalk you may out of every house insensibly ascend, without as much as a hedge to obstruct the air or the passage. Indeed the risings are many times so easy, that you find yourself got to the top, without perceiving that you were mounting. From the circumference of the semicircle there branch out two or three pleasant lanes, being the extremities of the roads which lead to the town, from the slow declivities of the neighbouring hills. These are prefer'd to the principal street by such as are lovers of silence and retirement; and are known by the names of Clay-hill, New-inn-lane,* and Woodcote-green, in which last place your humble servant has his hermitage. There are other alleys and outlets of meaner note. Among them I don't reckon the avenue leading up the hill to Durdans, the Palace I just now mention'd; nor yet Hudson's lane†, which I remember for the sake of Epsom-Court, that antient Saxon Seat (long since converted into a farm) the mother and original of our Subject. Now all these by-places are so separated from each other by fields, meadows, hedge-rows, plantations, orchards, and the like, that they seem to be so many distinct little villages, uniting into one considerable town at the large street, in the middle of which stands the watch house. As I wish to see this last a more stately edifice; so I long to have the whole space about it, from the new-Parade down to the Spread-eagle, neatly pitch'd: considering that flint stones are so near, so plentiful, and so cheap."

The High Street in 1660.

In the centre of the High Street was the little plaster walled Watch House with its quaint clock turret at one end, and adjoining it was the pond spoken of elsewhere. The two rival bowling greens seem also to have been in the centre

*Now South Street. †Probably the Hook Road of to-day.

A Semi-Bird's-Eye View of Epsom as it probably appeared about 1700.

of the street. Along the front of the houses were the rows of limes and elms, and bushes clipped into all sorts of quaint shapes. The houses themselves, with the exception of the New Inn and the other smaller hostelries, were chiefly low and unpretentious—one may see them to-day in the row opposite Waterloo House. With the clipped trees, the tiled roofs, the cream coloured and red brick walls as a background, one must add a foreground of contemporary figures—the men in great white powdered wigs, elaborate coats of plum-coloured velvet or of any other colour or material, sleeves with long lace at the wrists, knee breeches, silk stockings, and square toed, large buckled shoes. So elaborate was the dress of the Court ladies of this period that I cannot do better than quote Leigh Hunt's "Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher." "The dress at that time was well calculated to set off a woman to advantage. Lady Castlemaine was dressed in white and green, with an open boddice of pink looped in diamonds. Her sleeves were green, looped up full to the shoulders with jewelry, and showing the white shift beneath, richly trimmed with lace. The boddice was long and close with a very low tucker. The petticoat fell in ample folds, but not so long as to keep the ankle unexposed; and it was relieved from an appearance of too much weight by the very weightiness of the hanging sleeves, which counterpoising its magnitude, and looking flowery with lace and ribbons, left the arms free at the elbows and fell down behind on either side. The hair was dressed wide with ringlets at the cheeks; and the fair vision held a fan in one hand, while the Duke led her by the other."

There were numbers of sedan chairs and coaches, and servants and post-boys innumerable.

The depraved state of the morals of this period is reflected in various publications still in existence; one of them, entitled "Merry Newes from Epsom Wells," is so revolting that it seems inconceivable that it should have ever been published.

At last there appeared one Levingstone, an apothecary

Levingstone the Apothecary.

who set up as a doctor in Epsom, and by the year of Queen Anne's accession, had made a considerable fortune out of the wealthy visitors. This rascally fellow conceived the idea of starting a new well, which, with more sumptuous buildings and still greater entertainments would attract the folk from the old well to his own. He succeeded as only crafty and unscrupulous men can, ingratiating himself meanwhile by presenting a piece of land in East Street (where the present almshouses now stand) for the erection of an almshouse for twelve widows. In 1706 he purchased some land in the town from Sir John Parsons, and, says Brayley, "built a large house, with an assembly room for dancing and music, and other apartments, for raffling, hazard, and probably all sorts of gambling; together with shops for milliners, jewellers, toymen, and other trades people who dealt chiefly in fashionable luxuries. He planted a grove and laid out a bowling green, at the end of which he sunk a well with a pump adapted to it, and by means of subterraneous pipes, conveyed the water into a basin at the extremity of the assembly room. The arrangements were completed in about two years; and at this place, to which the proprietor gave the name of the *New Wells,* he gave concerts and balls, set up gaming tables, and by the novelty of his entertainments, he drew the company from the old wells." From this description one would be led to believe that Levingstone's new well house was "Waterloo House" of to-day, but this can scarcely be so for it is spoken of at this time as an inn. "The New Wells" must have been pulled down or the building was converted into a private house, for what eventually became of the place is quite forgotten. A certain percentage of those who were induced to forsake the old well really came to drink the waters, and these soon discovered that there was no efficacy in the water from the new wells. Here was a danger our apothecary might well be alarmed at. But luck being as usual with him, in 1715 he found a means of preventing these odious comparisons between his spurious and the

real mineral waters. In that year a lease of the old wells was granted or renewed to John Grant, John Maynard, and Daniel Ellicar, and being by this time a wealthy man, the apothecary seems to have purchased or in some way obtained an assignment of the lease to himself. He at once locked up the honest well and by this means forced everyone to drink the water at the new well, which was as little able to purify the blood as that of Woodcote Pond.

All this deception brought Epsom wells into disfavour. Tunbridge Wells began to flourish, and our speculating apothecary correspondingly noticed year by year the steady falling off at Epsom. This doubtless hastened his death, for in 1727 Levingstone died.

The decline of Epsom as a Watering Place.

When Queen Anne held her court at Windsor, her Consort, Prince George of Denmark, was in the habit of visiting Epsom to drink the waters, and his presence helped to attract many who came for health or dissipation. During the boom in trade followed by the South Sea Company, the town was immensely popular, but at the bursting of the Bubble in 1720 Epsom began to be deserted.

The old well was reopened about 1727, considerable repairs were made to the old rooms there, and it was once more patronised as a medicinal spring.

But it was not much frequented by strangers, being more the resort of the local gentry who organised public breakfasts there every Monday in the summer. After a time this also was dropped. Yet another gleam of publicity flickered at Epsom in connection with Mrs. Mapp, the extraordinary bone setter. Frantic efforts were made to induce her to stop in the town, but after her marriage she moved to London, and left Epsom to its fate.

Yet another blow came when in 1753 Dr. Richard Russel introduced sea bathing. The diversion in this direction was absolutely fatal to Epsom. The very last attempt to revive interest in the Epsom wells, was between 1760 and 1770, when a Dr. Dale Ingram advertised a preparation of magnesia, obtained from

the mineral waters, and opened the rooms for public breakfasts. No success attended this scheme, and the buildings gradually fell into complete dilapidation. In 1804 the regrettable demolition of the well house took place, and a Mr. Hichener, who had either purchased

Some of the Remaining Trees in the Dorking Road.
They formed a portion of the avenue leading from the Town to the Wells on Epsom Common.

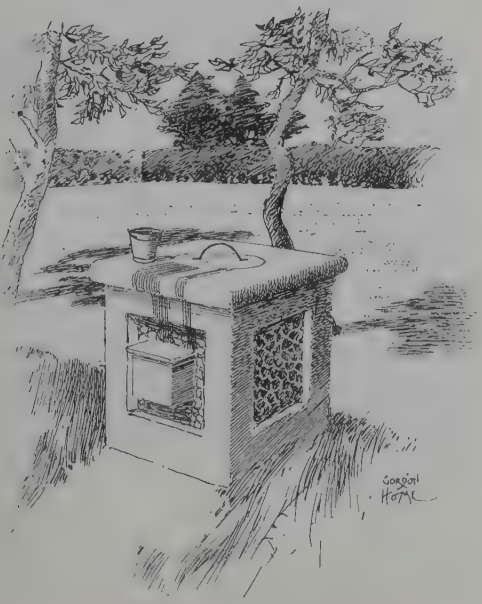
or taken on lease the ground where the well stood, built a small house for himself there, leaving the well and the old wall enclosing the garden intact.

To-day the well is shaded by fruit trees near the tennis

The Wells to-day.

lawn of the garden surrounding the modern house now called "The Wells." One piece of the original brickwork of the old structures round the well has been incorporated into the back wall of a green-house, but beyond this there is nothing of interest to be seen. The waters themselves still retain their original qualities.

George III and his Queen paid a visit to Epsom in 1767. A cutting from a contemporary publication says: "The King and Queen came to Epsom immediately after the nomination (of two members) in an open chaise, attended with only three outriders, made a very short stay, and returned afterwards to Richmond to dinner."



THE WELL AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE CHURCHES OF EPSOM.

THE churches of Epsom do not possess many features of antiquarian interest, the Parish Church, dedicated to St. Martin, having been rebuilt, with the exception of the tower, in 1824, and Christ Church on Epsom Common being an entirely modern building.

The Parish Church.

St. Martin's stands on slightly rising ground, on the east side of Church Street, with Pit Place on the south, and a brewery, fortunately of a very inoffensive external appearance, between the graveyard and the road. A short turning, useful both to the brewery and the church, leads one to a series of wide flagged steps, running along the west front.

The building is, to quote a quaint guide published in 1825, "a handsome Gothic structure . . . at once simple and elegant," and in the words of a more recent writer, "a new pseudo-Gothic structure of the commonest type." A glance at the church is sufficient to prove the correctness of the second opinion. The walls are built of brick with a facing of broken flints and dressings of white stone. The blue slate roof, the insufficient wooden mullions of the windows, the painted doors and painted interior woodwork, all tend to impress the idea of a cheap imitation of Gothic, but there is nothing extraordinary in this, for at this period buildings of the same type were multiplying on the face of the country with such rapidity under the admiring gaze of the general public.

Epsom Parish Church, dedicated to St. Martin.

The stone lion on the right belongs to Pit Place, and is believed to have come from Nonsuch Palace.

In the tower there is a welcome look of solidity. It is flint-faced like the rest of the building, with an octagonal turret at the north-west corner, while above rises a very sharp and slender little shingled spire, terminating in a cross and weather vane. This is the oldest portion of the building, for when the old church was being pulled down, it was found that the tower was quite strong enough to remain. It contains a clock and eight bells, some of which have quaint inscriptions, with dates about 1730. Inside the church the light is much diminished by galleries in both aisles. The walls are coloured with a pale brown distemper and the panelled fronts of the galleries are also painted a brownish colour.

But despite these features, there is an indescribable air of late Georgian quaintness about the church, and with the added interest of the many seventeenth century monuments saved from the former building, there are few who would fail to find some charm about the place.

The East Window.

With the exception of the east window of the chancel, all are filled with plain leaded glass. The east window, designed and constructed by Mr. F. A. Oldaker, of Epsom, was unveiled at Christmas, 1892. In the centre is our Lord as the "Light of the world," with representations of St. Gabriel and St. Raphael on either side. At the time of the opening of the church, the window was filled with stained glass executed by Willement, a heraldic painter to George IV. The central light contained a whole length figure of the Saviour copied from Leonardo da Vinci. Those who are curious to see the details of this window will find a coloured engraving of it in Pownall's History of Epsom, of which a few copies exist. Mr. Hatchard, the architect of the new church, was at great pains to preserve the features of the old building, the curve of the arches and the mouldings of the columns being exact replicas of the former ones. The area of the church is slightly larger than the old one, the west front having been advanced seven feet and the side walls three feet beyond the former limits. Through the lengthening of the aisles, the chancel has been shortened

considerably, and is not separated from the nave architecturally. The roof is of a very low pitch; it is coloured with a pale blue distemper, and supported by trusses forming flat arches which support the main rafters. Pillars of Portland stone, consisting of four slender columns surrounding a central shaft, support the five arches on either side of the nave.

Under the tower is the font, described by Brayley as ancient, although the precise date of it is uncertain. It is entirely octagonal, with the upper portion decorated with quatrefoil panels, Tudor roses, a well carved fish and sundry heads and shields. Formerly the pulpit was of painted wood, "in imitation of wainscot," but this has made way for one of honest oak.

THE CARVED SPANISH MAHOGANY CHEST IN THE VESTRY OF ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, EPSOM.

The organ occupies the north transept, and where the south transept should be there is a vestry containing

perhaps the most interesting object in the whole structure—an Elizabethan Spanish mahogany chest. It stands nearly four feet high, and its sides are entirely covered with delicately carved and inlaid figures in Elizabethan costume. I have been unable to find any written record of this chest.

The Monuments.

On the south wall of the chancel are nine monuments, most of them of white marble on a grey marble background. The highest and most easterly one is by Flaxman.

The Monument to Richard Evelyn.

On the south wall is a most interesting memorial. The inscription is in Latin and surrounded by massive columns and a pediment. It is in memory of Richard Evelyn of Woodcote, brother to John Evelyn, the diarist, of Wotton, near Leith Hill. Richard Evelyn died in 1669 his wife Elizabeth twenty-two years later. Her monument, a very elaborate marble one of similar construction to that of her husband erected by Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, may be seen on the staircase to the south gallery.

In the graveyard just by the east side of the vestry is a table-shaped tomb of red brick, and on the flat stone top are the often quoted lines :

Here Lyeth the Carcase
Of Honest CHARLES PARKHURST,
Who nere could Dance or Sing,
But allways was True to
His Sovereign Lord the King,
CHARLES THE FIRST.
Ob. Dec. XX. MDCCIV.
Etat LXXXVI.

The Churchyard.

The graveyard possesses a large number of richly carved eighteenth century tombstones, where scythes, hourglasses, skulls, and cherubs' heads all have their place. All the best of this type are on the south or south-east parts of the churchyard, and one is particularly noticeable on account of its having the front surface rounded. Quite a number of these stones record the trade of the man who has passed away, masons, painters, plumbers,

CHRIST CHURCH, EPSOM COMMON.

and tinworkers being among the number. Near the centre of the east portion of the graveyard is the family tomb of the Northey family of Woodcote. The inscription, a long one running round the sides, is in Latin, and is barely decipherable. The first name is that of Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General in the reigns of William III, Anne, and George I. Very quaint indeed are the lines on a tomb near the tower. They are to Julia, Eliza, Edwin, and Julia *(sic)* Langlands, but there is no date.

Here also lie four pretty buds
Lately made of flesh and blood,
The cup of life, just with their lips they pressed,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest.
Averse—then turning from the face of day
They softly sighed their little souls away.

Christ Church.

Rising sedately from the furze and bracken of Epsom Common is Christ Church. So solid and simple is the square tower with its south-west corner turret, and so suggestive of the typical English country church is the combination of red tiled roof with white flint and stonework, that from a short distance a stranger would not pronounce it modern. The church was founded in 1843 as a chapel of ease to St. Martin's chiefly by Elizabeth Trotter, daughter of Mr. James Trotter of Horton Manor, who on making a bequest of £8,000 stipulated that there should be no "Ritualistic nonsense" in connection with the new church. It was originally intended as a convenience for the poorer inhabitants of Epsom Common, the walk to the Parish Church being a fairly long one.

The Congregational Chapel.

The interesting old Congregational Chapel in Church Street stands back from the road behind its well-kept graveyard in a very retiring fashion, and one might easily pass without noticing it. In the latter years of the eighteenth century, Dr. Isaac Watts, the hymn writer, used to occasionally preach there when stopping with Sir John Hartopp, Bart. The house, it is stated, nearly adjoined the chapel, and is believed to be the charming old building known now as "The Acacias," facing the end of the Worple Road.

CHAPTER V.

A DESCRIPTION OF WOODCOTE, DURDANS, AND SOME OTHER GREAT HOUSES.

BETWEEN the town itself and the Downs lies that portion of Epsom known as Woodcote—considered as a separate place in the seventeenth century and even now divided from the town by meadows. It is one of those rare spots where one finds a number of seventeenth century houses and mansions with their grounds adjoining one another, so that nothing modern or cheap has been allowed to intrude, Woodcote bearing much the same appearance to-day as it did in 1680. The timber, if magnificent then, is magnificent to-day, the birds, doubtless reduced in numbers, are still well represented, the lanes are still quiet and reposeful, and the houses, in most cases altered and added to, are conspicuous by their appearance of well preserved antiquity.

Woodcote House.

Woodcote Green, with the road on one side rising up to the Common between high banks and great overhanging elms, has on its south side Woodcote House, the seat of the Northeys since the time of Queen Anne and now in the possession of the Rev. Edward William Northey, lord of the manors of Cheam, Ewell, and Cuddington. The first reference to the house in old writings is by Toland, in 1711, who refers to "Sir Edward Northey's on Woodcote Green." This Sir Edward Northey was Attorney General in the reigns of Anne, William III,

and George I, and was the descendant of John Northey, who had lands at Bradwell, in Essex, in the year 1511. There is an oft quoted story concerning Sir Edward on which doubt has been thrown, although there is every possibility of its being true. It states that the first brood of rooks forming the origin of the historic rookery existing in King's Bench Walk in the Temple up till about 1800, was brought from Woodcote by Sir Edward Northey during the reign of Queen Anne.

SIR EDWARD NORTHEY,

Attorney General in the Reigns of Anne, William III, and George I.
From a Photograph of the Painting at Woodcote House.

Of the original Woodcote House only a portion remains, the greater part of the building being of a later date the roofs being slated and the walls covered with stucco. In the dining room hang paintings of Sir Edward Northey and his successors and also a portrait of Queen Anne by Lely. Although surrounded by plenty of trees, the views from the house across the sweeping green valley towards Woodcote Park are very lovely.

Woodcote Park.

The entrance to Woodcote Park is opposite Baron's Pond on Epsom Common, scarcely half-a-mile from Woodcote Green. So surrounded by its splendid trees is the mansion that even in winter scarcely a glimpse of it may be seen outside the limits of the park. Richard Evelyn, brother of John Evelyn, the diarist of Wotton, according to Brayley, was struck with the situation of Woodcote Park, and there seems little doubt that the mansion he built was constructed on the site of the monastic building which at one time stood there, the decorative work by Grinling Gibbons and Verrio being carried out at this time at the suggestion of John Evelyn.

Horton manor, including Woodcote Park, formerly belonged, with the manor of Epsom, to the Abbots of Chertsey, but in the reign of Henry VI the Abbot granted Horton to John Merston and Rose his wife. In 1511 William Merston died, leaving his two daughters Joan and Ursula his co-heirs. Ursula married a Nicholas Myn, one of whose descendants sold the estate to George Mynn, Esq. His only son having died without issue, the Horton property came into the possession of Elizabeth, the elder daughter of George Mynn, who married Richard Evelyn on the 16th of August, 1648. John Evelyn refers to the wedding in his diary under that date. "I went to Woodcote to the wedding of my brother Richard, who married the daughter and coheire of Esquire Minn, lately deceas'd, by which he had a greate estate, both in land and monie, on the death of a brother. The coach in which the bride and the bridegroome were, was overturn'd in coming home, but no harm was done them." In 1655 John Evelyn states that he spent "the rest of Christmas at my brother's, R. Evelyn at Woodcot," and from March 3rd to the 21st, 1670, there are references to the illness and death (on the 7th) of Richard at his "noble seate at Woodcote neere Epsom." On March 21st the entry runs, "we all accompanied the corpse of my dear brother to Epsom Church, where he was decently interr'd in the chapell

Richard Evelyn.

belonging to Woodcote House.* A great number of friends and gentlemen of the country attended, about twenty coaches and six horses and innumerable people."

Elizabeth Evelyn, having survived her husband and children, left the manor of Horton and Woodcote Park to Charles Calvert, fourth Lord Baltimore, an Irish peer, maternally descended from George Mynn of Hertingfordbury, in Hertfordshire. The Baltimores held the property until Frederick, the seventh lord, sold it to a Mr. Monk and left England for the Continent, after the disgraceful affair brought to light at the Kingston Assizes in 1768. Mr. Monk sold the property to a Mr. Nelson, who in 1777 sold it again to Mr. Arthur Cuthbert. Soon after his death in 1788, the Woodcote Park property, separated from that of Horton, was purchased by Mr. Lewis Teissier, a merchant of London, whose son succeeded to the property as Baron de Teissier the title being granted to him by Louis the Eighteenth in 1819 as a lineal descendant of Teissier, Baron de Marguerittes and Marquis de Lagarne in Languedoc.

In 1855 Woodcote Park was bought from Baron de Teissier by Mr. Robert Brooks, whose son, Mr. Herbert Brooks, now holds the property. According to Brayley, Charles, sixth Lord Baltimore, "was founder of the present mansion of Woodcote Park," but although he may have almost entirely rebuilt the place, the "founder" was undoubtedly Richard Evelyn. The front of the house, of stone and stuccoed brick, with its double flight of steps leading to the entrance hall, is very imposing, although the style of architecture is not generally accepted as most adapted to an English landscape. Facing the main entrance and partially encircled on both sides by curving arcades of stone is a circular lawn surrounding a fountain. Above the southern arcade there is a wide lawn of that typical velvety perfection which Americans are just beginning to discover has never been equalled in their own country. The lawn is backed by dense masses of foliage, but there are openings giving a view up the valley towards the

*This refers to Woodcote Park, and not to the seat of the Northeys.

Downs. The house faces this valley and the views from the windows are towards the opposite ridge crowned with plantations of innumerable trees—some splendid scotch firs standing out conspicuously from the rest.

Durdans.

The present building known as Durdans, belonging to the Earl of Rosebery, is not an ancient one, although a succession of houses have stood on approximately the same site since George, thirteenth Lord Berkeley built himself a house from the

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES,
Who at one time resided at Durdans.

materials of Nonsuch Palace, at the time of its demolition by the Duchess of Cleveland between the years 1670 and 1673. But even this may not have been the original "Durdans," for in Evelyn's Diary there is an entry dated August 14th, 1658: "We went to Durdans to a challeng'd match at bowls for 10*l.* which we wonn," and again in 1662 on the 1st of September: "Being invited by Ld. Berkeley, I went to Durdans, Epsom, where dined his Majestie (Charles II), the Queene, Duke, Dutchesse, Prince Rupert, Prince Edward, and

abundance of noblemen. I went after dinner to visit my brother of Woodcot." On the same day Pepys writes, September 1st: "With Sir W. Batten by coach to St. James', this being the first day of our meeting there by the Duke's order; but when we come we found him going out by coach with his Duchess, and he told us he was to go abroad with the Queen to-day to Durdan's, it seems to dine with my Lord Berkely at his seat near Epsom, where I have been very merry when I was a little boy." There was evidently a building called Durdans when Pepys was "a little boy," so that several facts demonstrate that the original house cannot have been the one built by Lord Berkeley. The fact that Pepys spells the name Durdan's seems to point to an owner of some former house, the practice of calling the house after its owner having been so common in the past. Charles II *dined* at Durdans, but there is no authority for stating that he slept there, although if he stopped at Epsom for the night he would most likely have chosen Durdans. Under the date of August 4th, 1665, Evelyn again writes: "On my return from Wotton (whither he had taken his son and tutor for fear of the Plague) I call'd at Durdans, where I found Dr. Wilkins, Sir Wm. Petty, and Mr. Hooke, contriving Chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheele for one to run races in, and other mechanical inventions; perhaps three such persons together were not to be found elsewhere in Europe, for parts and ingenuity."

It was in 1747 that Alderman Belchier had the estate, and it was he who for some unknown reason took down the fine old house built by the Earl of Berkeley, of which a painting is still in existence. Before the new building was finished it was accidentally burnt down in 1755.

Finally the existing house of red brick and stone was built in 1764 and purchased by a Mr. Dalbiac; it passed to Mr. George Blackman in 1799 who sold it in 1819 to Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart., M.P. for the county of Rutland, the property descending to his son, Arthur Heathcote, who died, and from whose cousins and heirs Lord Rosebery purchased it in 1874. Lord Rosebery

MR. ARTHUR HEATHCOTE,
Who succeeded his father, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, in the ownership of Durdans.
From an old Drawing.

has made considerable alterations, including a new entrance hall near the stables and the blocking up of the former one.

The situation of the house on undulating ground flanked by huge trees is very fortunate, while the gardens towards the south lose themselves in a dark strip of woodland in a particularly fascinating manner. At the sides of the gravel walks there are quite a number of yews clipped into all sorts of quaint forms after the attractive style of Dutch gardening.

Facing the road by Woodcote Green there are some picturesque little cottages, a large barn, and a white stuccoed house, the residence of Mrs. Kennerley Rumford—in 1825 occupied by Mr. Richard Harvey and described by Pownall as "an elegant villa replete with comfort." At the corner of the Green, facing three old limes, is a very charming old house with dormer windows in the roof and a wide gable behind. It is known as Woodcote Green House and is occupied by Mrs. Buller. The nearest house to this is Woodcote Place—Mr. A. E. Harter's—at one time the residence of Sir John Jackson. The adjoining house towards the town—it is separated by a little inn and one or two cottages—is Woodcote End House, and its fine old red brick walls and semi-circular porch are at once noticeable. Here, about the year 1780, lived the Rev. Martin Madan, a celebrated preacher and writer. He was born in 1726 at Hertingfordbury near Hertford, his father being groom of the bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales, while his mother was daughter of Spencer Cowper and niece of the Lord Chancellor Cowper. Martin Madan eventually became a popular preacher at the Lock Hospital Chapel in London, but after the publication in 1780 of his famous book, "Thelyphthora," through which he was unjustly accused of countenancing polygamy, he retired from the pulpit. While living at Epsom he used his authority as a magistrate to prevent illegal games in the town during race week. His success in this matter so infuriated the townsfolk that they burnt him in effigy in the High Street where one

The Rev. Martin Madan.

THE "AMATO" INN AT WOODCOTE.

Before "Amato" won the Derby in 1838, this was known as the "Hare and Hounds."

of the pumps now stands. Mr. Madan died at Epsom in 1790, and his memory is preserved in Madan's Lane, a footpath leading from Woodcote Green to the fields by the Ashley Road.

Facing the end of Worple Road where it enters Woodcote, there stand some exceedingly pretty cream-washed cottages covered with flowering creepers and with roses trained round their antique little leaded windows, while a few yards towards Chalk Lane, surrounded and overshadowed by trees, is the "Amato" Inn pictured on previous page. Before Amato won the Derby in 1838, this was known as "The Hare and Hounds." The odd medley of its tiled roofs, its painted wooden walls, and the well outside surrounded by one or two long out-of-date chaises and gigs, are the features most noticeable as one passes beneath its bright red signboard.

Woodcote Grove.

A little further on, Woodcote Grove faces the turning leading to Durdans. There is no doubt at all that this is what Toland refers to as Mount Diston in his "Letter to Eudoxa." Mr. Josiah Diston, who was one of the early Governors of the Bank of England, seems to have built the house for himself some time during the reign of Charles II, and through expensive living and possibly some gaming, he entirely ruined himself, selling the property to a Mr. Garland, the great grandfather of the present Mr. E. W. Garland, who states that the house has been much altered by his father within his own memory, Mr. A. W. Aston who now resides there having carried out further alterations. From the time the Garlands had the property, the place was generally spoken of as "Garland's," so that in time people began to imagine that the house had been given that name. Mr. Garland has, at his London house, a painting of Mr. Diston, probably by Sir Peter Lely, and one of Charles II which came out of Woodcote Grove sold, doubtless, at the same time as the house, for it is understood that the owner was really ruined. As it stands to-day Woodcote Grove is a well designed and conspicuously attractive house. It is constructed of red

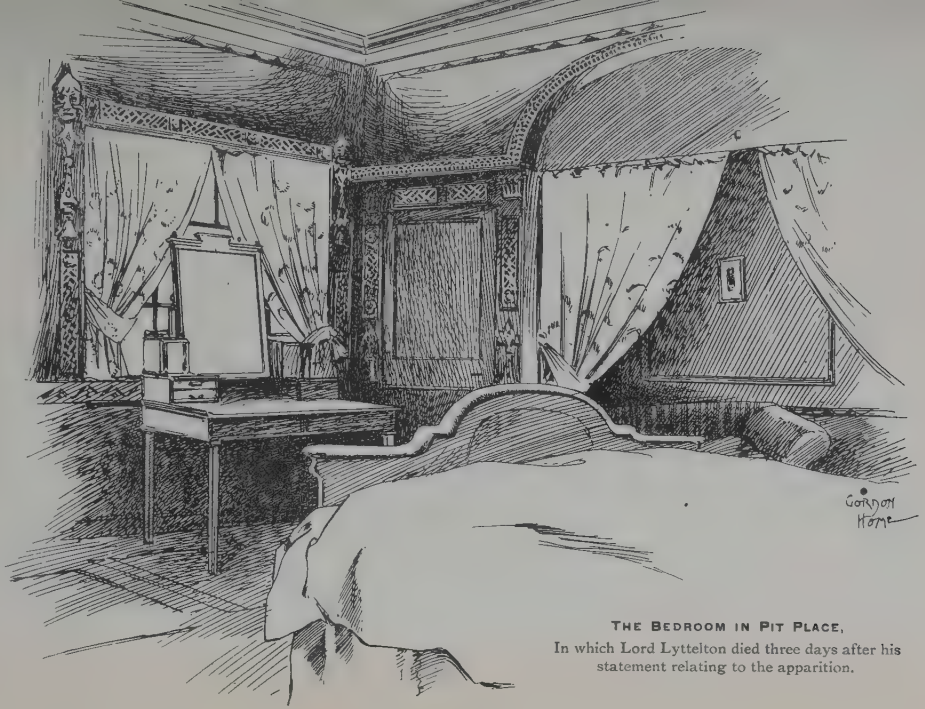
WOODCOTE GROVE.

and yellow brick with bright green jalousie shutters a note of colour seldom striven for and still more rarely attained. The dining room has Mr. Diston's original floor inlaid with dark red tulip wood, and the entrance hall has a fine old fire-grate dating from the 17th century. Some of the walls are remarkable, those of the circular staircase being five feet six inches thick. But still more astonishing are the huge vault-like cellars beneath the drive in front of the house and also at the back. They are far too commodious for ordinary purposes and their curious recesses and alcoves seem to point unerringly to the smuggling days when such quantities of "run" goods found their way up the Portsmouth Road and into the houses of so many Surrey towns. Some of the bedrooms have small alcoves, which were probably used for powdering. From the back of Woodcote Grove runs a fine double avenue of elms, terminating at a bend in the Worple Road, but whether this was ever connected with any of the other avenues in the town it is impossible to say.

Pit Place.

Close to the Parish Church of Epsom stands Pit Place, belonging to Mr. W. E. Bagshaw, an exceptionally interesting house on account of the quantity of carved stonework brought from Nonsuch Palace and also for its holding the room in which the dissolute Thomas, second Baron Lyttelton, died under such portentous circumstances.

Pit Place was, it seems, originally a small farmhouse, standing in a huge chalk pit, and various owners added to it in such a manner as to make one of the most unusually arranged dwellings in Epsom. The central portion has comparatively low ceilings and walls of prodigious thickness, while the drawing room is extremely lofty with walls of moderate proportions. Much of the interior woodwork is richly carved, especially in the bedroom in which Lord Lyttelton died, where grotesque masks and fretted panels are inserted around the windows and doors. The alcove behind the curtains shown in the drawing reproduced here, was in Lord Lyttelton's time shut off by folding doors, but otherwise the room is practically untouched, although there is



THE BEDROOM IN PIT PLACE,
In which Lord Lyttelton died three days after his statement relating to the apparition.

unfortunately none of the old furniture left. It was on Nov. 26th, 1779, that Lord Lyttelton terminated his career at Pit Place, and the circumstances attending it are so remarkable that I quote at length the account written by a gentleman who was visiting him at the time :—

"I was at Pit Place, Epsom, when Lord Lyttelton died. Lord Fortescue, Lady Flood, and the two Miss Amphletts, were also present. Lord Lyttelton had not long been returned from Ireland, and frequently had been seized with suffocating fits; he was attacked several times by them in the course of the preceding month, while he was at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. It happened that he dreamt, three days before his death, that he saw a fluttering bird, and afterwards that a Woman appeared to him in white apparel, and said to him, 'Prepare to die; you will not exist three days.' His lordship was much alarmed, and called to a servant from a closet adjoining, who found him much agitated, and in a profuse perspiration : the circumstance had a considerable effect all the next day on his lordship's spirits. On the third day, while his lordship was at breakfast with the above personages, he said, 'If I live over to-night, I shall have jockied the ghost, for this is the third day.' The whole party presently set off for Pit Place, where they had not long arrived before his lordship was visited by one of his accustomed fits : after a short interval he recovered. He dined at five o'clock that day, and went to bed at eleven, when his servant was about to give him rhubarb and mint-water; but his lordship, perceiving him stirring it with a toothpick, called him a slovenly dog, and bid him go and fetch a teaspoon. On the man's return he found his master in a fit, and the pillow being placed high, his chin bore hard upon his neck : when the servant, instead of relieving his lordship on the instant from his perilous situation, ran, in his fright, and called out for help; but on his return he found his lordship dead."

CHAPTER VI.

CONCERNING SOME WORTHIES OF EPSOM.

SO many personages of varying degrees of historic importance have lived in Epsom, that to give a separate account of each would fill many volumes. I have therefore been obliged to refer briefly to most of the notable residents in the chapter dealing with the houses in which they dwelt.

George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

The White House, or, as it was formerly known, Haswell House, in Waterloo Road, was for a time, according to Swete's Handbook of Epsom, published about forty years ago, the abode of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) and his much-injured wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert. It is a quaint and picturesque house, looking smaller than it really is on account of its being a little lower than the level of the road. Before the railway came, the views from the windows across the meadows towards Horton must have been very charming, but now they are limited to the station and embankment of the South Western Railway. In the memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert by the Hon. Charles Langdale (1856), there is no reference to Epsom, but so very few details of places are given there that one need not, on that account, consider it a mere fable. Lord Stourton in his narrative of the intercourse between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince, says that for several years they were extremely poor, and on one occasion, when returning from Brighton to London, they mustered their common means and

could not raise £5 between them. The size of the house, therefore, need not be considered an obstacle to the acceptance of the statement of the old guide book writer.

Sharon Turner.

This same authority points out the "White House" as being at a later period the residence of Sharon Turner. William Jerdan in his "Men I have known," says, "Once, when I went to see him in a quiet retreat from the busy

THE PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS GEORGE IV.
Who is believed to have stopped at Epsom with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

world, at Epsom, he gave me a volume of which few of my readers have probably heard;" but beyond this I have been unable to trace any further reference to Epsom. That Turner lived in Epsom is a fact, and that he lived in the "White House" is exceedingly probable, Swete's Handbook being published so near to the period of the author's fame that a mistake was not likely to occur.

Sharon Turner was the first to explore, for historical purposes, the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts in the Cottonian Library. In 1799, after sixteen years of study, he produced the first portion of his "History of England from the earliest period to the Norman Conquest." The work was a complete revelation, receiving the commendation of Palgrave in the "Edinburgh Review," and Southey was of opinion "that so much information

was probably never laid before the public in one historical publication."

Mrs. Mapp, the Bone Setter.

At the time of the decline of the Wells as a popular resort, a very grotesque figure appeared at Epsom. She is generally known as Mrs. Mapp the "Bone-setter" or "Shape-mistress." Her father, whose name was Wallin, was a bone-setter at Hindon in Wiltshire. Manning calls her the "sister of that Polly Peachum who was married to the Duke of Bolton," but Brayley proves this to be an error. Leaving her father's house

MRS. MAPP, THE REMARKABLE BONE-SETTER OF EPSOM.

From Hogarth's Picture, "The Undertakers' Arms."
Mrs. Mapp is the centre figure. She is for some obscure reason shown in a harlequin's attire.

on account of some quarrel, Sally Wallin wandered from place to place, calling herself Crazy Sally and affecting insanity. Her rambles brought her to Epsom, and her skill in setting disjointed limbs soon spread to London, for in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July, 1736 (p. 422), she is mentioned as a "strolling woman, now at *Epsom*, who calls herself *Crazy Sally;* and had perform'd cures in Bone-setting to admiration and occasion'd so great a resort, that the town offered her

100 Guineas to continue there a year." Another reference (in August, 1736) says, "The cures performed by the woman Bonesetter of *Epsom* are too many to be enumerated: Her Bandages are extraordinary neat, and her dexterity in reducing dislocations and setting of fractured Bones wonderful. . . . The money she got procured her a Husband; but he did not stay with her above a Fortnight, and then went off with 100 guineas." This husband was a Mr. Hill Mapp, a footman to a mercer on Ludgate Hill.

Not long after her marriage Mrs. Mapp left Epsom and took lodgings in Pall Mall, but on December 10th, 1737, scarcely sixteen months later, she died "at her lodgings near Seven Dials, so miserably poor that the parish were obliged to bury her."

On one occasion, it is said, some surgeons who doubted her skill sent an impostor to have his wrist set. Mrs. Mapp found the limb quite sound, but by giving it a sudden wrench, she actually put it out of joint and told him "to go to the fools who sent him, and get his wrist set again; or if he would come that day month she would do it herself." In a little publication entitled "Leatherhead and its Legends," the Rev. S. N. Sedgwick has woven an account of this remarkable woman into a very absorbing little narrative. It is not all fact, but it illumines the period in a remarkable way.

John Toland.

John Toland, to whom we owe that valuable account of Epsom at the commencement of the eighteenth century quoted in a previous chapter, took a house on Woodcote Green in 1710. Whether the house still stands or where it stood is unknown. The only building at all possible seems to be Woodcote Green House.

Leigh Hunt.

A little cottage near the South Western Station and immediately adjoining the archway through which the footpath leads to Horton, was, it is stated, often visited by Leigh Hunt.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE DOWNS BECAME FAMOUS FOR HORSE-RACING.

THERE seems little doubt that James I, during his occasional residences at Nonsuch Palace, held the earliest horse races on Epsom Downs, in those days called Banstead Downs. It was for foot races, however, that they first became famous, Pepys in his diary referring to them as being frequently held. In those days every family of importance had one or more "running footmen," and it became a common practice to set them to run races.

The Origin of the Races.

The suitability of the ground, with its short close turf, seems to have made the Downs a permanently favoured spot, for during the time of the Commonwealth horse races were held frequently enough to be used as a cloak for the meeting of large bodies of Royalists. Clarendon in his "History of the Rebellion" says, "Soon after the meeting which was held at Guildford, 18th May, 1648, to address the two houses of Parliament, that the King, their only lawful Sovereign, might be restored to his due honours . . . . a meeting of the Royalists was held on Banstead (Epsom) Downs under the pretence of a horse race, and six hundred horse were collected and marched to Reigate."

At the Restoration came the immense popularity of Epsom as a watering place, and the throng of fashionable people naturally seized upon the races as an excellent means of passing their long days of idleness.

COURSING ON EPSOM DOWNS. *Photographed by J. C. Tillett, of Epsom.*

From an old coloured Print in the possession of Mr. A. W. Aston.

The drawing was made from Tattenham Corner before the Grand Stand was built, and when only the first portion of the Course was enclosed.

The races were now and had been for some time conducted nearly in the same style in essentials as the present day, but a silver bell was usually the prize. The origin of this custom is given in Hone's "Every day Book." "In 1609 or 1610, Mr. William Lester, mercer, being Mayor of Chester, did cause three silver bells to be made, of good value, which bells he appointed to be run for with horses." An excellent picture of the Downs on Race days as long ago as 1735 can be conjured up from the *Bath, Bristol, Tunbridge and Epsom Miscellany*. The lines are by an anonymous writer and commence :—

> On Epsom Downs when Racing does begin,
> Large companies from every part come in,
> Tag rag and Bob-tail, Lords and Ladies meet,
> And, Squires without Estates, each other greet.

Hawking was at one time a common practice on the Downs, where there was once a spot known as "The Hawkery." Races have been held on the Downs, annually, since 1730, but their immense popularity after the decline of Epsom as a watering place did not commence until 1779. In that year the "Oaks" was instituted, receiving its name from "The Oaks," the seat of the Earl of Derby at Banstead. The "Derby," deriving its name from the same great patron of the turf, was first run in 1780. Between the Grand Stand and Sherwood's stables traces of the old betting ring may be seen on the turf, while the position of the "ride," the "Rotten Row" of Epsom in its palmy days, is indicated by the more vivid greenness of the grass between the Grand Stand, the "Derby Arms" and the rifle butts.

Institution of the "Oaks" and the "Derby."

At the end of the eighteenth century meetings of the Royal Surrey Bowmen used to take place on Epsom Downs. A print of one of the meetings of these archers is given in the *Home Counties' Magazine* for October, 1900. It was in 1828 that a Doncaster man named Charles Bluck applied for an acre of land on which to erect a Grand Stand. Having permission from the Lord

The Grand Stand.

of the Manor the present building was constructed in 1829, at a cost of £20,000. In 1886 it was considerably enlarged, and another addition was only finished in 1900. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria on her visit to the Epsom Races with Prince Albert in 1840, drove through a grassy avenue in Woodcote Park, reaching the Downs in privacy, and at the same time enjoying the rich scenery of the Park.

The breezy slopes of the Downs are invaded by the motley crowds at two seasons of the year, for the "Spring" meeting, and at the end of May or the beginning of June for the "Derby." An autumn meeting was tried for a few years, but has been abandoned.

The Invasion of Gipsies.

For weeks before the date of the races the picturesque but unsavoury collection of gipsy encampments commence to accumulate on the portion of the Downs allotted to them. The caravans come from the remotest corners of England, some of the swarthy occupants having remarkably Egyptian features. Special policemen are told off to prevent disturbances among the nomads, and every one of them is obliged to leave the Downs during the day following the races.

Epsom on Race Days.

Great care is taken by the Urban District Council to prevent infectious diseases from being imported into the town during the incursion of the unholy mob, and the streets are frequently watered with disinfectants.

People on foot and in small traps begin to arrive as early as eight in the morning, and by ten an almost continuous stream of vehicles raise clouds of white dust over each of the approaches to the Downs. Later on the roads become one solid line of coaches, brakes, wagonettes and miscellaneous coster carts. The four railway routes bring their swarms of folk; those who come to the stations in the town generally driving up in wagonettes, the coachmen attracting passengers by the familiar cry of "Bob a nob to the Downs."

The scene on the race-course has been described too often to require any full account here, and Frith's

THE GRAND STAND. *Photographed by Chester Vaughan.*

The scene in front of the Grand Stand on Epsom Downs on a "Derby" Day.

celebrated picture in the Tate Gallery gives an excellent idea of the enormous and picturesque assemblage.

One of the most remarkable features exists in the innumerable temporary wooden erections on the great slope opposite the Grand Stand. It is an enormous city of placarded booths everywhere blazing with colour. From Tattenham Corner there is always a good and comprehensive view of the scene without the unpleasantness of a crowd.

An old and very much respected tradesman of Epsom now holds the record of having seen the Derby run for more consecutive years than anyone living. Mr. Dearle, who is eighty-three years of age, is a tallow chandler, and carries on his business in a picturesque little shop in the High Street. He has now seen the famous race seventy-five times. In an interview published in a London daily paper he is represented to have said, "I believe I am the only man living now who has seen so many Derbies running. Old Joshua Aynes, a butcher of Walham Green, saw seventy-five Derby days, and when Lord Rosebery won with Ladas he sent him a five-pound note. But Aynes is dead now."

The Downs.

But of the Downs themselves nothing has yet been said. The spirit of them is so admirably rendered by Mr. Martin Tupper, that his lines may well be quoted here :—

"MY EPSOM RIDE.

"Pencilled in the saddle on a blank sheet of paper, May 28th, 1857, on going from Albury over the Downs to the Derby.

"The breezy downs and a spirited horse,
And the honeyed breath of the golden gorse,
And tinkling bells of the bleating ewes,
And a bright panorama of changing views,
And all that is peaceful and cheerful beside,
Oh, these I get in my Epsom ride."

The "changing views" are very extensive, Epsom Downs being over 500 feet above sea level. To the north one looks across the town and the clay hills at Chessington, and beyond the Thames, right away to

distant hills where the chalk passing beneath London, crops out at Wantage, St. Albans, and Hertford. Westwards the country is beautifully wooded, the foliage of Woodcote Park melting away imperceptibly towards Leatherhead and Cobham, and even Windsor Castle is visible in clear weather.

To the south are Walton Downs and the wooded heights of Headley, with the spire of its church cutting into the horizon. It is a beautiful view of steep hills embowered in trees, and is perhaps loveliest under a heavy cloud-laden sky, when great indigo lines of cumulus come rolling across the hills, blotting out all but the boldest features of the landscape. Banstead and the delicious valley near Nork Park are hidden from view by the larch coppices at Buckle's Gap.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE COUNTRY BEYOND THE DOWNS IS DESCRIBED.

FROM the upper windows of the houses of Epsom the view southwards is limited to the bare green ramparts of the Downs, broken only by the grand stand, the stunted Scotch firs and the larch plantations at Tattenham corner. Beyond is a view towards Walton-on-the-Hill and Headley, which is always a refreshing sight after the bleakness of the Downs, and never fails to receive the eulogies of journalists who come down for the races.

Langley Bottom.

Looking south-west from near the grand stand, a hollow among the hills, known as Langley Bottom, runs along the margin of Woodcote Park. The Ermyn Street—a Roman road takes one along one side of this valley, and by keeping to the left one is led up to a finger-post, where roads diverge in four directions. It is a good road only as far as the first turning to the right; beyond that point it is mainly rough and grassy, gradually becoming entirely grass-grown. Keeping a straight course, it seems to lose itself on Mickleham or Cherkley Down, and only debouches upon the main Dorking or Leatherhead road near Juniper Hall in the form of a rough water-worn path. No doubt the Ermyn Street joined itself with the Stane Street, which runs in a perfectly straight line through Ockley, formerly joining Horsham and Dorking. At the four ways before mentioned, the turning to the left as one approaches from Langley

Bottom leads to Headley—that to the right to Ashtead Park. The Headley road is quite open on the right, and the altitude of 370 feet at this point gives wide views over the steadily rising hills to the south, and down the valley to many miles of country beyond Ashtead in the opposite direction. Scarcely a quarter of a mile from the finger-post, a road branches off to the right, running across the open arable land like a biscuit-coloured ribbon, without hedge or ditch on either side, until it disappears between hedges just where the ground commences to rise nearly 200 feet to the village of Headley. The lane to the right passes a picturesque farmstead at the turning to Walton, but brings one to the same destination as that to the left. Although it entails a longer hill, this turning to the right is extremely pretty on account of its steep banks of ruddy-coloured soil, picturesquely overgrown with ivy, hollies, bracken and a hundred other woodland plants. Emerging from the deep portion of the lane, Mr. Walter Cunliffe's house, Headley Court, appears across an intervening depression. It is a stately, red brick, modern structure, with many tiled gables and well-designed chimneys; it is, indeed, of that class of sober red brick Tudor house which seems to belong to England's soil more than any other style. Headley Park, the residence of Mr. John Newton Mappin, stands on the left, but much nearer the road. In its present newness of aspect it is a little startling in its black and white half-timbered gable ends and its mixture of tiles, slate and red brick, with white paint on most of the woodwork (there is no disparagement of white paint intended); but the healing hand of time will doubtless subdue the various contrasting materials, and produce a harmony which does not exist at present.

After a bend in the road, an extremely picturesque and leafy little corner appears. Steep grassy banks, the village forge, and a great hoary elm on a triangular patch of green, are some of the chief features. Climbing still further between high shady banks of what is known as Oyster Hill, from the fossil oysters discovered there, the road reaches the highest point by the church

and the little cluster of cottages constituting the nucleus of the village of Headley. The "Cock" Inn hangs out a sign opposite the little shop where most necessities can be bought from groceries to postal orders. Close to the churchyard there is a tiny piece of water, and facing one is the church tower, surmounted by its ponderous shingled spire, which is such a landmark from Epsom Downs. The entire building, designed by Mr. G. E. Street, and dedicated to St. Mary, dates from 1853-4, when the old building was pulled down. Its site is marked by a double row of clipped yews (planted where the pillars stood), a little to the south of the new church. The other remains of the former building, consisting of odd pieces of stone, are built into the form of a grotto over the vault where lie the remains of the Rev. Ferdinand Faithfull, a former rector. He was father of Emily Faithfull, who was born at Headley Rectory, and died in May, 1895. Her active interest in the condition of working women led her to found a printing establishment, where women were employed as compositors. Queen Victoria so approved of her work that she appointed Miss Faithfull printer and publisher in ordinary to Her Majesty.

Headley Church.

Owing to the exposed position, the stone of the new structure is weathering rapidly, although the flint work retains its newness through the same cause. The roofs are slate and the spire is shingled, but the three lych gates, also modern, are covered with Horsham slabs, and are quite an ornament to the graveyard. Inside, the building seems chiefly remarkable for its length, emphasised if one enters through the tower, which stands at the west end of the aisleless nave. In the chancel, recently wainscoted with oak, there is a carved oak chair, presented by Mr. Walter Cunliffe, of Headley Court, in 1893, and a painted triptych beneath the east window to Charles Timberlake Harrison, dated 1895. The window at the east of the north wall of the chancel is to the memory of the Hon. Mary Greville Howard. "She was sometime patron of the living, and a constant benefactor to the church and parish."

HEADLEY HEATH.

The view looking westwards across the valley of the Mole, showing the spire of Ranmore Church on the horizon.

Upon the breezy heath a little way beyond the church, one of those wide views offered at intervals from one end of the North Downs to the other, spreads itself out towards the west. One looks across the purple heather and bright green bracken to a horizon formed by the wooded heights above the valley of the Mole with the spire of Ranmore Church a conspicuous landmark. From here as from every other point of view this valley has the subtle charm of closely timbered country, and there is further contentment for those who regret the fate of Hindhead in the absence of any new buildings. Indeed the only buildings in sight are The White House, a comfortable, unpretentious, stuccoed house overlooking the heath, and High Ashurst whose chimney stacks peep out from the surrounding trees. Southward a road crosses the heath, leading to Box Hill if one keeps to the right passing a gate into the woods crowning the Betchworth Hills. From Betchworth Clump, a coppice occupying one of the highest points, there is a wide and interesting view towards the south, but the surface of the country at one's feet is unpleasantly disturbed by some quarries. Turning towards Walton-on-the-Hill, a bend in the road suddenly reveals a dark green abyss down which a road has had the audacity to climb. To any but Alpine cyclists this Pebble Hill is impossible for riding, to wheel a bicycle down between the steep banks and overarching trees being a sufficiently awkward undertaking. Close to the hill and hidden in summer by the dense foliage, is Pebblecombe, a large modern house. Avoiding Pebble Hill, the lane leads past Frith Park and out on to Walton Heath. Across this plateau of light green bracken and dark green gorse runs the main road to Banstead and Sutton, with wide views on every side. A turning on the left leads into a less frequented road and brings one into the village of Walton-on-the-Hill.

Headley Heath.

Pebble Hill.

The church, with its red-capped tower overlooking the triangular patch of green, has such a new external appearance that one would never expect to find that it contained a remarkable late Norman leaden font. It

consists of a circular drum of cast lead, resting on a stone column. A number of Norman arches occupied by saints in a sitting posture, run round the leaden basin and give it a very rich appearance. There are traces of the hinge

Walton-on-the-Hill.

THE REMARKABLE LEADEN FONT OF THE LATE NORMAN PERIOD IN WALTON-ON-THE-HILL CHURCH.

and fastening of the wooden cover which has disappeared. At Brookland, in Romney Marsh, there is a similar font to this one with figures illustrating the months, and in the church of St. Evroult de Montfort, near Rouen, there is another, showing figures of the

months and of the Zodiac. Altogether there are just thirty of these leaden fonts in this country, all of them dating from about the end of the eleventh century.

In plan the church, which is dedicated to St. Peter, consists of a nave and chancel with a wide north aisle, separated by an arcade of two arches which was added in 1870. The tower at the west end of the nave containing a small gallery took the place of an old wooden one, probably similar to that of Great Bookham, about the year 1820. Of this new tower, however, only the lower portion remains, for in 1896 the upper part, built in three stages and ornamented with pinnacles, came down to make way for a more simple style. The nave was rebuilt at the expense of the parish about the year 1820, so that the chancel is now the only portion of the 13th century church remaining. Although restored, it fortunately preserves on the outside of the north wall the recessed tomb of the founder, John de Walton.

The oak screen was placed between the nave and chancel by Mrs. Tanqueray in 1887 in memory of her husband. Twenty or more odd pieces of painted glass are preserved in a window in the south wall of the nave. Facing the font is a chained Bible, dated 1803, upon a reading desk which is of modern construction, and, although one or two pieces of the carved oak upon it are old, they have been placed in the church comparatively recently. The chain was brought from Salisbury Cathedral, where it had for several years been used for a similar purpose.

Both the green outside the church and the village street are green and shady, but one would willingly see fewer broken down walls and unkempt gardens, for these things detract much from the charm of an otherwise perfectly situated village.

Walton Place stands near the church. It is an ancient and an interesting house, having very solid walls as well as fine chimney stacks and buttresses. Anne of Cleves lived here after her separation from Henry the Eighth, and Brayley states that prior to 1785 the building contained a chapel, having a stone pulpit. This was the chapel of the Monastery which formerly stood

here. The chapel exists to-day, but it has been divided into two floors, and so modernised that one can scarcely recognise the monastic building.

At the time of the Norman invasion Walton-on-the-Hill was simply Waltone, the last three words being more or less modern to distinguish it from

On Walton Heath.
From the Reigate Road, looking westwards.

Walton-on-Thames and Walton-on-the-Naze. Salmon in his antiquities of Surrey (1736), says, "I believe it owes its name to that earth-work which is seen on the Downs above Mickleham, pointing one way towards Lethered, the other towards Walton by the end of

Pebble Lane. This seems to have been a British or Saxon Limit for division of the country, and probably runs through some part of Walton which may be defaced with ploughing."

The extensive and wind-swept heath is exceptionally beautiful when the heather is in bloom, and the view southwards extends from beyond Reigate to Box Hill. Dominating the ridge there still stands a windmill which adds much to the picturesqueness of these downs. There was a mill at Walton-on-the-Hill in the reign of Edward I, and the present one possibly stands on the site of its predecessor, built about six hundred years ago.

Tadworth Court, near the junction of the Dorking and Reigate roads, was the home of Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England. He died on August 10th, 1900, and is buried in the southern portion of Epsom Cemetery.

Kingswood.

If one passes along the high road towards Reigate the modern church of Kingswood is passed among the trees on the left, the stone spire being visible from all over the heath. Kingswood Warren, the seat of Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P., is hidden by the trees a little to the west. About a half a mile beyond the church a turning on the same side leads through a valley chiefly occupied with plough lands to the out-of-the-way little green by Chipstead Church. The green, always quiet and reposeful, is never dusty even late in the summer, for there is too little traffic to disturb the surface of the road. Not only is the green surrounded by fine trees but the lanes leading up to it and the churchyard itself are full of fine timber. The pretty lych gate, the dark yew tree, and the perfect little cruciform building form an ideal picture of the old English church. In the steeply sloping graveyard

Chipstead Church.

> "The very graves appeared to smile,
> So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells."

And the views of the green hills towards the east are seen through a framework of elm leaves. The central

CHIPSTEAD CHURCH,
A Norman Cruciform Building.

tower of the church, which is dedicated to St. Margaret, is heavy and low. It bears the date 1631 on the west side of its parapet, although the greater part of both tower and chancel date from about the year 1132. The nave is Norman, being divided from the aisles by arcades of pointed arches resting on circular pillars. Small lancet windows light the building so that the interior is generally dim to emphasising the height of the massive stone vaulting which supports the tower. Across the chancel runs an old oak screen, bearing the royal arms, where in former times the rood was placed. From the south side of the chancel is suspended a tattered banner beneath a helmet surmounted by the crest of the Stephens family of Epsom, to whom there are some memorial slabs in the floor. On the opposite side of the chancel there is a piscina, and in the north wall of the north transept are two aumries, one of them fitted with a shelf. Another aumry is in the south transept. The font has an octagonal basin decorated with flamboyant tracery, supported on a thick circular base. The six-sided carved oak pulpit and the reading desk are Jacobean. On the south side of the nave there are three little blocked up clerestory windows.

Sir Edward Banks.

The most interesting memorial in the church is to the memory of Sir Edward Banks, the builder of three of the most important bridges across the Thames, Waterloo, London and Southwark.

The road leading towards Epsom is flanked and overshadowed by huge beeches and elms—the crossroads near Shabden Park being beautifully wooded. In the late autumn these unfrequented lanes at Chipstead bring one in touch with those ideal golden autumns so constantly depicted at the Royal Academy Exhibitions.

Shabden Park, where Mr. Wentworth H. A. E. Cattley lives, stands close to the road. It is a modern house with a steep tiled roof and stone walls picturesquely hidden by creepers. From the house and from the roadway there are views over the wooded valley in which Kingswood lies. The cottages on the right as one approaches the village were built in 1871, although at a first glance

they might be taken to be two centuries old. A little further on there is a roadside pond overhung by trees, with some fine old barns appearing a little way off "hull down" as it were over the slope of the hill. Beyond the pond the road forks by the "White Hart Inn," which is not pretty in itself but is surrounded with over-arching elms. On a hot summer's morning this is a cool spot where one may look out between the trees on to the glaring yellow sunshine.

THE WELL HOUSE AT BANSTEAD.

From Chipstead there are two ways of reaching Banstead through pretty upland country. The interests of the village centre in the church, for the average cottage is commonplace, and beyond the curious little well-house on its patch of grass by the roadside, and the "Woolpack Inn," with its lovely old garden, there is little to attract attention, unless it be a peep of a fine old red brick house over high walls or hedges. All Saints—the parish church—has flint walls, the tower stands at the west end, and is surmounted by a sharp shingled spire, which is slightly out of perpendicular. There are nave, chancel, and two aisles extending on each side of the chancel in the form of chapels. After one is accustomed to the dim light of the interior, it becomes apparent that the walls are covered with stencilling and texts. The aisles are

Banstead.

divided from the nave by arcades of pointed arches. The arch adjoining the chancel is lower than the remainder and has been cut into in a remarkable fashion, and a pillar on the south side of the chancel has its base

BANSTEAD CHURCH FROM THE WEST.

sunk below the level of the floor just by a modern oak screen cutting off the south chapel.

Burgh Heath is on the dusty main road between Sutton and Reigate, its little collection of cottages and

shops being of little interest, although the heath joining that of Walton without any perceptible break is on the whole a pretty spot. North-westward runs the road to Epsom, which, crossing the Downs, eventually becomes Church Street. Before it reaches Epsom Downs, it passes Nork Park, the seat of Mrs. Colman. The house is closely surrounded by trees except on the north side, where it has a very wide view right across the valley of the Thames. Christopher Buckle built the house some time previous to his death in 1759. His grandson, another Christopher Buckle, sold the property in 1812 to the Rt. Hon. Charles George Percival, 2nd Baron Arden, whose widow continued to reside at Nork Park after his death.

The road to Walton-on-the-Hill, which passes close to Tattenham Corner, is not so rural now as formerly through the unhealed scar of the branch line of the South Eastern and Chatham stretching across the green hills. A handful of new houses have been placed by one of the stupendous embankments of chalky soil. The embankments and cuttings will soon become part of the surrounding country and from most points of view invisible, but the group of houses do not add to the charm of this strip of country.

CHAPTER IX.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY WEST OF THE TOWN.

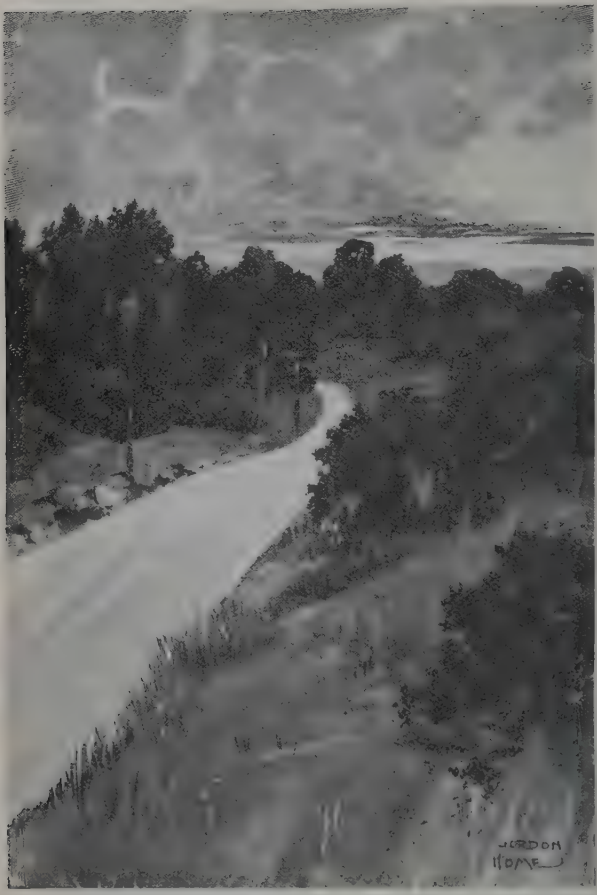
ALONG the whole of the western side of Epsom the Common is spread over a delightful strip of upland country, wooded where it adjoins Woodcote Park, and elsewhere covered with gorse, bracken and brambles. The Dorking Road crosses the centre of this breezy waste land, and then plunges precipitously downwards towards Ashtead. It is a pretty view from the top of the hill, with the white road running away from one's feet and disappearing at a bend among the trees below. Above and beyond the dark masses of foliage in Ashtead Park there also appears a distant blue horizon formed by the downs above Dorking, and stretching from Ranmore Common up the beautiful valley of the Mole towards Leatherhead. Parallel with the Dorking Road run the united South Western and London and Brighton lines, severing the Common with a cutting and an embankment. There is, however, a road bridge leading up towards "The Wells," the residence whose grounds hold the old wells. A windmill formerly stood near the lodge of the house, and old inhabitants of Epsom still remember it, but it was unfortunately destroyed by fire on an "Oaks" day many years ago. From this part of the Common one looks down towards Christ Church and the cottages and pond of Stamford Green. The smallest of this little collection of dwellings is little more than a wooden cabin. Round

Epsom Common.

about the pond it is quietly picturesque, and the flock of white geese do their best to brighten the little green. From the pond the deep blue-green gorse of the Common forms the horizon to the west, but northwards the wooded acres of Horton Manor are marred by the tower of the new Asylum.

The road by the pond leads into West Hill in one direction, and the other way passing Christ Church brings one to a portion of the Common nearly two hundred and fifty feet above sea level, with views over a delightful forest-like stretch of country. Right away to the left are the heavily-timbered undulations of Ashtead and Woodcote Parks, imperceptibly running off into the woods at the limits of the Common, and continued in the Ashtead Woods, Pachesham Park and Telegraph Hill, while against the blue horizon appears the outline of Oxshott's beautiful and desolate common.

Half-a-mile further on, having passed on the left some pieces of water known as the "Stew Ponds," the road leaves the Common and runs between the hedges of Rushet Lane until it enters at right angles the Kingston and Leatherhead turnpike road, with a rough grassy lane on the opposite side, still leading westward and emerging near Cobham and Stoke D'Abernon Station three-quarters of a mile from Oxshott. Another and more convenient way to reach the village is by keeping to the main road, passing a small pottery on the right and a very quaint little inn, "The Fox and Hounds," on the left. Wide belts of grass on either side dotted with furze bushes give the road an interesting appearance, but it is a popular route for the dust-raising and scorching cyclist, and should be avoided on Saturday afternoons. After two miles there appears on the right a gate and direction post to Stoke D'Abernon and Oxshott. It is a right of way cutting through a triangular piece of land between this and the lane to Esher from Leatherhead. A little way inside the gate there is a signally interesting view up the valley of the Mole, with the wild country on the Downs by Mickleham and Headley very conspicuous. Passing through the gate at the other end of this short cut and



THE DORKING ROAD

Where it crosses Epsom Common, looking towards Ashtead.

turning to the right, the village of Oxshott lies just a mile to the north-west. The usual centre of interest is missing here, for Oxshott has no church, and it is doubtless for this reason that Surrey historians completely ignore the place; even Murray's latest edition merely mentions the railway station. But although the church is missing, there is undoubtedly a village here with two inns. The "Queen Victoria" has been renovated or rebuilt and

Oxshott Village.

IN OXSHOTT VILLAGE.

is not of any interest, while the "Bear" is a quaint little place with a pretty view from its windows, for Oxshott, be it remembered, is an upland hamlet. The triangular little green is a pleasant spot, with big trees and a fine farm as the prominent features. An iron building—the Parochial School overlooking the Green—is used for a service in connection with Stoke D'Abernon on Sunday evenings, but it is possible that this will be replaced by a more permanent building.

Of Stoke D'Abernon and its interesting church, and of the other villages and manorial seats in the

neighbourhood of Leatherhead, this book does not propose to treat. Another Homeland Handbook will doubtless be issued dealing with this delightful district.

The prettiest route to Ashtead is by way of Woodcote Green, up the hill on to the Common, and then by the road skirting Woodcote Park. Just before leaving the Common a fair-sized piece of water known as Baron's Pond lies on the right side of the road. It is a secluded spot, surrounded by bushes and sedgy ground, and the sunsets reproduced on the surface of the water are often of the loveliest. The pond received its name from Baron De Teissier who formerly resided at Woodcote Park.

Half-a-mile from the pond there is a yawning chalk pit, with the road to Headley winding up one side of it, while that to Ashtead starts off in much the same direction but immediately alters its mind, swinging sharply round and leading straight up to the gates of Ashtead Park. A cottage just inside this entrance bears over its doorway a sundial dated 1734. The public may use the main avenue through the grounds, but are of course obliged to keep to it strictly. From the road the views extend across the grassy slopes, dotted with splendidly grown oaks, walnuts, elms and Spanish chestnuts, to the house—a comparatively modern building of white brick and stone. It is built in the form of a large square, with a portico and a wide terrace on the north side. From this terrace there is a delightful view over the park—about 140 acres in extent—the ground gradually falling away towards the lake. A fine herd of deer is generally to be seen grazing in the shade of the trees.

Ashtead Park.

The present house took the place of Sir Robert Howard's one nearly a hundred years ago, and is now the seat of Mr. Pantia Ralli.

The Church, dedicated to St. Giles, is so hidden by the trees of the Park that it is not easy for a stranger to find, especially as the gates of the approach are similar to those of the Park, and do not in any way suggest the proximity of

Ashtead Church.

a church. Passing up the avenue, the very solid battlemented and spireless tower comes into view. Its walls are of a yellowish plaster with stone dressings, and traces of red brickwork appearing in places, giving the building a welcome touch of colour. The roofs are entirely covered with Horsham slabs, and the other walls are of open flint work. A fine old yew occupies a prominent position by the tower, and all round the grave-yard there are splendid trees, where rooks and jackdaws squabble and caw from early dawn.

ASHTEAD CHURCH.
It stands on the site of a Roman Camp.

Wood-pigeons, too, are plentiful, and if one is quietly hidden for a time scores of rabbits will come out and feed at the head of the avenue.

By a winding stone staircase in the corner turret of the tower the roof may be reached, and the climb is

worth the trouble if the day be fine, for there is an unusually rich sylvan view above the tree tops. The eight bells were cast in 1873. The Church itself consists of a nave, a chancel, a north transept of considerable size and a north chapel, the roofs of each being very beautiful. The panelling is of Havannah cedar, while the arches rest on carved wooden figures of angels — standing, and each holding a scroll of parchment. All the pews, formerly of Australian cedar, were exchanged for oak in 1891 ; the pulpit—a modern one—is of finely carved oak ; the font—"ancient" according to Brayley —is hexagonal, with the basin carved with quatrefoils on the sides, and a little lower down with grotesque grinning heads alternated with plain shields.

Over the altar, which was brought from Woodcote Park, is a carved stone reredos, with its niches filled with carved alabaster figures.

In the vestry is a fine old chair with a narrow carved back, similar to one formerly standing by the altar, also an ancient plan of the parish, and a list of the rectors and vicars from Robert de Montfort, who was instituted before 1282.

A small room opening out of the north transept in which the untidy odds and ends of the Church are kept, has also a corner cupboard of very dark wood standing upon twisted wooden legs. The wood seems to be oak, and its age must be very considerable.

The Monuments.

On the floor of the chancel there are some ancient brasses. One of them reads :

"Vnder this Stone lies Elizabeth, berefte of mortall lyfe,
Christ's faithfull seruaunt Fromond's child & Bodleis louing wyfe.
Died the 2 of March, anno Dni 1591."

The Roman remains.

In Anglo-Saxon times Ashtead was known as *Stede*, and in the Domesday Book it is referred to by that name, while the Church stands upon a piece of ground once entirely surrounded by a deep trench, still visible in places. Brayley thinks that it probably formed the enceinte of some Roman villa or castramentation. Roman tiles are undoubtedly built into the arch of a window on the north side. It is now closed up. During the restoration

some sixty years ago pieces of a Roman hypocaust were discovered. One piece has a slightly raised outline of a wolf attacking a stag, and the letters G. I. S. G. and I. W. E. The lower edge shows that the design was repeated.

The village of Ashtead is not remarkable for any thing in particular. It lies on a gentle slope on the road between Epsom and Leatherhead, and has at the bottom of the hill an inn whose quaintness lies chiefly in its name, "Ye Legge of Muttone and ye Cauliflowere." There are signs of the old building at the back, but the front view is now all new red brick, replacing some very picturesque wooden walls. Another inn on the other side of the road higher up the hill towards Epsom was known as "The Haunch of Venison." The building is still standing, but it is now converted into a very quiet-looking, comfortable private house. On the Leatherhead side there are some new buildings in which photographic materials are manufactured.

The railway station, served by the South Western and Brighton lines, lies north of the village, just beyond the wide green with its scattered cottages. At this corner of Ashtead there are quite a number of new houses, tending to give a slightly suburban appearance, but the design of most of them is good.

North of the railway Ashtead Common runs off into the woods, so favoured by school treats in the summer. Most of the trees are oaks and there is little undergrowth, but in spring and autumn these woods are very pleasant. An entrenchment, probably of Roman origin, lies hidden among the trees. It encloses nearly three acres of ground, and is about four hundred and twenty yards in circumference. A well of similar nature to that upon Epsom Common may also be found in the forest after some searching.

Where the drinking fountain, presented by the Hon. Mrs. Howard, now stands—opposite the almshouses—the stocks, whipping post, and pound were formerly situated. Their position is fast being forgotten, only a very few old folk remembering them before they were removed.

CHAPTER X.

THE ANCIENT PALACE OF NONSUCH, AND THE COUNTRY NORTH OF THE TOWN.

SCARCELY more than a mile from Epsom in the direction of London lies Ewell—picturesque, irregular, and showing traces of having been of more importance in other days.

Ewell Village.

The main street is still quaint and interesting, with little or nothing to jar with its charming old-world shops and cottages. One group is conspicuously attractive, with its low tiled roof, its over-hanging upper storey and its plastered walls, pierced with very little windows. In front of two or three of the shops are some pollard limes, so close that their branches almost touch the walls. These trees were most likely planted when Epsom had lined its High Street with limes and elms. Near the gates of Garbrand Hall, where the Kingston Road joins the main road from London, there was formerly a small butcher's shop, but it had been pulled down to widen the roadway before Brayley's History of Surrey was written (1845). The original market house is believed to have been built about 1570; it stood at the junction of Church Street with the High Street, in the centre of the open space which was larger than it is now, the houses on one side having since encroached upon it.

The Market House.

It was doubtless the centre of busy scenes many years

EWELL, HIGH STREET.

ago, for Ewell was not only a sufficiently important place to be head of a Deanery, but up to the middle of the seventeenth century a weekly market was regularly held, although the date of its origin is unknown. Annual sheep and cattle fairs, famous enough to bring together sheep breeders from all over the kingdom, took place on the 12th of May and the 29th of October. To-day the markets are held at Epsom, but a field adjoining the

THE WATCH-HOUSE IN CHURCH STREET, EWELL

"Green Man" inn and the Reigate Road is still pointed out where the annual fair was held.

The Watch House.

Near the opposite corner of Church Street the quaint little watch-house may still be seen, its stucco-covered wall pierced by two doorways, and an opening above filled with iron bars. Here the disorderly folk of the village were

locked up over night, being taken on to Epsom the next morning. An old and highly respected inhabitant of Ewell clearly remembers, when a boy, seeing ne'er-do-weels confined in the little house. He also recalls how it was no one's concern to watch the prisoners, whose chums he has actually seen passing pewter pots of ale and long churchwarden clay pipes through the grating still remaining in one of the solid oak doors. But the advent of the metropolitan police has removed such proceedings to the picturesque days of beadles and stocks, and now the watch-house only shelters a useful little fire engine.

Ewell stands on a spot where the chalk of the Downs joins the clay districts to the north-east. At the junction of the two strata rise a number of springs of pure water, forming the head of the pretty little stream known as the Hogsmill River, which, flowing through rich meadows at Old Malden, joins the Thames at Kingston. These springs forming a fair-sized piece of water at the commencement of the Kingston Road, not only give their name to the old "Spring Hotel," but there seems little doubt that they also gave Ewell its name, the accepted derivation of the Domesday rendering Ætwelle, or Etwel, being a corruption of At ye well.

Out of the main street of the village run two or three lanes, flanked with high red brick walls, relieved by cottages, chiefly old and picturesque. Quite a number of these are covered with that form of tile which, when in place, has the appearance of brickwork. They were extensively manufactured here at the time of the brick tax, when so many subterfuges were resorted to for evading it. In two directions the limits of the place are more or less proscribed by its position in the narrowing angle formed by the two lines of railway meeting at Epsom, but Ewell fortunately does not evince any great symptoms of expansion, and both stations are so far just beyond the reach of houses of any sort. The South Western Station is, during the greater part of the summer, a wonderful rose garden, individual bushes being often one blaze of red roses, seemingly indifferent to the smoke of the engines.

THE TOWER AND GRAVEYARD OF EWELL OLD CHURCH.

From near the platforms, too, there are views of the village as typically lovely as may be imagined, for in the meadows down by the stream there grow huge elms, and between these, backed by the distant foliage of Nonsuch Park, appear the simple little pinnacled tower of the modern church (the "modern" has no stigma in this case) with the ivy-draped tower of the former building beyond, and clustered among tall evergreen shrubs, the red roofs of the village. A large flour mill, whose tall chimney is not conspicuous on account of the neighbouring elms, stands on the stream. That it has been there for a considerable time may be easily guessed from the ancient appearance of one side of the mill, and it is not unlikely that a mill has been there from the middle ages it may even stand on the site of one of those two mills mentioned in the Domesday Survey, and valued at 10s.

Ewell Church.

The new Church, in Early English style, stands right on the main road, while the hoary tower of the old one is modestly in the background, and is probably never noticed by the swarms of Londoners who race past it on bicycles on fine Saturdays and Sundays throughout the summer. In 1848 the old Church of St. Mary was pulled down with the exception of the tower—used as a chapel during burial services until two years ago—and the present Church was built at the same time by the Rev. Sir George Glyn. The old structure was of the Perpendicular style, and had a nave, a chancel, and a south aisle, with a chapel opening from it. The tower is smothered in ivy to such an extent that the walls are scarcely visible. They are of flint, faced with very worn stone, and in the upper portion there are several courses of red brick. Most of the brasses and monuments were taken to the new church at the re-building, but the old grave-yard, moist and shady from the tall trees surrounding it, has a large collection of old head stones, one of them, on the south-west side, being specially noticeable for the medallion portrait in bold relief of Jane Challoner, who lies buried beneath. To the north-west of the tower a plain stone records the following:—

"Catherine, wife of James Bailey, who in consequence of the overturning of the Dorking Coach, April, 1826, met with her death in the 22nd year of her age."

Red-tiled roofs above white stone-work give the new church an attractive appearance. It is a large building with chancel, nave, south aisle, and a north aisle as wide as the nave.

The organ chamber was added at the restoration in 1893, and the pulpit, an elaborate one of alabaster and various marbles, was given in memory of the son and daughter of Edward W. and Jessie Martin in 1897. The font, believed to be Tudor, and the communion table came out of the old church. In the chancel, divided from the nave by a dark oaken screen, also brought from the former church, there are six monuments all fixed to the south wall. The largest and most imposing of these is to the memory of Sir William Lewen, Lord Mayor of London in 1717, who died in 1721. He is presented in marble, after the fashion of his time in a huge wig and Lord Mayor's robes. The brasses in the south isle are very interesting.

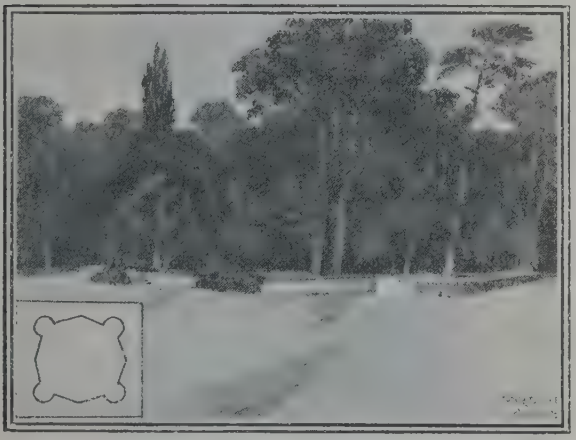
Besides the flour mills already referred to, there is another industry close to the grounds of Ewell Castle. Here a valuable earth is dug from a huge pit and baked into fire-bricks, and here the tile-bricks referred to elsewhere were manufactured in former days. Other pits in the village have produced quite a quantity of Roman Pottery. Pieces of Samian, and complete vases of grey ware have been discovered, and are now in the British Museum. These small vases were probably belonging to a hypocaust, being placed round the large jar containing the bones of some Roman citizen or soldier. The quantity of bones and pottery discovered here points to its having been a burial ground, possibly near a Roman village.

The Roman Discoveries

Ewell Castle is a castellated house in the Early Victorian Gothic style, with stuccoed walls and octagonal turrets. The grounds adjoin Nonsuch Park, and contain the raised foundations of the Banqueting Hall of Nonsuch Palace.

Traces of Nonsuch Palace

with the position of the corner towers plainly shown. Some cellars were also dug out, but have been filled in as before. The park can be entered by a footpath not far from the Brighton Station, or by going along the London Road towards Morden to the lodge gate. The last leads into a splendid avenue traversing the whole park, and emerging on to a road close to Cheam village, passing the modern house built in much the same style as Ewell Castle, the seat of Capt. W. R. G. Farmer, J.P.



THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE BANQUETING HALL OF NONSUCH PALACE, IN THE GROUNDS OF EWELL CASTLE.

The plan in the corner shows the form of the building, with its corner towers.

Not far from the house there may still be seen a ditch known as Diana's Dyke. The stump of a large elm, probably as old as the days of Elizabeth, can be remembered by those still living as a fine flourishing tree. It was reduced to its present condition during a gale, and the portion of the trunk left standing was further shattered by some mischievous person having blown it up with gunpowder.

The building of Nonsuch Palace.

Nonsuch stands in the parish of Cuddington, but no village of Cuddington exists to-day, and it is in connection with the disappearance of the hamlet that one finds the early history of Nonsuch Palace. Henry VIII was for some reason struck with the appearance of the undulating wooded land between Hampton Court and Cheam, and he determined to convert this extensive strip of country into a huge park, and erect in it a sumptuous palace. Cuddington Church and Manor House, and

NONSUCH PALACE.

From the Engraving by Houfnagle.

whatever other buildings belonged to the hamlet were in the way, and Henry VIII seems to have purchased the estate and destroyed all the buildings upon it, for there are no traces of Church or Manor House to-day. The park appears to have been divided into three portions, two of them named after the palace, and the other called Worcester Park, after Worcester House. The purchase took place in 1538, and the King commenced

building his new palace at once, for a considerable portion was constructed at his death in 1547. Mary seems to have had insufficient means to finish the huge undertaking, and would probably have pulled it down if Henry, Earl of Arundel, had not undertaken the work of completing the building "for the love and

LADY CASTLEMAINE, BARBARA VILLIERS, DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND,

The despoiler of Nonsuch Palace.

From an Engraving of Sir Peter Lely's Picture.

honour that he bore to his olde master." He bought the two parks and finished the palace, giving it the fancy name Henry VIII had wished it to be called.

The most complete description of the buildings is given in the Survey taken by the Parliament during the Commonwealth in 1650.

After the death of Henrietta Maria the whole estates, including Nonsuch Palace and Worcester House, passed through various hands until Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine, mistress of Charles II, was created Baroness of Nonsuch and Duchess of Cleveland. Finding the Palace expensive, this magnificent pile, which had passed through the Commonwealth unscathed, was pulled down by the Duchess, together with Worcester House - the Park being cut up into farms. It was just at this time (1670 to 1680) that Epsom was growing so rapidly, and this enormous quantity of building material was at once bought up and utilised in many of the larger houses of the town, the greater portion of it being incorporated into the Earl of Berkeley's new house Durdans. Unfortunately this building does not exist to-day, Lord Rosebery's seat being of much later date.

The demolition of the Palace.

At the eastern lodge gates of Nonsuch Park there stands a stone cross over a drinking fountain erected in 1895 by "G. and M. Farmer" and this is quite close to Cheam village. Until recently this could claim to be an wholly unspoiled and thoroughly rural little hamlet, but it is now painfully apparent that this is no longer the case. One of the most attractive spots in the village was at the main cross-roads, where a pretty collection of cottages, some of them behind little rustic gardens, high red brick walls, and a white direction post, made a charming picture. Now in place of much of this picturesqueness a tall, square block of shop buildings has been substituted a more painful piece of vandalism one can scarcely imagine, and the new cast-iron direction post merely heightens the impression. Fortunately Cheam is not entirely spoilt. Towards the Church there is plenty of unviolated antiquity. One first passes on the left a low, half-timbered gable end overhanging the pavement in quite an unexpected manner; further on there is Cheam House, a large red brick building with a classic front, and opposite the high brick walls on the right is a timber house of great age. It is variously called

Cheam Village.

"White Hall" and "Maids of Honour House," and is the subject of more than one tradition, but there seems little doubt that it dates from the days of Henry VIII.

Close by, on the same side of the road, is the rectory, a fine old red brick house standing in a very pleasant garden backed by large trees. It formerly had a carved inscription on the outside of the dining-room chimney, referring to a rector who was Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth and Bishop of Chichester, but this has become obliterated during the last twenty years. Some of the walls are covered with tile-bricks, probably from the old Ewell pottery, and everything points to its being quite three hundred years old.

Cheam Church.

Cheam Church, dedicated to St. Dunstan, is a modern building in Early English style, having been rebuilt in 1864. It has a nave, north and south aisles, an apsidal chancel, and a tower and spire at the north-west corner added in 1870. The organ is in a recess at the north of the chancel, with choir vestry on the opposite side separated by an oaken screen. The general impression given by the interior is unusual, the walls being faced with red and black brick relieved with bands of white stone, while the exterior is entirely of stone. The plain circular pillars are of Purbeck marble, with very ornate capitals of rather crude workmanship, while most of the stained glass may be described by the same adjective. The modern font consists of a huge block of stone resting upon stumpy pillars, the alternate ones of green marble.

Out in the churchyard one may see the chancel of the former church, in reality the Lumley Chapel of the building which preceded the one taken down in 1864. The Lumley Chapel is always kept locked up, the key being only obtainable at the Rectory.

The ceiling of the chapel is richly ornamented with popinjays and quatrefoils in plaster, and bears the date 1592.

In the southern part of the churchyard, to the west of the Lumley Chapel, is an altar tomb covered with a slab of black marble, covering the remains of Henry Neale, his wife Christiana, and their daughter, Eliza

WHITE HALL, CHEAM.

Dutton, who "was murdered on the 13th of July, 1687, by her neighbour, while endeavouring to make peace between him and his wife." The following lines may be deciphered beneath the inscription :—

"Here lyes the best of wives, of mothers and of friends
Whose soul, too good for earth, in heaven attends
With joy and comfort till the day of doome,
When all her virtuous deeds shall thither come :
To save her neighbour she has spilt her blood,
And like her Saviour died for doing good.
May that curs'd hand forget itself to feed
That made its benefactour thus to bleed."

Cheam School.

What is probably the oldest private school in England still exists at Cheam. It seems to have suddenly grown important during the prevalence of the Great Plague in 1665, when, according to Brayley, several people sent their children to Cheam, to a gentleman who kept a small school in "Whitehall House." This building was most probably situated nearly opposite to Cheam House, where a fine old wrought-iron gate now stands. The school seems to have existed for some time before this near London, and was removed to Cheam during the Plague, continuing without interruption until about 1719, when the Rev. Dr. Sanxay built the present school standing in the main street of the village. He was succeeded by his son, who became Rector of Sutton, resigning the school to the Rev. William Gilpin, the celebrated writer on the picturesque, whose "Forest Scenery" was published in 1791, and who has been immortalised as "Dr. Syntax." After passing under the rule of the Rev. William Giffin, junr., and the Rev. James Wilding, the school was taken in 1827 by Dr. Mayo, who taught on the Pestalozzian system, having studied Pestalozzi's principles during his residence at the establishment at Yverdun as English chaplain.

Chessington

The remote hamlet of Chessington (in other days known as Chessingdon) may be reached from Ewell by following the road past the South-Western Station, meeting, after a little over a mile, the junction with the Hook Road from Epsom.

Three-quarters of a mile from this point a little tributary of the Hogsmill River runs across the roadway, the footpath being carried by a light wooden bridge. By the side of this bridge and some pollard willows stands a little inn, picturesquely placed, and curiously named "Bone's Gate," having a five-barred gate as a sign, the inscription upon it reading

> This gate hangs well
> And hinders none,
> Refresh and pay
> And travel on.

Just beyond this attractive little spot a turning to the left by a pond leads up to Chessington. The village consists of the Church, a farm, some cottages, and the large house known as Chessington Hall. Although restored considerably, the little church with its diminutive spire perched on the roof ridge is interesting, its delightful situation giving it a special charm. Standing in the porch one has a view through an opening in the trees which line the roadway across the green meadows in the foreground, to Epsom lying snugly beneath the shelter of the Downs. Eastward the view extends beyond Banstead, and westwards the country seems covered with forests to the horizon at Headley and Rammore. The Horton Asylum is unfortunately prominent in the middle distance.

Chessington Church.

The Church, dedicated to St. Mary, contains a nave, a chancel, and a south aisle separated from the nave by double wooden pillars. The original building was Norman, but the restoration of 1854 has given the structure an Early English character which is somewhat misleading on a superficial glance. The original Norman building consisted of a chancel and a nave about half the length of the present one, the chancel arch being scarcely more than four feet wide. There seems to have been also a small south transept. From the untouched Norman windows still remaining it is plain that the original little building was of very rude workmanship. Some of these are not arched with stone in the usual fashion, but are merely rectangular openings, the upper portion being

supported with a lintel of oak. An ancient aumry, having a groove for a shelf and hinge brackets, and a restored fragment of an elaborately carved and painted stone reredos dug up in the graveyard, are in the chancel. Another unrestored fragment of the reredos is preserved in the vestry opening out of the north side of the chancel. The modern pews, of oak, follow exactly the pattern of a very old pew-end discovered during the restoration, and now inserted near the doorway in the south aisle. Brayley speaks of a piece of oak lattice discovered in one of the chancel pews, probably belonging to a confessional, and this is still preserved in the vestry. The mouldings round the lattice and panels have recently been pronounced to belong to a period subsequent to the Reformation, so that Brayley's statement must be accepted with reserve. On the north wall of the nave are two very similar plain marble monuments, one of them to the memory of Samuel Crisp, the devoted friend of Dr. Burney and Fanny Madame D'Arblay.

FANNY BURNEY (MADAM D'ARBLAY).
From the Painting made at Chessington Hall by her cousin, Edward Burney.

Near the porch and facing the font is a tablet to the memory of Mrs. Sarah Hamilton. The font is much restored, but the circular base and one of the marble supports are old.

In the grounds of Chessington Hall stands a quaint

little thatched summer house, which was there in Miss Burney's time, and is locally believed to have been one of her favourite haunts.

The Roman Camp.

Buried in a small wood and only reached by footpaths, there is a Roman Camp of considerable size and in good preservation. The easiest way to reach it from the Church is by going down the lane towards the Kingston Road for a short distance until a footpath marked to the Ewell Road appears on the right. This leads over a brook to near the wood enveloping the earth works. The discoveries made there have been unimportant, the only authentic one being a single Roman coin.

A succession of meandering footpaths will lead one all the way to Epsom from Chessington, and although still unobtrusively pretty, they have been seriously interfered with by the London County Council's mammoth lunatic asylum adjoining the tiny hamlet of Horton. The gaunt yellow brick walls and blue slate roofs seen through the trees are a cheerless sight, and one longs for the lusty creepers so seldom allowed to temper the external austerity of such institutions.

The half-dozen cottages composing Horton stand in a bowery little by-lane leading out into the Kingston and Leatherhead road. Crossing this lane at right angles, the footpaths at length emerge into the open meadows by the South-Western Station at Epsom. Another series of footpaths—far prettier than those just mentioned—lead from Chessington Church south-westward, passing a sequestered farmstead, and the derelict Manor House of Horton, the former seat of the Trotters. Traversing a wood one enters a quiet road known as Love Lane, which leads out on to Epsom Common, not far from Christ Church.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE BIRDS OF EPSOM AND THE DISTRICT.

THE following list contains the names of all the species of birds known to have occurred within the radius dealt with in this work. The letters in brackets indicate the character of each species' distribution. R. = resident ; W.V. = winter visitor ; S.M. = summer migrant ; O.V. = occasional visitor or straggler. A few notes have been appended to some of the rarer species giving some information as to the locality where they have been noticed.

Missel Thrush (R.)
Song Thrush (R.)
Redwing (W.V.)
Fieldfare (W.V.)
Blackbird (R.)
Ring Ouzel (O.V.) Sometimes seen on the high ground near Banstead and Headley—distinctly rare.
Wheatear (S.M.)
Whinchat (S.M.)
Stonechat (R.) A good many leave in autumn and return in spring.
Redstart (S.M.)
Robin (R.)
Nightingale (S.M.)
Hedge-sparrow (R.)
Whitethroat (S.M.)
Lesser Whitethroat (S.M.)
Garden Warbler (S.M.)
Blackcap (S.M.)
Dartford Warbler (O.V.) Used to nest and may perhaps still do so on the furze-commons. Sometimes seen still, but is very rare. Properly speaking a resident.

Sedge Warbler (S.M.)
Grasshopper Warbler (S.M.) Still often heard and seen on the commons.
Chiffchaff (S.M.)
Willow Warbler (S.M.)
Wood Warbler (S.M.)
Golden-crested Wren (R.)
Long-tailed Tit (R.)
Great Tit (R.)
Blue Tit (R.)
Coal Tit (R.)
Marsh Tit (R.)
Nuthatch (R.)
Tree-creeper (R.)
Wren (R.)
Golden Oriole (O.V.) Very rare; in summer only; has been noticed at Leatherhead.
Starling (R.)
Jay (R.)
Magpie (R.) It is very rarely that a nest is found so close to London: even as a visitor it is getting extremely scarce.
Jackdaw (R.)
Carrion Crow (R.) Nests are rarely found and the bird is mainly a winter visitor.
Hooded Crow (W.V.) Seldom noticed.
Rook (R.)
Great Grey Shrike (O.V.) A very rare visitor to the high grounds in winter.
Red-backed Shrike (S.M.)
Waxwing (O.V.) Has been shot once at Epsom.
Spotted Flycatcher (S.M.)
Swallow (S.M.)
Martin (S.M.)
Sand Martin (S.M.)
Greenfinch (R.)
Hawfinch (R.) Not very uncommon in the wooded district.
Goldfinch (R.) A rare nesting species, but more often seen in winter.
Siskin (W.V.) Rather rare.
House-sparrow (R.)
Tree-sparrow (R.) Chiefly known as a winter visitor of somewhat irregular appearance. Used to and may still nest in a few places in the district.
Chaffinch (R.)
Brambling (W.V.) Of very irregular appearance.
Linnet (R.)
Lesser Redpoll (W.V.) Has sometimes also nested in the district, but not often.
Twite (W.V.) Very rarely observed.
Bullfinch (R.)

Crossbill (W.V.) Not very often noticed.
Corn Bunting (R.)
Yellow Hammer (R.)
Cirl Bunting (R.) A scarce and very local species.
Reed Bunting (R.)
Snow Bunting (O.V.) Very rare: has been seen at Epsom.
Pied Wagtail (R.)
Grey Wagtail (W.V.) Not common.
Yellow Wagtail (S.M.) Comparatively few nest in the district, the bird being seen usually only on its migrations in spring and autumn.
Tree Pipit (S.M.)
Meadow Pipit (R.)
Sky-Lark (R.)
Wood-Lark (R.) Apparently a very rare and local species, doubtless, however, often overlooked.
Swift (S.M.)
Nightjar (S.M.)
Great Spotted Woodpecker (R.) Frequents the old park timbers: not common.
Lesser Spotted Woodpecker (R.) The same remarks apply as in the case of the preceding species.
Green Woodpecker (R.)
Wryneck (S.M.)
Kingfisher (R.) Very few suitable nesting sites in this district, but it has lived at Epsom.
Hoopoe (O.V.) Has been shot and seen at Epsom, and nested once many years ago near Leatherhead.
Cuckoo (S.M.)
Barn Owl (R.)
Long-eared Owl (O.V.) Has been seen and shot and may have nested occasionally in the district: possibly better described as a very rare resident.
Tawny Owl (R.)
Short-eared Owl (O.V.) Has been shot at Headley.
Marsh Harrier (O.V.) Has been shot at Cheam and Headley.
Hen Harrier (O.V.) Has been shot at Headley.
Common Buzzard (O.V.) Two or three have been killed in this district.
Sparrow Hawk (R.) Rare.
Kestrel (R.)
Peregrine Falcon (O.V.) Once captured near Epsom.
Hobby (O.V.) Shot and seen in the district on a few occasions.
Merlin (O.V.) One or two have been taken in the neighbourhood.
Heron (O.V.) Often seen, but there is no heronry in this part of the county: the nearest is at Richmond Park.
Bittern (O.V.) Has been shot three or four times in the neighbourhood.

Mute Swan (R.) A semi-domesticated species.
Sheldrake (O.V.) Once shot at Ashtead: probably an escape from confinement.
Wild Duck (R.) Most of the duck in this neighbourhood are only semi-feral.
Teal (O.V.) Very rarely occurs: no suitable water in the district.
Wigeon (O.V.) Said to have been once shot on Epsom Common: probably an "escape."
Ring-Dove (R.)
Stock-Dove (R.) A great many leave in the autumn.
Turtle-Dove (S.M.)
Pheasant (R.)
Partridge (R.)
Red-legged Partridge (R.)
Quail (O.V.) Very capricious in its appearance, but has occasionally been noticed and may have nested in this district.
Corncrake (S.M.)
Spotted Crake (O.V.) Shot once at Headley.
Water-rail (R.) Not really a resident within the strict area dealt with here, but has sometimes been observed in winter. Breeds on the Mole.
Moorhen (R.)
Coot (R.) Breeds on Leatherhead mill-pond and has sometimes been found in other places in the district.
Stone-Curlew (O.V.) Has been shot on the Downs.
Golden Plover (W.V.)
Asiatic Golden Plover (O.V.) Once shot on Epsom racecourse.
Ringed Plover (O.V.) Has been shot at Headley.
Peewit (R.)
Woodcock (W.V.)
Snipe (W.V.) A few stay and nest sometimes in suitable places such as Epsom Common.
Jack Snipe (W.V.) Rare.
Green Sandpiper (O.V.) A very rare visitor in spring and autumn.
Common Sandpiper (O.V.) Not so rare as the last.
Redshank (O.V.) Has been once shot on Epsom Common.
Black-tailed Godwit (O.V.) Once shot on Epsom Common.
Curlew (O.V.) Often heard on the spring and autumn migrations, and has been seen on the downs.
Whimbrel (O.V.) The same remarks apply.
Common Tern (O.V.) A straggler to the few waters of the district.
Little Tern (O.V.) Rarer than the last, but sometimes shot in the neighbourhood.
Black-headed Gull (O.V.) Another straggler rarely seen so far inland.
Common Gull (O.V.) Small parties sometimes seen in rough weather.

Herring Gull (O.V.) The same remark applies.
Lesser black-backed Gull (O.V.) Rarer than the preceding.
Kittiwake (O.V.) Has been seen occasionally.
Richardson's Skua (O.V.) Once picked up on Headley heath.
Little Grebe (R.)
Storm Petrel (O.V.) Once picked up dead at Nork.

A few more species might perhaps be added, and by extending the area to the river Mole and Gatton Park, quite a large number of species would be included.

It might perhaps be worth adding that the Whitethroat is here the Nettle-creeper, the Long-tailed Tit the Bottle-tit, the Red-backed Shrike the Butcher Bird, the Yellow Hammer the Writing-Lark, the Meadow Pipit the Tit-Lark, the Nightjar the Goatsucker or Evejar, the Green Woodpecker the Yaffle, the Wryneck the Cuckoo's mate, the Ring-Dove and Stock-Dove Wood-pigeons or simply Pigeons, the Turtle-Dove simply Dove, and the Peewit the Lapwing or Plover.

JOHN A. BUCKNILL.

CHAPTER XII.

GOLF AT EPSOM.

THOUGH the Epsom Golf Club dates no further back than January, 1889, it may be interesting to place on record, before they are lost in oblivion, a few facts concerning its early days.

It is melancholy (for a golfer) to reflect upon the long period during which the possibilities afforded by the beautiful Epsom Downs remained neglected. Towards the end of the "Eighties" however, came the "great awakening," in which Epsom was not slow to join. To whom belongs the honour of first wielding a club on Epsom Downs? That point will never be decided. Among the first outposts of the army of occupation must be mentioned Dr. Laidlaw Purvis (of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club), and Mr. Richardson, of Sutton, who for some years before the formation of the Club had "knocked a ball" upon Epsom Downs. To Mr. T. W. Lang, brother of Andrew Lang, belongs the honour of first playing the game in any regular manner. Living at "The Uplands," and often accompanied by Mr. Walter Bovill and other Wimbledonians, he began to play with some regularity about the year '86, playing on rough and ready greens between the Grand Stand and the Rifle Butts.

Somewhat later another Scotsman, a well-known resident of Epsom, Mr. P. Robertson Rodger, would also occasionally practise his national game; and a little later again appeared on the scene Mr. Felix Barry, Mr. F. H. A. Booth, Mr. Gordon Ruck, and other visitors.

Towards the close of '88 the Masters of the College, incited thereto by Mr. Mackey, a colleague from Malvern, mapped out a course near the Downs Station. Residents in Epsom began to try their hands by twos and threes, and a small subscription was collected by one of the Masters of the College to pay for rolling and sweeping the greens.

The time was now ripe for the formation of a Club, and at a preliminary meeting held at Bromley Hurst (then occupied by Mr. G. F. Burgess) on 25th January, 1889, it was resolved that a Club should be formed.

The Club was soon in working order, with an annual subscription of 10/6

The Lord of the Manor, Mr. J. S. Strange, readily granted the necessary leave to play, and accepted the position of president. No opposition was encountered from the Commoners, of whom several were elected vice-presidents.

It may at once be stated that throughout its history the Club has been treated with the greatest consideration by all those who have rights and interests in the Downs.

Mr. Alexander Patrick, of Wimbledon, was employed to survey and lay out a course, which when adopted included (roughly speaking) the College Masters' course and Mr. Lang's course.

The Club Room (next door to the present "Hussar") soon became inadequate, and it was resolved to rent the picturesque "Beech Cottage" from Mr. John Nightingall in the spring of 1890.

A resident professional was engaged in Arthur Jackson, soon to be succeeded by W. Dunn, and in October, 1890, by Thomas McWatt.

In 1892 the death of Mr. John Nightingall necessitated a move to another Club House. After a brief occupation of "The Bungalow," opposite Beech Cottage, the present excellent house, designed by Mr. J. Hatchard Smith, was erected and completed by October, 1893.

In April, 1893, it was decided to increase the number of members to 200, and to extend the course to Tattenham Corner and along the Race-course, abandoning the holes behind the Butts.

The Club has now 250 members, with a large waiting list of candidates. Residents within three miles of the Club House have the preference in election to the extent that two residents are elected for one non-resident. The annual subscription is £2 2s., with an entrance fee of £5 5s.

The present officers are: –President, Hon. Mr. Justice Bucknill; Vice-Presidents, The Earl of Rosebery, Sir Allan Sarle, Mr. Herbert Brooks, Capt. W. R. G. Farmer, Rev. E. W. Northey, Mr. P. Ralli, Mr. J. S. Strange, Mr. R. Walters; Captain, Mr. E. P. Burd; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. E. Harter; Hon. Secretary, Jos. F. Smith; Committee, Messrs. W. R. Burgess, A. W. Daniel, S. F. Jackson, R. A. Johnstone, C. P. C. Jones, F. McNair, D. H. Tomkins, H. F. Turner, C. Webb.

The Rosebery Medal (handicap) and the Brooks Cup (scratch) are played for twice a year.

The course is one of the best inland courses, with plenty of variety, sporting greens, charming views, and the very best of air.

EPSOM AND DISTRICT RIFLE CLUB.

This Club was formed, as stated in its rules, "with the object of encouraging Rifle-shooting and Volunteering in the district, and forming a reserve of retired Volunteers and others, unable to make themselves efficient Volunteers, prepared to join with the Volunteers for the purpose of national defence."

The inaugural meeting was held at the Golf Club, on the 26th December, 1899. It will thus be seen that the Club is one of the first, and it is believed the very first, of the new civilian rifle clubs.

Much assistance was given in the formation of the Club by the Hon. Mr. Justice Bucknill, who was one of the first promoters, and has taken the greatest interest in its welfare.

Candidates for election must reside within the recruiting district of the 2nd Vol. Batt. East Surrey Regiment. Members are allowed to use the Drill Shed of the

Epsom Detachment for Morris Tube shooting, and also the Range on Epsom Downs.

Ordinary members pay a subscription of £1 11s. 6d., which includes a subscription of 10s. 6d. as honorary members of the Epsom Detachment.

The Committee has power to elect extraordinary members with a subscription of 5s., and also boy-members. Ordinary members must have completed their 30th year, and extraordinary members their 35th year before election.

The present officers are: President, the Hon. Mr. Justice Bucknill; Hon. Treasurer, Capt. Bagshaw, O.C. the Epsom Detachment; Hon. Secretary, G. F. Burgess; Committee, Col. Norbury Pott, Lieut.-Col. E. W. Ruck, Major G. F. Ruck, Messrs. B. Braithwaite, E. P. Burd, F. W. Freeman, F. W. Ledger, D. Napper, A. Russell, E. Vassie.

The Club has 100 ordinary and extraordinary members on its roll.

G. F. BURGESS.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROAD DISTANCES FROM EPSOM.

	Miles
Ashtead	2
Banstead	3½
Betchworth Clump	6½
Bookham, Great	6
,, Little	7
Box Hill, *via* Leatherhead	8
,, ,, *via* Headley	7½
Burgh Heath	3
Cheam	3
Chessington	3½
Chipstead	6½
Croydon	8½
Dorking	8½
Effingham	8
Esher	6
Ewell	1½
Guildford	16
Headley	4½
Horsham	21
Kingston-on-Thames	7½
Kingswood	5
Leatherhead	4
Leith Hill	15
London	15½
Malden	4½
Morden	5½
Mickleham	6
Nonsuch Park	2½
Ockley	16
Oxshott	5
Pebble Hill	6
Redhill	9
Reigate	8½
Stoke D'Abernon	7
Sutton	4½
Tadworth	4
Walton-on-the-Hill	4
Woodmansterne	5½
Worcester Park	4

LOCAL NOTANDA.

The Publishers have not felt it necessary to incorporate in this handbook a list of the times of the services in the churches and chapels, nor a list of the public institutions. Full particulars regarding these matters will be found in the Local Directory published by Messrs. L. W. Andrews and Son, High Street, Epsom.

The following newspapers circulate in the town and neighbourhood :—

Epsom Herald	Hackbridge	Saturday.
Epsom Observer	Station Rd., Epsom	Saturday.
Epsom Times	Station Rd., Epsom	Wednesday.
Leatherhead Advertiser	Leatherhead	Saturday.
Surrey Advertiser	(County) Guildford	Saturday.
Surrey Mirror	(County) Reigate	Friday.

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Ketherhead and its Legends

A NOVEL GUIDE TO THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

SECOND EDITION

REVISED AND ENLARGED

BY

The REV. S. N. SEDGWICK, M.A.,

Author of "Petroville," "A Daughter of the Druids," etc.

The Holmesdale Press Ltd., Redhill Junction and London

Photo by F. Frith & Co

LEATHERHEAD CHURCH.

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INTRODUCTION TO SECOND EDITION.

In acceding willingly to the publisher's request that I should revise this second edition of "Letherhead and its Legends," I have ventured to add a new legend in place of the first in the former edition. It has been a matter of gratification to know that the book has been acceptable, and that demands for it have come from a very wide circle outside Surrey.

Again I venture to remind my readers that the following "legends" do not pretend to any strict historical accuracy or to absolute veracity. In fact, it requires but a very average mind to be able to point out anachronisms, exaggerations, and other misstatements of facts. At the same time it may be said that the greater number of persons who figure in these pages really did walk the pages of History, and in many of the incidents related played their parts as the writer has set them down. For example, Zebedee Love-Pluss, Hill Mapp, Diana Turner, and Charles Parkhurst were actual personages, and may be found in the histories of the past.

While, therefore, it is not recommended that the readers of this little book should believe its contents to be absolutely true, as did one old lady, who re-told to the author one of his own stories as the origin of a particular local name, yet a good deal of local history is hidden in the midst of the more imaginative settings, and taken as a whole, perhaps, a fair picture of Letherhead of the past may be conjured up from the various narratives.

Many of the names and incidents described have been obtained from old histories of the county, from records in manuscripts to which the author has had access, and from oral traditions still to be heard from the lips of the older inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

The author's grateful thanks are due to some friends whose systematic researches of many years have made his work very easy, and to all who have placed facilities for investigation at his disposal—thanks which he hopes will be shared by those who, to fill a leisure hour, will read his book.

Those who still may wish to read still more of the history of Letherhead may be interested in a book "A Daughter of the Druids," published by A. H. Stockwell.

S.N.S., 1905.

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GENERAL SKETCH OF LETHERHEAD.

The Name.

Many and various have been the attempts to define the etymology of the name "Letherhead." But whatever may be its origin, the name is very ancient, for we find that King Alfred bequeathed it as "Leodride" to his son Edward, while it is mentioned in Domesday Book as "Leret."

The name may be connected with the British "Ileth-redd," meaning a sloping locality; if so, it was given to the place on account of its position on the hills sloping down to the Mole.

Again, another suggested derivation is from two Anglo-Saxon words "Lede" (the people) and "Rede" (the council). In which case, the name means "The place where the Council of the People meets." This is interesting in connection with the fact that for years Letherhead was the Assize town of this part of Surrey, and the name "Thorncroft House" points to the "Tourn Court" or "Attorney's Court," held in its precincts.

Yet again, Letherhead may be derived from the word "Lethe," which signifies a division of a country, because the village was "head of the Lethe," the chief town in the locality.

So much, is certain, Letherhead was once a place of considerable importance; the Sheriff's Court was held at Thorncroft until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was moved to Guildford; and the right to hold a market in the town was granted to Robert Darcie by Edward III.

The Church.

The Church is dedicated to SS. Mary and Nicholas, and claims a history of more than seven centuries. The architecture of the nave, which is the oldest part of the building, indicates that it was built about the year 1180. The first incumbent whose name has come down to us is one "Simon," who held the living in 1259.

About the year 1350, the patronage was given, by the notorious Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, to the Priory of Leeds, in Kent. The Rectory became a Vicarage, and in 1345 William de Barple was instituted first Vicar of Letherhead. Large additions were made to the church at this time, a tower, chancel and transepts being built by order of Pope Clement VI.

Amongst other interesting features may be noted a curious double Hagioscope, in the north transept, which was probably the "Lady Chapel," the bases of the images, patron, saints, and the "Sacrament cupboard" being seen in the wall. There is a leper's squint visible on the south wall of the chancel outside. The massive tower, as the spectator looks at it from the chancel, appears to be set out of line with the centre aisle, the tradition being that it was built thus to avoid encroaching on a right of way.

On the north wall of the chancel outside, the outline of a building may be seen, together with a door and window which, if opened, would give entrance to the sanctuary. In all probability these are the remains of an anchorite's cell, added in the Middle Ages, when it was considered a mark of piety for the village to support a hermit, whose time would be given to praying for them and preparing the altar for the celebrations.

An old chained copy of the Homilies is preserved in the Church, and in the vestry the old keyboard of the organ. The instrument was built by the famous "Snetzler," one of the followers of "Father Smith," a famous organ builder. The diapasons on the great organ are all that remain of the original instrument, upon which, local tradition has it, Handel himself is said to have played.

Amongst the memorials and monuments upon the walls may be noticed a small brass in the baptistry, and a funeral helmet and crest, with a brass epitaph erected to Robert Gardyner, sergeant of the cellar to Elizabeth

Another sergeant of the cellar—to Charles II.—is buried in the chancel—Robert Dalton.

A gravestone outside the north-east door records the death of an inhabitant over 100 years old.

Old Houses.

There are two inns of great interest in Letherhead, the older being the "Running Horse" at the bottom of Bridge Street, and the other the "Swan."

The former belonged to the famous ale-wife Elinour Rummyng, whom Skelton, poet-laureate to Henry VIII., celebrated by his pen, entitled "The Tunnyng of Elinor Rummyng." An old copy of this heroine hangs outside the inn, with this inscription, copied from the first edition of Skelton's poems, 1571:—

> "When Skelton wore the laurel crown
> My ale put all the Ale-wives down."

Tradition states that Elizabeth stopped the night here when the flooding of the river prevented her from crossing the ford, in days when there was only a foot-bridge across.

The other inn, the "Swan," was in existence in the 17th century, when it was kept by Edward Shales, whose tokens, of which a few are extant, passed currency in those days.

Emlyn House, formerly the Mansion, was for some time the residence of Sir Thomas Bludworth, in the reign of Charles II. His sister married the famous Judge Jeffreys, and it is asserted that Jeffreys came down to Letherhead to see a dying child on the eve of his arrest. A secret room is still shown in which he took refuge, being betrayed by an ex-butler the next morning.

Further on the Dorking Road lies the Priory, originally called the Link House, because the owner had to provide

a link or candle to burn before the shrine of St. Nicholas in the Church.

At the foot of Gim-Crack Hill a road over the river leads to Thorncroft House, which is built on the site of the ancient "Tourn Court."

At Kingston House, which has one of the finest oak staircases in the county, Wesley is said to have preached his last sermon.

Modern Buildings.

St. John's Foundation School, with its fine block of buildings, in the Epsom Road, and the great Blind School, removed from London in 1902, in the Highlands Road, are the only modern public buildings of note, though the Institute, with its excellent library, billiard room, and halls plays no small part in the education of the town.

Natural Features.

The River Mole, running through the town, is interesting for its curious "swallows"—pits of deep blue water, into which the water is drawn, with the result that in the summer a great portion of the stream dries up. Probably to this capacity for going underground is due the name "Mole." Similar holes, out of which the water flows, are to be seen in the Mill-Pool, a fine sheet of water lying off the Fetcham Road. (See Legend No. 3) The surface never freezes, thereby affording a refuge for many wild birds which visit the pool in hard winters. Coots, moorhen, wild duck, and swans are always to be found on the water, a feature noticed by all who are aware of the shyness of the coot or dab-chick generally. The hill itself is mentioned in Domesday Book.

The flora and fauna of the district are most varied. Wild flowers of every description abound. The otter and the kingfisher visit the river regularly, nightingales sing in great numbers in May and June. The stag beetle and the edible snail (the latter said to owe its introduction to the Romans) may be found readily in the neighbourhood.

The river abounds in fish, particularly in trout. In the 17th century the "Swan" had an European reputation for the delicacy of its trout soufflets. There is one instance on record, mentioned by Pepys, of a gourmand coming all the way from Hollands to taste them.

The district round Letherhead has one peculiar feature in the groves of yew trees, many of them very old; the Roman Road mentioned below passes amongst them. They may owe their origin to the Druids, as seems likely from the fact that one part of the wood in Norbury Park is known by the name of "The Druid's Grove."

Antiquities.

A famous Roman road, Stanes Street, crosses the Downs at Cherkley; it may be reached by going up the Highlands Road as far as the lodge of Cherkley House, and then following the wall, which impinges on the road.

Roman camps may be found at Ashtead (in the highest part of the wood on the common), at the base of the Roman road at Cherkley, on the "Mounts" opposite the entrance to Randall's Park, and at Chessington.

The top of Hawk's Hill appears to have been the site of an ancient British village. In 1902 part of the ground was opened, and disclosed large quantities of charred grain, burnt horses' bones, and rare sheep hobbles, showing that many years before Christ the Britons sacrificed there to the sun.

It must also have been the site of a great battle between Anglo-Saxons and Danes. Numbers of skeletons have been found there in the course of making the roads and building the houses which stand there.

The large quarry which lies by the side of Hawk's Hill is said to have been opened, like those which lie between Letherhead and London, to provide lime for rebuilding London after the Great Fire.

WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

TO ASHTEAD

Two miles along the Epsom Road. Ashtead Church, standing on the site of an old Roman Camp, is dedicated to St. Giles, and has some interesting monuments. In the vestry may be seen a list of the incumbents from 1282, when Robert de Montfort was instituted.

Some distance off the main road lies THE COMMON, crossed by the railway. A very beautiful walk may be taken across it into the woods, which afford a delightful opportunity for a picnic. Within them, after some search, may be found the "Physical Well," mentioned in Legend No. 5.

The Church lies at the entrance to ASHTEAD PARK, which contains some magnificent trees and a herd of deer.

A further walk may be taken through it to :—

EPSOM,

Four and a half miles from Letherhead. Here the traveller will find much to interest him; but as Epsom has been dealt with very fully in other guides (see, e.g., "The Homeland Guide-Book," by Gordon Home), it will suffice to enumerate briefly some of the more interesting features. THE DOWNS, with their many roads and race-course, the ancient Church, the Old Assembly Rooms, and the ONE REMAINING WELL, where Epsom salts may still be drunk. This last may be seen by the courtesy of the occupant of "THE WELLS," as the house is called.

HEADLEY.

Three miles from Letherhead. This pretty village may be approached also through ASHTEAD PARK.

The nearest way, however, is the HEADLEY ROAD. It stands very high, and is surrounded by a real heath, where purple heather and graceful bracken make a picture of varying colour. A walk across the heath of a short distance will reach "BETCHWORTH CLUMP," from which a view of the country as far as Reigate may be obtained.

MICKLEHAM.

Two miles from Letherhead, along the Dorking Road. Apart from the direct way along the road, there are two other ways of reaching this pretty village. The first is to cross the river at Thorncroft Bridge, and follow the path through the fields bearing to the left along the river bank. This path emerges into Norbury Park, which is open to pedestrians, who keep on the main roads. Instead of coming out into the high road at Mickleham, the walk may be extended, through a small iron gate, on the right outside the Mickleham entrance, and a path followed, which ends at Box Hill Station. (From which point BOX HILL itself may be reached on the left or RANMORE Hills and Common on the right).

Permission from the owner of Norbury must be obtained if the tourist desires to explore the private parts of the park, leading to THE DRUIDS' GROVE (Legend No. 6), where some magnificent old yews still stand.

Mickleham may also be reached by following Forty-Feet Road, and passing over the CHERKLEY DOWNS, along the Roman Road.

This road crosses the MICKLEHAM DOWNS, and leads at last into the Dorking Road, opposite "The Junipers," a house of some historic interest; at one time inhabited by Madame de Stael, who sheltered many French refugees during the Revolution.

At this point an alternative walk, turning to the left instead of to the right, leads along a very pretty road to

HEADLEY.

At Mickleham itself, the Church is worth a visit. It contains some old Norman work, some old stained glass, and carving.

DORKING,

Four miles from Letherhead, Mickleham may be reached by the road, and a prettier ride cannot be imagined. When Dorking has been explored, another visit can be paid to Westcott, from which it is worth while to walk to FRIDAY STREET, through WOTTON PARK, the home of the Evelyns. Permission may be obtained at Dorking to view the House, where Evelyn's Diary, and other interesting objects may be seen.

Tea may be obtained at Friday Street, which is exactly ten miles from Letherhead. This old-world village will make the centre for a delightful day's holiday.

Dorking Church should be visited, but for descriptions of the place the reader is referred to the local books.

On the way, BOX HILL will have been passed, with the BURFORD BRIDGE Hotel at its foot. Here Nelson said goodbye to Lady Hamilton, and Keats wrote some of his immortal poetry.

The tourist will not forget the connection of Dorking with Sam Weller, though he will hunt in vain for "The Marquis o' Granby."

Another walk to the BURFORD BRIDGE, and on to Dorking may be taken by taken a bridle path which lies on the further side of HAWK'S HILL on the left. The path leads down into the valley, across the fields. It passes the "ROREING HOUSE," once a smuggling house of call (see Legend No. 3). The distance is not more than four miles.

NOTE.—One of the beauties of this part of the country consists in the many bridle paths, which cross the country in all directions. It is possible to go to Guildford on one side across the fields by the old PILGRIMS' WAY, which is to be found on the top of RANMORE COMMON.

This way was used by pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket at Canterbury.

On the other, it is possible to reach Reigate without going along the high road. The direction is as follows: Over the Epsom Downs to Headley; across the heath to

BETCHWORTH BEECHES, and then along the line of hills to the destination.

RANMORE,

Mentioned above, is noted for its opportunities for blackberrying, for its breezy Common, and the Pilgrims' Way. Tea may be had at the Post Office. It is reached from Boxhill Station. See above on Mickleham.

THE PARISH REGISTERS.

The following extracts from the parish registers, which date back to the year 1720, may be of interest.

March 4th, 1721.—An assessment to be made at 2d. in the pound for to discharge the House of Corrections, and maimed soldiers.

Nov. 10th, 1723.—Agreed to provide such things for the widdow Roker whose thigh is broak by her son John Roker, as the wife of William Crockford shall think fitt and convenient. And that the Overseers of the Poor doe apply themselves to a Justice of the Peace for a warrant against the said John Roker for the assault upon his said mother, by which her thigh was broaken and she in danger of her life.

Dec. 15th, 1723.—Whereas Mary Puckneld hath a swelling in her legg, it is ordered that Mr. Geo. Aikenhead should care of it, and the parishioners will satisfy him. (Mr. Aikenhead's monument is embedded in the South wall of the Church outside).

Oct. 16th, 1726.—Agreed that a cage be built at the charge of the Parish, with leave from my Lady Effingham, at the back side of Thomas Pagett's house it being within her Ladyship's Manor.

VESTRY BOOK MINUTES.

Oct. 8th, 1746.—At a Vestry held, etc., ordered by a general consent, that the Pew in the Parish Church, wherein the servants of Richards Dalton, Esq., now set, be added to the pew above it; and that the pew wherein Henry Gore, Esq., and his family now sets, be enlarged to the Pulpit.

March 16th, 1747.—At a Vestry held at the Sign of the Duke of Cumberland, agreed that the Parish do take the house of John Coulton for their own use, and put in any person they shall think convenient with the Small-pox, or any other Distemper, paying the said John Coulton £5 10s. a year, for three years.

April 12th, 1751.—Ordered that on Poor be relieved without haveing the badge on.

April 19th, 1754.—Agreed that John Matthew do take Mary Boughton for two whole years as a servant, gratis, and to find her in all necessaries during the said time in health and sickness, and to leave her in good repair. (On the same date another gent'eman agrees to take a man-servant on the same terms, "leaving him in good repair" being put into the same).

June 23rd, 1760.—Ordered that any person not belonging to the Parish of Letherhead and Fetcham, desirous of going over Letherhead Bridge, may have that liberty on paying 10s. 6d. a year, and finding their own keys, provided they lock the said bridge after their passing over the same.

Oct. 25th, 1761.—Whereas Mr. Knightley has at his own expense raised the Pulpit to a much more convenient height, and erected a new reading desk and seat for the clerk under the same, which are highly ornamental to the church, and very commodious to the congregation, it is hereby ordered that the thanks of this vestry be paid in the most respectful manner to Mr. Knightley for this fresh mark of his regard.

June 4th, 1775.—It is the sense of this Vestry that the Common now ditching, as is apprehended to enclose that part thereof, to acquaint Benjn Bond Hopkins, Esq., Lord of the Manor, that it is disagreeable to the parishioners of this parish for doing thereof.

April 12th, 1784. -That Mr. Christopher Vine, surgeon, etc., etc., be continued Surgeon Apothecary for the year ensuing, on the former conditions of seven guineas a year.

April 1st, 1792.—Agreed to allow for a Base Viol for the use of the Choir of Singers of the Parish Church.

April 2nd, 1795.—The parishes of Letherhead, Fetcham and Effingham, were to provide two men to serve in His Majesties Navy. John Ragge and Daniel Windsor volunteered, and were paid six guineas each.

May 31st, 1795.—The Belfry door of the Parish Church was to be widened to admit the engine and bucketts belonging to the same.

June 17th, 1798.—Agreed by the inhabitants present that in case of actual invasion, they were to assist Government with waggons, carts and horses, and proper persons to conduct the same, to the utmost of what may be found in the said parish.

March 24th, 1805.—A rate of 4½d. in the pound was to be raised to meet the penalty of £44 7s. 8d. assessed on the parish for having failed to raise the men for the permanent and additional force of the Realm.

NO. I.

THE BUILDING OF THE TOWER,

Being an account written by the Parson of Mickleham in the year of our Lord, 1350, containing the reason why the tower of St. Nicholas Church is built askew.

NOTE.—In Edward III.'s reign, the Church of Letherhead consisted of the present nave and side aisles, with a small chancel. But in the middle of the reign the present chancel and transepts were added, together with the tower. The centre arch of the church, with its surrounding mass of masonry, at present dividing the transepts from the nave, is all that remains of the earlier chancel.

It will be noticed, on looking down the Church from the east end, that the tower is not parallel with the other lines of the building. The following story contains the traditional reason for this "misfit."

I, Robert de Pernicote, now for five years rector of Mickleham, by the favour of my very good patron, John de Mikleham, having been an assistant in the strange events that have lately passed in the parish of Ledrede, the mark whereof will remain so long as the Church of St. Nicholas stands, to wit in the crooked tower, take pen in hand to write down, as I am able, the truth of the occurrence, with all due circumstance and regard for my position as Parson.

The times are very troublous and the country is full of disquiet. What with the French Wars and the campaign against Scotland, Parliament hath ordered even the clergy to carry arms, and to practise the use of weapons of carnal warfare in the case of invasion.

One enemy hath indeed invaded us, against whom no earthly weapon could avail—the plague. I myself have buried, having washed and shrouded them with my own hands, no less than sixteen of my own parishioners. But we have made a solemn litany each week through the hamlets, and, praise God, the Plague is stayed.

But there is still another scourge upon us, worse to my thinking than any pestilence, however grievous, and that is the Pope's statute of Provisors, which is at the bottom of the late happenings in Ledrede. Hereby, the Pope may appoint a man to a living before the death of the present incumbent, that is to say he may appoint him provisionally

Wherefore, in the case of St. Nicholas' Church, the Pope had provided the Prior of Ledes, in Kent, to be the next Rector, but the parishioners liked it not at all, and petitioned his Majesty to disallow it. But nowadays the King is too much abroad to turn attention upon such insignificant things, and Mr. Rondeval dying two months ago, the Prior of Ledes with his subordinates, took immediate possession, residing at the Priory under Norbury during his stay in these parts. He will now build a vicarage and will appoint a man to serve under him —in fact, it is now already in building; but we fear that it will be ill-served for many a year.

One thing that was good and useful—and I will not shrink from avowing it—they have performed, to wit, the enlargement of the church. Not that the parish is so great but that all the inhabitants might have to come to church and not overflowed it; but the building was unsightly, and partly fallin~ into ruin. They have already built two transepts and have removed the chancel eastward in front of them. They have added a squint for the lepers and a shrine for St. Nicholas. They have also raised a tower of goodly height at the west end, the which tower standeth out of the general direction of the church, the cause whereof I am now relating.

Goody Macrolh, of whom some say that she is a wise woman and others that she hath the Evil Eye, hath dwelt in this parish now for three score years, her abode being at the foot of the hill outside the Tourn Court House (Thorncroft). Her cottage, with a small parcel of land,

hath been her possession since the death of her father, who was a yeoman under the first Edward, but the Prior of Ledes laid claim to her land as being part of the rectory glebe. She refused to surrender it, so the Prior was incensed against her. What then must the Prior do but secretly remove her daughter—a damsel well-favoured and of 20 years or thereabouts—to the convent at Norbury, on the plea that of her own free will she wished to take the vows, and he refused to let the good Dame or her lover see her until the land was given up.

Goody Macroll came to me on the second day weeping after her daughter, whose Chrisom name was Grace; and I, indignant at the news, offered myself to go to Norbury, with young Harold, to whom the maiden was plighted. Goody would have kissed the hem of my cassock, but I bade her sternly to rise, and do no such folly on me. I therefore sought out Harold, who was a forester attached to the manor of Tourncourt (Thorncroft), which is held, as all men know, by the worshipful warden and scholars of Merton College, at the University of Oxford, by favour of Hugh Le Dispenser, Earl of Gloucester. He is a good, simple man, working as I believe not with mere eye-service, and a pious man to boot, regular in the parish church.

I found him by the river, engaged in his pursuit. He was drawing an old otter, hoar with age, from his trap. He rose and doffed his cap.

"I come," I said, "to accompany you to Norbury Priory, where I propose, under God, to intreat the Prior for your sweethearts release."

"Ah, sir," he replied, "I would the Prior were as near me as this dog-otter is. For then I would wring his neck, till he saw how ill his conduct is."

"Come, come," said I in my turn. "I hope to prevail without the necessity of such force. Will you leave work and company me."

For I knew the matter was urgent, and unless some action were taken, Grace Macroll would be deported into Kent, out of our reach.

The Prior saw fit to keep us waiting in the lodge for a good half-hour before admitting us; we found him in the library, sitting at a table, with his writer, and one

of his singing-men. He did not rise as his duty was, when a beneficed cleric called upon him, but sat as if we were defaulters to be judged by him. My gorge rose, and I remembered, perhaps wrongly, my days as a layman when I could have chastised him and his two assistants with ease, yea and with pleasure.

"I judge that you come on the matter of Macroll's daughter," he said, with a snarl.

"I do," I replied, "and I come as one parson to another. I am not afraid of you, Prior; and I tell you this is beyond bounds. Let us see the girl to judge of ourselves whether she is acting under a free will in this matter."

"Nay, that I swear she is not," quoth Harold. "It is but three days a-gone that she promised to marry me within three weeks. Think you she had the thought of a nunnery in her mind, when she lay in these arms and kissed me?"

"The matter seems out of your jurisdiction," said the Prior in his crackling voice, addressing me; "but speaking as one clergyman to another, I tell you that she hath chosen the veil of her own free choice."

"'Tis a lie," said Harold, "let me see her."

"Let us have no unseemly brawling," said the Prior, "Mr. Pernicote, your choice of associates seems to me illfitting. I say this girl is right in fleeing from the evil of her mother's house. 'Tis reported that she is a Witch—if so, she is anathema."

"It is false. I come to see justice done," said I, feeling very angry, "and by the Wounds I will see it done, if I have to wait till the King comes home."

"Goody Macroll knows the conditions upon which she may see her daughter." Thus the Prior, a little put out at my vigour.

"And I tell you the conditions are infamous," quoth I, "and the King shall know them."

The Prior smiled. "The King does not return for eighteen months," he said, "and will not trouble to interfere in such an affair."

Harold cried out at this. "But my Master Le Despenser shall know."

"Ha," said the Prior, turning to his writer, "what is the news from London to-day?"

The scribe took up a letter; "'Hugh the Depenser and his accomplices have been degraded from the King's council.' There, I need not read more, father."

"So you see," the Prior went on, still smiling that evil smile, "your master's influence is not of value in the matter."

Harold made as if to seize the man, but I laid my hand on his arm. The Prior rose in haste, for he was a timorous man.

"I refuse to hear you further," he said, as he went towards the door. "But, as sure as you stand there, unless my conditions are fulfilled, Grace Macroll will take the vows in the Church at Ledrede, within this month."

"You dog," said I, for my temper went utterly, "will nothing stop your devilish schemes? for they are nothing less."

"Oh," said the Prior, as he laid hand on the door; "They are as like to stop as—as—(he thought for a simile) -as the church Tower is like to be built crooked. If that tower could be built out of line, then my plans also run out of line." He laughed maliciously, and went out.

Harold stood like stone, with his eyes fixed on the door. "The plague take him and all his fellows," he said.

"It is useless to be profane," I said, "come home, come home. We must try some other plan. At least, we know one thing—that we have a month clear. Grace will not be forced to take the vows till then."

We met Goody waiting about the fields for us; but our faces told her we had failed.

Harold recounted all that had happened—his spirit bitter within him. "What chance have we against the fellow," he said. "Who could change the lines of the church Tower when it begins—and who can change the Prior's resolves?"

"Eh! my man." Goody was screaming and capering like one demented. "I can, I can. O Lord, help me to outwit this Prior."

"Amen to that," said I, gazing at her in surprise. "But my good woman, cease that dancing, and tell us what you mean."

"I mean," said Goody, with another elfish leap in the air, "I mean that old Crotch, the bridge keeper, was taken with plague last night—ho, ho!—and I have stroked him with my own hands but an hour ago."

There was something so eerie about her glee. I half believed the tales I had heard of her mysterious dealings with the Evil One.

I could see no connection with Crotch and the Prior's Tower.

"Eh!—eh!" the old dame screamed again, "even the Reverend Robert de Pernicote draws back from a woman who hath been near the plague. How much more the Prior, eh?"

"Oh! art thou mad, Goody?" said I, "Thou knowest I do not fear, but I do not understand thee. Come now, explain this riddle?"

"Oh, your honour," quoth she, "Crotch caught the plague from a coach, that came from London a night ago. He would stop it at the bridge, though the postilions shouted to him that there was a lady inside with the black spots on her. 'Plague or no plague,' said he, 'I'll have my shilling or the bridge-gate shall remain locked,'—and he opened the door and bade her ladyship give it him. So he got his shilling and his death as well from her."

"Yes, yes, mother, but how does that help us? For God's sake, woman, think of Grace, and come to the point."

"Crotch hath made a will," said Goody Macroll, "and he wishes burial at Mickleham, where he was born. Here is his testament."

She drew from her pocket a parchment. Crotch must have been an old miser, for he had left money behind him. At the end was written: "And I hereby bequeath the sum of £20 to the Church at Mikleham for the benefit of the poor, to be used as the Rector sees fit, on condition that my body is interred in the grave of my mother in Mikleham Churchyard."

"Now your honour," said the old dame, "If you will come across to my cottage, I will tell how I think we may use this to get our way."

By this time we had crossed the river to Goody's house. When inside, she locked the door, and turned to Harold, who, it was plain to see, was still in gall and bitterness. "Come, buss me, buss me, laddie," she said, "or I'll not tell you my secret," and she flung her withered arms round him. He broke into a short laugh, and kissed her, and suffered her to lead him to a seat. "Now," she went on, "suppose there was a right of way across the churchyard through the ground where the tower is to be built—could the tower then be erected?"

"No!" said I, "of course not. Rights of way may not thus lightly be meddled with."

*"CAN A DEAD BODY MAKE A RIGHT OF WAY?" asked Goody, looking at me with a twinkle in her dim eyes.

In a moment I saw the whole plan. I rose from my chair like a boy, and smote my thigh. "Oh, wise woman!" I cried. "I see the plan—oh!—now I know why the Latin word for wisdom sapientia—is always of the feminine gender. Oh, Goody, I could find it in my heart to kiss you myself, if"—I stopped in time—she gave me a little bob. "Thank ye kindly, sir," she said. "If I had been younger, eh?"

"I will write to the Prior," said I, gravely, "and tell him that we intend to take him at his word, and hold him to his last condition."

The which I did, the same day. I received no answer, but the workmen at the church were ordered to start on the foundations of the tower. In the afternoon I went down to the bridge at Ledrede, and saw the granddaughter of the dead man. I bade her be ready at 10 o'clock the same night, to accompany the coffin; and I added that I hoped the mourners would not mind the late hour, for it was the custom to bury the plague-stricken at night. But I did not tell her that

* That this tradition is a local one, note that in quite recent times the sum of 1d. has been charged for permission to bring a corpse through the Swan Brewery Yard, to prevent a right of way being established.

my principle reason for the late hour was to avoid any obstruction from the Prior or his workmen.

She agreed, and that night at the aforesaid hour, the funeral procession started. It was but small—numbering about 20 people in all; for the rest of the town kept within doors for fear of the plague; I walked at the head, as was right, in my robes. Harold followed me with a torch. Then came the coffin borne on a low stretcher, followed by the other mourners. Goody Macroll hobbled behind.

We agreed to pass through the fields, avoiding the high road, to the better health, perchance, of all that might come that way—for the physicians say that a dead body leaves a trail, as it were of mortiferous air behind it. Thus, by passing through the fields, we should cause no danger to foot passengers; except the mourners, who must after all incur the danger, if they must needs show their grief. At any rate, this was reason enough for them. So we entered the churchyard to go over the Downs to Mikleham.*

Now, by some mischance, the Prior was suspicious as to my intent. As we entered the church yard by the west gate and I lead the procession across the grass, over the marks cut out to delineate the foundations of the Tower, the Prior and his secretary came round the north side at at run. "Stay," he cried, and his voice crackled again as he spoke, like the sharp noise of dry parchment being crushed together. "Stay! What do ye here?"

Then as he drew nearer and recognised me, he cried, "Ha, Mr. Pernicote, I wondered whether we should see you to-night. On what business are you here?"

"Stand back," I replied, as solemnly as I might, if possibly, to over-awe him. "Stand back, or approach me at your peril."

"What do you mean?" he cried, hesitating.

"I mean," said I, "that I have here a dead man, whom I am conveying to Mickleham Church in accordance with his last instructions."

"What of that," said the Prior, "You shall not pass this way."

*The path taken ran parallel to the high wall at the west side of the churchyard, and over the Downs to Mikleham.

"I am obliged," said I, "to avoid the high roads, for fear of spreading infection. He died of the plague." As I spoke I made a signal with my hand to the bearers, who set the bier down, well within the lines of the tower.

"Would you see the corpse?" I asked of the Prior, "and prove for yourself the truth of my words. The lid is only lightly fastened down."

"No, no," said the Prior, taking a step or two backwards. "Away! remove him! Ugh! the plague, was it?"

"Yes," screamed Goody, coming forward, "the plague, reverend father. He was black in less than an hour after he had touched the plague last night. Oh! it works quickly down the pestilence. First you are taken with qualms, and your head swims; then your skin goes dr- and itches; and then the black spots; Ha, father, do you feel a qualm, eh? do your eyes swim? Here, let me feel your hand, as I felt his this forenoon before he died." And she drew up to him as if to take his hand.

But he drew back in alarm. "Retro Sathanas!" he cried. "Keep away, woman. God's eyes, beldame, would'st infect me? Keep back, I say."

But she kept advancing to him, as he retired, and as I caught the purport of her action, I advanced too, and so the bier with its dead burden, crossed the bounds of the tower.

Therewith I will note for the benefit of the posterity which may read this manuscript that the law of Rights of Way is to the following effect: "If a corpse be carried from any one place to any other, the track which the bearers have trodden shall be open, free, and public, and shall make a right of way in perpetuitatem."

This at least is our custom here in Surrey, and possibly so in other counties as well. Therefore, when we had borne the body of Crotch, across the outline of the Church tower, we thereby constituted a right of way which might never be built over or in any way interrupted.

The Prior let us pass; being only a Kentish man, he did not understand our local usage. But when the procession had passed, Goody, like a Zany, danced back to where the Prior stood, looking after us with a baleful glare in his eye, and bobbing up and down before him, she cried, "My heart's thanks, Father Prior! My daught-

ers thanks, Father! Her lover's thanks, most godly Father! When shall we have her home "

"Away, beldame," said the Prior, waving her off with one hand, whilst he crossed himself repeatedly with the other, "Begone, imp of Satan. What dost thou mean?"

"I mean," said Goody, screaming with laughter, "that thou canst not build the tower on these marks," and she postured like some elf in the shallow trench from which the sods had been out."

"Why not, witch, why not?" said the Prior, stepping forward hastily, seeing that Goody was in earnest.

"Because," laughed Goody, "yonder corpse has made a right of way through this plot, and methinks the greatest lawyer in London will not controvert the fact. Your fine architect must needs built his tower aslant to clear this path."

She pointed where the footmarks of the bearers were to be seen in the soft mould. The Prior drove his clenched fist into the air with baffled rage upon his face. Then he slipped swiftly to Goody's side, and stooping to her ear he hissed, "Spawn of Beelzebub, call on your familiar, for look to it if he shall save you when once you come into my power."

The next morning, however, the Prior sang a Miserere in the study of my rectory. He came over just after daybreak, and was most humbly civil to me. I could but compare his courtesy with his former rudeness at Norbury Priory. "Mr. Pernicote," he said with a sour smile, "you have a rare gift of humour. I confess you have caught me. One of our brothers at the Priory has studied the law, and tells me that you have indeed established a right of way. It was a rare jest. I hope I am capable of enjoying it; but come, Mr. Rector, you cannot seriously intend to spoil the architecture of St. Mary's Church. What will you take to forego your right of way?"

"Restore Goody Macrall's daughter before sunset," said I, "and I willingly withdraw any claim to a public path through your foundations."

"You promise," asked the Prior eagerly.

"I promise," quoth I, "but Sir Prior I will haveGoody's

daughter back with a writing from you that you have no claim on her."

I sat at my table and wrote the agreement, and watched the Prior sign it. Ere noon Goody was hugging her daughter once more in her own house.

But the next week when the Prior continued the foundations of the tower, the work was interrupted by a King's attorney, who, staying at Randulf's Farm had heard the story.

Methinks he was no friend of the Pope, or of his designates, for he rudely informed the Prior that if he laid a trowel-ful of mortar across the right-of-way he would prosecute him at the Royal Assizes.

"But my good sir," said the Prior, taken utterly aback, "Mr. Pernicote hath foregone his right of way."

"Sir Prior," said the Attorney, gravely, though there was laughter in his eye, "if you forego this church, does your church thereby cease to exist? No, sir, and though Mr. Pernicote may never come this way again, he cannot do away with this right-of-way now it is once established. Build your tower by all means, but most certainly build it askew, and learn next time you play any game, to play it fairly like an Englishman, and not like a beggarly French monk."

"THE RUNNING HORSE."

NO. II.

IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS,

OR

AT THE SIGN OF "THE RUNNING HORSE."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," quoth Mistress Elinour Rummyng, the buxom hostess of the cabaret, now called the "Running Horse:" "Dickon says the river hath carried away four of our best Southdowns, and that means a loss as good as ten shillings."

"And the footbridge hath been broken; the water's too deep to ford; they say the meadows up to Randall's Mill are four feet under water." Thus the watchman, who was sipping his hot rum and water in the landlady's bar.

"So if any would cross to Fetcham or Bookham, they go to Dorking first, and so round, which is a good thing for me as I say. My house is full, too, and with gentry, too, on their way to Guildford, whither the Queen is to go to-morrow. Hark you, how merry they are."

As the good lady spoke a burst of laughter rang out from the room behind the bar, loud shouts mingled with the banging of fists upon the table, and the jingling of tankards and glasses.

Never had such a wet spring been known before. Everyone was grumbling; Squire Gardyner, the sergeant of Elizabeth's cellar, had just built Thorncroft House, but the river had swamped his cellars and stopped the men at work on his stables. He hoped to have lodged the Queen if she had passed through Letherhead, but as it was, it was impossible.

The little town for some days had been full of excitement. Brave gallants on horseback had flashed past on their way to Guildford. Pretty dames from the Court in their lumbering coaches with red-coated outriders had burst upon the dazzled eyes of the inhabitants. Fair Cicely Davenant, at Dorking, the only daughter of Sir Richard Davenant, of great renown, was in a flutter of ecstasy. For Elizabeth promised to send for her at Guildford and make her one of the Court ladies, and her mind was full of happy prospects—to wear beautiful dresses, to see the sights of London, to be run after and made love to by the finest gentlemen in Europe. Oh! it was enough to take her breath away.

She had plenty of admirers at Dorking. There was gay Sir John Peverell, who came over often to see her brother. But he was too gay a spark, they said; too often in London at the dicing-tables or the cock-pits. Besides, he was over thirty; too old for a maid of seventeen. And there was Sergeant Gardyner's eldest son from Thorncroft. He was very deeply in love, she was sure of that, and she really liked him a little, but then he was so stupid, and slow and sulky. She was not going to choose a bumpkin. No, she would wait till she went to court, and then—ah, then!

Amongst the merry party at the Rummyng House, delayed there by the floods which had broken down the footbridge and prevented anyone crossing the ford, John Peverell and Will Gardyner had met. They were cousins, and both rivals for the pretty Cicely. John—a would-be man-about-town—was ruffling it gaily enough, in a suit of red coloured velvet, enjoying the ample feast Mistress Elinour had prepared. Will, his junior by ten years, sat gloomily in the chimney corner. His cousin, a great favourite with the wits and with the women, was cracking

jests with everyone, drinking their healths, winning their praises and flattering the wenches.

"Ah, sweet Mistress," he cried, as Elinour Rummyng entered with a fresh supply of tankards, "I had said you were the sweetest flower that ever sprang from this dreary chalk field of Surrey."

"Have at you," answered the fair Elinour, "one never knows how to take you. Sir John. Ah, I used to have a name once for comeliness, when the poets came down and made rhymes about me."

"When Skelton wore the laurel crown
My looks put all the ale-wives down."

"Ah, well," answered Sir John, lightly, "if the bud has burst into the full blown rose, her dew is still as sweet. Read your lines thus in future:—'When Skelton wore the laurel crown, My ale put all the ale-wives down.' There, let that go down to posterity in record of the finest tankard that ever cooled man's lips." So saying, he took a copious draught from his cup. "But there's a bud that will put you to shame, Elinour, aye, and will put to shame all the flowers at Court, so you need feel no anger—a country blossom, too. Gallants, fill your cups, and here's to the fairest and the daintiest Cicely Davenant, the new lady-in-waiting."

The toast was drunk with considerable laughter by all but Will, who sat still in his corner. Sir John spied him, and turned his wit upon him. "What, cousin Will, won't you join us? Methought you admired the lady too. Come, my good coz, I'll warrant you would be willing to wear that flower, eh? What will you wager that I pluck it, and join it to the Peverell lilies, eh?"

Will leapt to his feet.

"Silence," he thundered, with eyes flashing, "take her name on your lips again, and—"

"Oh, ho, the country cockerel can crow, it seems," said Peverill tauntingly. "Come, now, I wager my velvet against your cloth that I marry her within the week."

Will's hand flew to his sword-side, but like many a country squire in those days, he had left his weapon at home.

"Never," he said. "Never—I swear you shall never touch her. You—a rake, a spendthrift; your lips pollute her very name."

"S'death!" cried Sir John, "I've roused you, have I? I can't quarrel with an impudent country bumpkin," and he turned sneeringly away, and began to talk with his neighbour at the table.

It was too much for Will. With a cry, he struck his cousin heavily between the eyes. Peverell went down like a log, but regaining his feet, ran with an oath to his sword hanging behind his chair.

The landlady caught his arm. "Now, good Sir John, he's only a lad—come, you have no call to hurt him. And after all the lady's free to both of you. I'll have no squabbling in my house."

"Come you, Mr. Gardyner," she continued, turning to Will. "You will be wanted at Thornecroft, I know well, by this time. Be off, before worse happens. You mustn't mind Sir John. He cares nought for her, you know. And nor will you in five years' time, when you've seen the world a bit."

"Whether he means it or not, I mean what I say," he replied. "He is unworthy to kiss the ground she walks on. He shall never have her." And with these words he turned and left the inn. As he passed under the old porch, he heard a cry. It was Sir John. "Within a week, I said, coz," came the words, "within a week. And this I swear."

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That night, a mounted messenger rode up to Davenant's door at Dorking with a short note, from Elizabeth's secretary:

"It is the Queen's pleasure that Mistress Cicely Davenant join Her Majesty within twenty-four hours at Guildford."

The messenger supplemented the note by announcing that her Majesty had heard of the impossibility of crossing the river at Letherhead, and had journeyed from Cobham.

"Oh, father, I must go at once," Cicely cried, clapping her hands. But her father quieted her. It was im-

possible to go before morning, and even then he could spare but two postillions to drive her coach; she would have to content herself with the messenger as outrider.

THORNCROFT BRIDGE

Early next day the coach left Dorking and followed the upper road through Westcott and Wotton. Of course, Cicely had not slept all night, and even now the coach seemed too slow, so pleasurable were her anticipations.

Towards Gomshall the drivers turned towards Netley Heath, the road in front of them being impassable, as the brook had washed part of it away.

But Cicely was not the only person who had spent a sleepless night. Will Gardyner, too, had failed to find repose. He could but think of his cousin's last words. He knew how determined Peverell was, how he had infinite resources at his command. "What can I do?" moaned poor Will, as he tossed from side to side, "What does he intend to do? Oh, Cicely, if you only knew."

He rose at daybreak, wandered down to the riverside, where he stood watching the turbulent waters. As he stood there he heard his name shouted by someone on the further side of the old wooden footbridge. It was an ostler from the Inn, and he carried a note in his hand. But the river had risen still further in the night, and covered the footbridge. However, Will, taking off his buckled shoes, and rolling up his nether garments, crossed the quivering bridge, and obtained the note. He read it hurriedly. "A horse," he shouted, "a horse," and then stopped; for the stables were flooded and the horses had

been taken up to the inns. He ran past the astonished ostler, up the hill towards the town. He entered the yard, and dashing into the stables, dragged out a horse—the first he could obtain. He did not wait for saddle or bridle, but just as he was, bare-legged and without hat or sword, galloped off towards Dorking; still clutching in his hand the note that had wrought him to such energy.

Its contents were as follows: "Sir John Peverill begs to remind his cousin of his promise, and to invite him to the wedding—'under the hedge,' on Netley Heath at half after ten o'clock to-day."

(In Elizabeth's reign and for 200 years afterwards there were many priests—"hedge priests," as they were called, who, turned out of their homes by the Reformation, were willing enough to perform similar offices to those that were undertaken afterwards by the blacksmiths at Gretna Green, or by the bankrupt parsons in the Fleet).

Will guessed well enough what had happened—Cicely had been decoyed from home, and he had but one purpose, to reach Netley Heath, find her and stop the wedding by any means he could.

WESTCOTT.

It was a most hasty and, one would have thought, a most foolish proceeding. A half-dressed man, unarmed, riding a bare-backed horse, not even stopping at the Davenant House to inquire what had happened, flying through Dorking old town, up the hill past Westcott and Wotton and Abinger Hall; turning madly off to the right over the downs towards Netley Woods, and suddenly brought to himself by his horse, which, putting a

foot into a rabbit hole, came down neck and crop, flinging his rider in front of him. This summary proceeding brought Will to his senses. "What a fool I am," he exclaimed, "I don't even know if its true." His horse's foot was badly sprained. He was useless, and Will himself was not much better. He looked ruefully at his muddy clothes, and bare feet, and sat down to think what he should do.

As luck would have it, a shepherd was driving his flock to new pasture on the hill above him, and Will got up and limped towards him. Had he come from Netley. Yes, he had. Had he seen anyone pass through early in the morning? Yes, a coach and an outrider.

Where were they going?

How should he know?

Did the shepherd know of any Jack Priest on Netley Common?

Shepherd scratched his head. He had heard of one down Hackhurst way.

Will walked off as quickly as possible in the direction pointed out, leaving his horse in the shepherd's charge.

Meanwhile Cicely had gone quietly on till the coach suddenly stopped. The maid put her head out of the window and screamed. The door opposite was opened and a man dragged Cicely out. The postillions were on their backs, two men holding pistols at their heads. The outrider was quietly whispering to a man whose long worn cassock proclaimed him a discharged priest. And bowing to Cicely was Sir John Peverell, looking very handsome, and making some explanation, which she was too dazed to comprehend.

"What is the meaning of this jest?" she asked, haughtily enough. "Why am I thus rudely dragged from my carriage?"

"Sweet-Heart," answered Sir John, "we have no time for explanations. We have work to do, and questions and answers may tarry. This reverend father has heard from me how I adore you, and has most generously offered to unite us. I am sure, much as I regret this haste, that—"

"Release me, sir," cried Cicely, suddenly alive to the

truth of the matter, "I will not be coerced into this marriage. I hate you. Help, help."

But Sir John stopped her by signalling to the messenger, who rudely thrust his hand over her mouth, and picking her up, carried her down a path out of the main road. She struggled violently and fought with all her strength. But she seemed powerless. In a little glade in the wood Sir John stopped and turned to the frightened girl; "Mistress," he said, sternly, "if you will promise not to cry out, I will not have you gagged." But as he spoke the man who carried her uttered a loud cry of pain and dropped her. She had bitten his hand. In a moment she was running down the path towards the road.

Sir John overtook her as she reached the road, and caught her round the waist. "Help," she shrieked, and struck at her captor. He only laughed, and caught her arms, raising her from the ground, to turn again up the path where the priest was waiting. Suddenly a figure burst out from the bushes on the other side of the road. It leaped across the road, and dashed Sir John to the ground. Then, snatching up Cicely, Will, for it was he, sprang on one of the coach horses. Tearing the whip from the coach, he struck the second horse with it, making it gallop off into the wood, followed by the outrider's horse that had taken fright, and shied at Will's sudden appearance. He was up the high road, with Cicely in front of him, before Sir John had risen from the grass, or the other men of his party could make up their minds what to do.

Before he was fifty yards up the road, two bullets whistled past him. Then he heard a shout or two, but nothing else, except the galloping of his horse, and Cicely's sobs. Explanations under these circumstances were difficult, but somehow Will made them. Meanwhile he thought out his plan. On to Horsley and then through Effingham and Bookham, back to Letherhead where he would shelter Cicely at Thornecroft till her father could take her home.

So he patted his horse and spoke to it, as it settled into a long stride. There was only one thing to fear, and that was pursuit. Will counted up the horses and wondered

where Sir John's was. But no one stopped him, no hoofs rang out behind him. The few people who passed him certainly stared; the watchman in West Horsley tried to catch his reins, but received such a kick on the chin that he thought it best to leave runaway couples alone.

So on down the long road into Bookham, and up the long ascent towards Letherhead. The horse, willing creature, was getting done. The perspiration poured from it or was churned into foam on its panting sides.

It seemed to crawl up the hill; slowly the brow came in sight, and the cross roads to Fetcham. But on the crest another horseman sprang from the trees on the right, and caught at the bridle. It was Sir John. He had caught his own horse and followed over country by a short cut, to meet Will as he entered on the descent to Leatherhead.

Cicely screamed; Will swore between his teeth. The two horses, both tired out, crushed together as their riders wrestled.

Down Hawks Hill they galloped shoulder to shoulder, right on to the flooded river.

As they turned the corner, below the hill, they heard shouting, and dimly saw a crowd of people on the further side of the Mole.

Cicely had fainted, and fallen on to Will's left arm. With his right he had Sir John by the cravat; the latter had hold of Will's bridle.

At the bank of the river, the horses stopped. Peverell, with a cry of triumph, leapt to the ground. But it was premature. Will stood still, as Sir John advanced towards him, with drawn sword, but Will dropped suddenly to the ground and the sword pierced the empty air above him.

Peverell overbalanced, and before he could recover, Will thrust Cicely on Sir John's horse and urged him into the stream.

The river was rushing by, swollen and foaming, and the horse with its senseless burden was carried down under the broken footbridge; but Will swam by its side, holding Cicely on, and encouraging the creature to cross. In a few moments, though it seemed hours to Will, the

animal was over, and Cicely and Will were pulled ashore by hasty hands.

Half-dazed, he staggered through the field towards Elinour's Ale-house—there was a great crowd round the house. Some lady, surrounded by others, stood at the door.

It was the Queen.

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There is but little else to say. The letter Cicely had received was a hoax, part of a deeply-laid plan of Sir John's.

The Queen had arrived late at night at Letherhead, and finding it impossible for her carriages to cross the river had spent the night at the little inn.

When Will related his tale, of that gallant ride to Netley and back, ending up at the "Rummyng House," "Zounds!" cried the Queen, "Rummyng House, indeed; henceforth it shall be called 'The Running Horse.'"

And so it is this day, in memory of that long ride.

NO. III.

BLACK MAGIC.

There have never been more stirring times than at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when England was settling down into the position as head of the European nations.

Everywhere there were wars and rumours of wars. France, Spain, Austria, Germany, India and America were fought with, and—thanks to British pluck—forced to leave England alone. There were riots at home over new laws, and fresh applications of existing ones; there were rebellions in Ireland over ha'pennies, and battles in Scotland for the Young Pretender; there were demonstrations in London over the new Calendar, with the tag, rag, and bobtail shouting, "Give us back our eleven days."

But of all events which produced popular excitement and frenzy, none was more compelling than the great South Sea Swindle, and the new Excise Bill.

Mr. Arthur Pluss, of Fetcham Park, was one of the directors of the South Sea Company, and when, after a long journey round the world, he settled down at Fetcham and made the present park, redeeming it from the waste of surrounding common, he thought it a proper and appropriate thing to enter Parliament, directing his attention and energies to the passing of the Bills against smugglers, which culminated at last in the unsuccessful Excise Bill.

On the whole, then, Mr. Pluss was not a popular man. His appointment on the South Sea directorate, though it is but fair to say that he left the Company long before the smash came, linked his name unfavourably with the rascally promoters of the later schemes of the Company; the fact that he had enclosed so much of the common land at Fetcham, and most important of all, locally speaking, his attempt to put a stop to the notorious smuggling traffic carried on between Portsmouth and London, which

passed through Letherhead and the surrounding towns, tended considerably to turn popular feeling against him.

Even his friends among the neighbouring gentry quizzed him, a thing which deeply chagrined him, for above all things he liked to be taken in earnest. "Ah, Pluss, you rogue," said the old Vicar of Epsom, as he met him walking on the Spa, "what's to become of my little night caps, if you stop these honest rascals from leaving a keg occasionally at my back door, with no questions asked? Come and dine with us—shall we say next Tuesday—and my daughters shall comb your wig for you with a vengeance. Poor things, they've cried their eyes out over your speech on smuggling in the London Gazette. No more bits of choice lace or flutter-me-gays for them." This was the semi-jocular spirit in which he was greeted by all his well-to-do friends.

But there was one person in whose eyes he was always the greatest of benefactors, who served him with the deepest devotion and affection, and would have laid down his life willingly for his master. This was a young Indian servant, named Zebedee.

In the old baptismal register at Fetcham, you may still see the name of this young slave, given him after his conversion to his master's religion. Later on in life, he took the name of Love-Pluss, as a token of his attachment. He lived to a ripe old age, and marrying a Letherhead girl, acquired a position of some importance in the town, for his name is found attached as a witness to several deeds, and he was buried in Fetcham Churchyard.

He was originally rescued by Mr. Pluss from an Indian Rajah, who, in revenge, stole him from a neighbouring prince's harem; intending to torture him to death as an act of retaliation upon this prince, whose son he was. The young Hindoo, then a lad of fifteen, in gratitude for his timely rescue, clung to Mr. Pluss and swore to serve him all his life. He left India with his master, and travelled all over the world with him, returning to England with him five years later, at the time Mr. Pluss resolved to enter Parliament.

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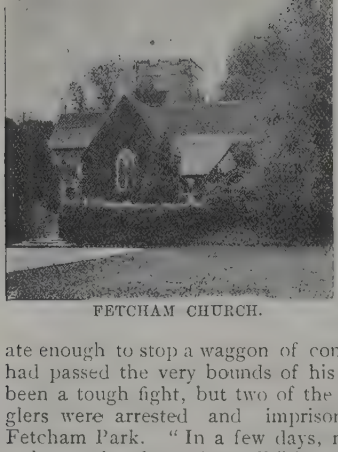


FETCHAM CHURCH.

It was Tuesday evening, and Mr. Pluss had been dining with the Vicar of Epsom, whose daughters, though they had laughingly entreated him to spare their favourite "traffikers," had enabled him to enjoy a very agreeable dinner. He was in high spirits, for on the previous night he had been fortunate enough to stop a waggon of contraband goods, which had passed the very bounds of his own park; there had been a tough fight, but two of the most prominent smugglers were arrested and imprisoned in the cellars at Fetcham Park. "In a few days, my dear Vicar, I hope to lay my hands on them all," he said. The Vicar, however, turned the conversation, and drew from Mr. Pluss details of his travels—stories of strange beasts, of hairbreadth escapes, and, lastly, of the rescue of Zebedee. He told of the mysteries of India, and calling Zebedee, he offered to perform a simple experiment common enough in the East. Of course, the Vicar and his daughters were delighted, but Zebedee shook his head. "No, sahib," he said, earnestly, "not to-night; something, I know not what, tells me we must be gone." But Mr. Pluss insisted, and Zebedee, with a shrug of his shoulders, produced from his tunic a small phial of black coloured liquid. Pouring it into the palm of his hand, he bade the youngest daughter look in the liquid and describe what she saw. The girl advanced timidly, and as she peered into the Indian's outstretched hand he uttered certain words in his own language. Instantaneously the girl stiffened, her eyes opened, and her pupils dilated. "I see," she cried in a high and monotonous voice, "nothing but mist. No; the mist is unrolling,

there is a house; it is Fetcham Park; lights are flashing at the windows, there are figures on the lawn, they are running away, someone is struggling, other figures come from the house. They are fighting; one of them falls." Her voice stopped, and Zebedee in a low and intense voice demanded, "Speak, Mem Sahib, who has fallen." "It is William," she cried, and Zebedee, with a wave of his hand, stopped her further utterance, turning to Mr. Pluss, who stood by with white face and trembling hands. "I told the sahib," he said, "it is high time we were off; the smugglers have attacked the sahib's house; it is revenge."

Within a very few moments Mr. Pluss was in his coach thundering along the road to Letherhead. Soon the lights of Epsom were far behind and they crossed the lonely heath, which lay practically all the way between Epsom and Letherhead. At the river beyond Letherhead, Zebedee begged permission to leave the vehicle. The coach stopped whilst the Indian, with the long hollow staff which he always carried, leapt out into the bushes which skirted the road. What was Zebedee's intention his master did not know, but he reposed the utmost confidence in his faithful servant, and knew that in any emergency he would do his best to help his master.

When the house was at last reached, a terrible state of affairs was revealed. During Mr. Pluss's absence the rest of the band of smugglers had managed to effect the rescue of their imprisoned companions, and escape, carrying with them the park deed-box, containing most valuable documents, and a considerable sum of money. Still worse, Mr. Pluss's youngest daughter had been cruelly torn from the arms of her nurse and carried off amidst loud laughter and vile threats, while young William Pluss, in an attempt to defend his sister, had been shamefully handled, and lay unconscious in his father's study. The distracted father sent off hurriedly for the nearest physician and scoured the grounds and outskirts of the park, but no trace of the fugitives could be found.

Meanwhile, let us return to Zebedee. With wondrous skill he penetrated the woods outside the park long before the coach reached the doors. Easily tracing the steps of the smugglers, he followed them to the Bookham Road,

THE ROREING HOUSE.

where he discovered that the band had divided, one part disappearing towards the lonely country where the Roreing Horse still stands, the other following a track behind Hawk's Hill quarry towards the Mill Pond. He was in two minds how to act, but he turned down towards Letherhead, following the track in a crouching posture, till he came to the shore of the Mill Pool, lying white and still save where its surface was rippled by the water bubbling up in the "swallows." Here the dewy grass showed that a body of men had crossed the meadows towards Randalls Park. A horrible suspicion flashed through his mind –they could scarcely have drowned that struggling figure seen in the vision at Epsom Vicarage. Why, then, had they stopped? He determined to discover that in the morning. Once more he followed across the river through Randall's Park till he struck upon a narrow path in the woods that lie between Randalls Park and Patescham. In Oxshott woods, the hoarse barking of a dog brought him to a sudden standstill. The pursuer was detected. The smugglers were resting on their way towards their hiding place in some caves, evidences of which can still be seen at Oxshott, and their dog had given tongue at the Indian's approach.

The tables were now turned; the desperate men, knowing the fate in store for them if they were caught, burst out of the wood after Zebedee, who fled down the path. It was an exciting chase: the Indian headed straight back towards Letherhead. But when he crossed the river at "Randall's" his pursuers were only 50 yards behind. Right up to the mill pond the Indian ran: then, finding that he could not escape towards Fetcham, he

leapt into the water. When the smugglers reached the banks—cautiously enough, we may be sure, for they knew not who might be scouring the country for them—not a vestige of their prey was to be seen, only the ripples caused by his immersion; he had utterly disappeared from sight. Only one conclusion seemed possible, the Indian had fallen into one of the deep blue pits, and sunk to the bottom like a stone. They turned away, to ascend Hawkes Hill, keeping well within the dense brushwood by the side of the road; but they had scarcely moved a hundred yards when Mr. Pluss, with a mad yell, came charging down upon them. He was mounted on a white horse, and the intense anxiety of the night had rendered him half frenzied. "Here they are," he shouted, "Here are the scoundrels that war on children. Where is my child? What have you done with her? You hounds, you villains, give her back to me!" With these words he made at them, cutting right and left with the long rapier he carried.

So fierce and extraordinary was his onslaught, that the five smugglers who composed this portion of the gang, gave back in surprise, and made for the road. But here they fell into a trap, for the revenue officers, with a posse of mounted men ascending the hill, were so close upon them that they had barely time to flee for their lives once more towards the Mill Pond.

"After them, after them," shouted Mr. Pluss, who came full tilt out of the wood into the midst of the revenue men. "A thousand pounds to the man who stops them. If they once get across to Patescham we shall lose them."

The whole body of horsemen turned down the hill, leaping the hedge with a ringing cheer.

The smugglers were running as hard as possible, but to the surprise of their pursuers, they suddenly stopped with cries of horror, as a figure dripping wet from head to foot, seemed to glide from the Mill Pond to intercept their flight. It was Zebedee. With his white Eastern garments clinging closely to him, still holding his long staff in one hand, he advanced silently towards the terrified smugglers, who could not conceive that he was otherwise than drowned. In the other hand he triumphantly carried the missing deed box.

Before the smugglers could recover from their consternation, the revenue officers were upon them. There came the sharp report of fire-arms, and the clash of weapons, but sooner than it takes to write the smugglers captured, were being led up to Fetcham Park, Mr. Pluss, even now unable to control himself, urging on the prisoners with blows of sword and foot, at one time reviling them in the bitterest words he could chose, at another offering fabulous rewards to the man who would disclose his child's hiding place.

It was Zebedee who finally quieted him.

"Sahib," he said, "these men will never betray one another. The child is safe. To-morrow morning I will lead you to her." The smugglers glared at the Indian as if they would kill him: but before two hours passed, the sun had risen, and once more the faithful servant led his master up to the top of the hill, where he had previously noticed that the smugglers had divided. He concluded that the one party had taken the deed box, and thrown it into one of the swallows of the Mill Pond—for the smugglers were found to use those deep pools as hiding places for their goods—whilst the other party bearing the child had gone off in the opposite direction.

The tracks led down a bridle path, which to this day goes to Dorking. In the valley below the Bookham-road, they came to a stop at a lonely farm house, still called "The Roreing House." The little troop surrounded it it and searched it thoroughly. At first, they found nothing at all. From cellar to attic they hunted; they opened all the cupboards; they sounded every wall. Inside the large kitchen was an old-fashioned fireplace, and chimney corner. But there was no fire lighted in the grate.

Zebedee peered up the chimney. It ran clear and open up to the top, and the blue sky showed plainly above it. The Indian looked suspiciously at the woman who was in high indignation at being suspected as being a receiver of smuggled goods. Something in her eyes—a slight tinge of anxiety, and a questioning half-open mouth, made him turn again to the chimney.

"Sahib," he cried, "bring a light and set this wood on fire. I cannot see within this sooty hole; but the fire will prove its emptiness."

One of the men advanced with a lighted brand from the fire in the other room; but as he stooped to thrust it into the pile of faggots, the woman rushed forward.

"No, no," she cried desperately. "It will mean murder—There! I dare not have that on my soul. Here, take your child, and send me to Bridewell. I defy you all."

So saying, she opened a cupboard by the side of the chimney corner, and pushing back a sliding panel at the back, she disclosed a small room, built above the chimney, and so arranged that it received air from a ventilator within the chimney itself. Usually, contraband goods were hidden there, and the fire lighted below, so that if discovered during any ordinary smuggling run, the smoke pouring out, the moment the panel was opened, would lead the searchers to imagine that it communicated direct with the open chimney.

As it was, little Lily Pluss was found there asleep, worn out with crying, upon a bale of French muslins. Had the fire been lighted and the woman held her tongue, she would have been suffocated.

"But, Zebedee," Mr. Pluss's grandchildren used to say, as they gathered round him years afterwards, to hear how their mother was once stolen, "how did you hide in the Mill Pond?" "Ah, my little ones," the old Indian would reply, "that was an easy trick, I lay in one of the swallows on my back. So. And I put my hollow staff to my lips and raising just above the water, breathed through it just as quietly as you do when you are sound asleep. And the sahib's box was in the small of my back."

N.B.—The old smugglers' route, as far as can be ascertained, seems to have run from Portsmouth to London. From the artificial caves at Puttenham, it skirted Guildford, passing through Clandon Downs, through the lonely woods to the Roreing House, and from thence by by-paths to Oxshott Caves, and so on to London.

An old well on Gravel Hill was also used as a smugglers' hiding place.

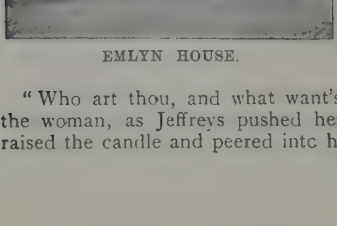
NO. IV.

JUDGE JEFFREYS.

THE night of Monday, December 10th, 1688, was one in which no traveller should have been out. All day long a pitiless sleet had driven down from leaden skies, and when the sodden darkness of the night had extinguished the grey light of the day, the wind had risen in a hurricane, and the drizzle had passed into a merciless downpour.

Yet at the door of "The Mansion," in Church Road, a man was knocking. At first sight, he appeared to be a sailor, for he wore a rough seafaring coat and a dripping sailor's cap tied securely on his head. He gazed furtively around, with the air of one who suspected he was being followed; and as he raised his hand to the knocker a twinge of pain seemed to shoot through him, for he uttered a heartrending groan, and pressed his hand quickly to his side, his frame contorted in a spasm of agony.

No one would have recognised in that pitiable figure the notorious Judge Jeffreys, Lord Chancellor of England.



EMLYN HOUSE.

"The Mansion" was in darkness, save one window in the upper storey, from which a subdued light stole out into the night, and when at last his timid knocks were heard, a flickering candle, carried by a maid, was the only illuminant of the hall into which he entered.

"Who art thou, and what want'st at this hour," said the woman, as Jeffreys pushed her aside; but as she raised the candle and peered into his face, a startled cry

broke from her, and curtseying low, she began, "What! my Lord? Here in this guise?" But Jeffreys silenced her with a harsh—"Hold thy tongue, woman, and go tell thy master, Sir Thomas Bludworth, that I am here," and strode heavily towards the large fireplace where the dying ashes were still smouldering. He stooped to kick the logs into flame again, but another spasm stopped him, which brought the perspiration to his forehead as he suppressed the low moan which came involuntarily from his lips; and he turned towards the woman leaving the hall with a hoarse question: "Tell me, how is she? Susan, my daughter."

"No better, your worship, she is sinking rapidly."

Jeffreys sank down upon an oak settle near the fire, and covered his face with his hands. So lost was he in his thoughts that he heard nothing of his brother-in-law's entrance until Sir Thomas placed his hand upon his shoulder, when he leapt to his feet, disclosing a haggard and tear-stained face. "My lord," said Sir Thomas, "what does this mean? The Lord Chancellor of England in such a costume? What has happened?"

"Bludworth," said Jeffreys hoarsely, "all is lost; the King has given up the game—he has fled; though I begged him on my knees to put aside his fears and be a King. William has landed at Brixham, and is advancing on London; there was yet time for James to have summoned Parliament and made conditions of peace, but the fool has fled, and they hunt me like a dog"; and once more he sank down on to the seat, muttering, with a bitter laugh, words that another Chancellor had made famous: "Had I but served my God as faithfully as I have served my King—you know the rest Bludworth."

For a moment there was silence between the two men, Bludworth's face showing consternation and surprise, but at last he broke out with, "My lord, it is impossible, and yet if it is true, what brings you here to-night. You should be aboard some ship and half way to France by this time."

"True, Thomas, true," said Jeffreys rising, "but I could not leave England without one more look at my Susan. My little child—and they tell me she is dying."

Bludworth could only grasp his hand and nod. Although

he knew that his brother-in-law had been suffering agonies of pain for years; although he knew him to be unpopular with the people, he could scarcely imagine the blustering and bullying judge of the "Bloody Assizes" in the hunted, despairing, tortured wretch who stood before him. Few people would have believed that the man who was so hardened to the sufferings of those whom he had condemned, and was so rapacious after money and personal safety, would have put his life in his hand and made the dangerous journey from London to Letherhead to take one last look at the face of his dying youngest daughter. And yet so it was. Preparations, however, for flight he had made; his money and valuables were already on board a fishing smack at Wapping.

On the previous Saturday he had given up the Chancellorship; his house, together with the houses of other nobles in London who had incurred popular hatred, had been broken into and looted; a reward had been set upon his head, and he had not a friend outside his own family to help him.

Bludworth would not allow him to enter his daughter's chamber in his present state, and so offered him a change of clothes and a hurried meal, which Jeffreys accepted eagerly, for he had tasted nothing all day, having had to avoid as far as possible taverns where he might be recognised. It was strange to see the once confident judge with trembling hands arraying himself in the dry suit offered him, stopping many times and bending double in his agony. He refused all food that was offered him except a tumbler of hot punch, and then wiping his streaming forehead and pulling himself together with a tremendous effort, he declared himself ready to see his daughter.

With what gentleness and solicitude did he approach her bedside and put his arm around her fragile body. "Well, little Susan," he said, tenderly, "and how fare you to-night?" The child, for she was but little more, being fifteen years of age, looked at him with the greatest affection. "Oh, father," she whispered, "how I have longed to see you again," and she leaned her head against his shoulder while Jeffreys strove to master his emotion. Try how he would the tears gathered in his

eyes, and fell upon her little wasted hand. She felt them and looked up—

"Oh, don't cry, father," she said simply, "surely, there is no need."

"No need? Of course not, little one," replied Jeffreys, "tears indeed Why, they must be tears of joy or else drops of rain that came in with me from outside, and wanted to kiss you. Look what I have brought you."

And he drew from his pocket a box of sweets, which he had sent his butler early that morning to buy.

For some moments he sat with her, talking with her and stroking her dark hair, fondling her as gently as a woman, and telling her of the sweet little home he would prepare for her under Italian skies, when she was a little better; and as he spoke, and she nestled down against his coat, and closed her eyes from very weakness, the fashion of his face altered; for while his voice was still full of playful and loving raillery, his eyes were staring out across the room dry and fixed, and his face was all drawn and white.

Suddenly a loud knocking came from the hall door. Bludworth looked at him and left the room. "Who is it, father?" said the sick girl anxiously. "I expect it is someone wanting me, love," he answered with an effort. "See what comes of being so important a man." The girl smiled and looked proudly at him. She at least was proud of her father's honours, and knew nothing against him. But Sir Thomas had by this time returned and whispered in Jeffrey's ear. He turned once more to his child.

"It is as I thought, sweetheart," he said, "you must lie down and go to sleep. Farewell little Susan, farewell, I will see you in the morning." With these words he left the room.

Outside he was a different man. "Quick," he whispered to his brother-in-law, "quick. You must hide me. Someone has betrayed me, and they have tracked me here. The secret room in the cellars. Let me go there."

Sir Thomas led the way down into the cellars, and slipping a panel from the wall, disclosed a small flight of stairs that led into a tiny room built in the thickness of the wall. Closing the panel, Bludworth dragged

a cask of ale against it, and remounted the cellar stairs, passing into the hall where a number of constables were now standing.

With them was Jeffreys' butler, who, at the sight of Sir Thomas, approached him insolently, and cried: "Good evening, Sir Thomas. We are sorry to call so late; but we know that the old fox has run to earth here, and we want him."

"Impertinent hound," answered Sir Thomas. "Out of my house."

"Not so fast, master," was the butler's reply. "We hold a warrant for Jeffreys' arrest. There is also the small matter of £200 reward to the man who discloses his whereabouts. That reward I hope to claim."

"You scoundrel," said Bludworth, "you will find no one here."

"Indeed?" sneered the butler, "but I know better. When a man sends his servant out at half-past six in the morning to buy sweets, it is not difficult to hazard a guess where those sweets are going. We have followed them here."

An officer with the constables here stepped forward, and interfered, for Bludworth was almost purple with rage.

"I am sorry," he said courteously, "to disturb you so inconveniently, but on this fellow's information we could do nothing else, and I must ask for permission to search your house."

This Sir Thomas was forced to accord, and the officers accordingly ransacked the whole house, with the exception of Susan's room, which the officer alone, and with the utmost gentleness entered. But Jeffreys was safe, and the officer at last, with many apologies, withdrew his men, and went down to the "Swan" for the remainder of the night.

Jeffreys remained in hiding till at last the dawn came slow and hoary about seven o'clock; then he cautiously mounted the stairs to the hall, where he joined Sir Thomas at breakfast. Such, however, was the pain from which he was suffering, that he could only manage to swallow a few mouthfuls, and ere long he threw down his knife and asked whether he might see his child before starting off for London, on a horse provided for him

by his brother-in-law, for the animal he had used the day before was unfit for the return journey.

He left the hall and was ascending the stairs to the upper storey:

"Thomas," he said, as he slowly stepped from stair to stair, "Thomas, I feel that to-day is to be the end of it all. Something will happen to-day to finish me. Lord High Chancellor of England, the most famous judge on the bench, the unscrupulous and faithful servant of his Majesty King James II.—Baron of Wem—I am now sunk to this, that outside this house I am a doomed man; a price upon my head; the execrations of the mob in my ears; the Tower and the scaffold before me, and upstairs Death is snatching from me the only child left to warm my withered heart" (for his other children were married and scattered).

In vain Sir Thomas tried to cheer him, Jeffreys had abandoned every hope. "So," he said, "I cannot be deceived; some warning is in the air—and, ah! my God! there it is!"

As he spoke he turned the corner of the passage that ran along the upper part of the house, and facing him with a mocking bow, stood his butler—the man who had betrayed him. Sir Thomas uttered an oath, and tried to pass Jeffreys to fling himself upon him; but Jeffreys stayed him, and drawing himself up with considerable dignity, addressed the man.

"So," he said, with a return of his old justice manner, "you are the hound that eats his master's food and flies at him afterwards. You the Achitophel who is perjured enough to join the Absalom. You rat, have you left the sinking ship?"

But the butler interrupted him with a sneer. "You need not bluster, my lord," he said, "I am used to your bullying. Your law-court clap-trap doesn't stir me. It's more like to frighten your daughter."

This taunt acted like a sudden reminder on Jeffreys, who had been unable to restrain his violence and whose voice had risen higher and higher as he launched his invective upon the man before him; now, however, he made no reply and the man went on—

"I knew that you were here, although the constables found nothing last night, and so I called early this morning to see you. Now the constables shall invite you to journey with them, and I shall get the reward after all.

He turned to go, but Bludworth seized him, and would have shaken the life out of him in his rage, had not Jeffreys interfered. "Let him go," he said. "what matters it? An hour less or more, and this will follow. Let him go, the Judas, he cannot harm me more."

There was no opportunity now for Jeffreys to pay a visit to the sick room. In a few moments the officer and constables would be at the house, and Jeffreys must be gone.

Hurriedly mounting his horse, with a message of his dearest love to the little maid upstairs, he rode down the Ford Road, and crossing the river, galloped hard through the wood at Norbury, taking care to avoid the high roads, till he reached Epsom

MICKLEHAM CHURCH.

He had, as a glance at the map will show, made a considerable detour, by which he hoped to have escaped his pursuers, who, he expected, would fancy he fled as directly to London as the roads would allow, and should now be in front of him.

In this he would have been right, but for the fact that immediately on his leaving the house, Sir Thomas had hurried down to the "Swan," where he delayed the officer and the constables as far as was possible, while he explained away Jeffreys' presence in his house.

Truth to tell, they were in no hurry. They despised the man upon whose treacherous information they had been dragged down from London on this wild chase.

The constables had known Lord Jeffreys for many years and were not prejudiced against him at all; and so fully half-an-hour elapsed before they rode off, in two parties, one taking the Kingston Road, the other following the highway to Epsom.

And this delay of half-an-hour brought them on to the Epsom Downs almost at the same moment that Jeffreys galloped on to them.

So it was that just outside the town they caught sight of one another.

Quick as thought, Jeffreys turned his horse down him into the town, and his pursuers came thundering down half-a-mile behind him; but amidst the crowd of booths and stalls that were being erected for the Christmas fair Jeffreys gave them the slip, and turning down a narrow lane out of the High Street, quickly threw himself off his horse, unbuckled reins and saddle, hid them under the hedge, and turned his horse loose into a neighbouring field, where the animal immediately began to graze, while he himself slipped into an empty barn and awaited events.

He had not been there five minutes, shivering behind some hay piled up in one corner, when two children ran in, hand in hand. They were a boy and girl aged somewhere between five and six.

"Oh, Dicky," said the girl, "just look. Dese dirty footmarks. O've not wiped oor boots, when oo comed into oor housey."

"'Es, a did," answered the boy, pouting, "dese are not my foots. Look," and as he spoke he stepped on to two of the huge tracks that Jeffreys' riding boots had made.

Jeffreys saw at once that, if the children could notice these traces his pursuers would assuredly not fail to do so if they entered the barn. So, after a moment's thought, he determined to discover himself to the children, and try to persuade them to help him, tiny dots as they were. So he rustled the straw, at which the two children screamed and ran into each other's arms, and then coming out, he said: "Don't be frightened, little ones. I won't hurt you. I didn't mean to disturb you. Come here and let me talk to you."

His haggard face and great sunken eyes, together with his muddy sailor clothes, daunted them, and they stood in the doorway half inclined to run out in sheer terror. But as he smiled at them, and sat down on the straw, holding out his hands, they recovered confidence, and whilst the boy still stood in the door with masculine distrust and reserve, the little girl came shyly forward and put her hand into his.

"Is oo' poo'ly, man?" she said, "'cause 'oor poo' face is dreffu!."

"No, little one," Jeffreys answered huskily, while the tears gathered in his eyes. "What is your name."

"My name, Debowah."

"And who is this gallant little man?"

"Dat's my sweetheart, Dicky Drake."

At this the boy came forward to Jeffrey's knees, and stood staring at him.

"Yes," he said, after a moment's pause, "I'm Dicky Drake, and she is Debby Duck, and we're going to be mawwied, and dis is our house."

Jeffreys smiled as both children burst into a delightful melody of laughter. "Well, dears," he said, "and would you let a poor man stay in your house?"

"Oh, 'es," answered Deborah merrily, "oh, 'es, oo can be the parson and mawwy us, and den it'll be kite pwoper."

"So I will by and by," said Jeffreys with an effort, "but let me tell you something first. Do you know I've got a little girl who was once like you, but—but - but she'll never grow up to be married."

"Is she so dreffully ugly, or poor?" said Deborah, with a worldly wisdom beyond her years.

"No, dear," answered Jeffreys, "it's not that. She's as beautiful as you, and quite rich enough, but—but she's very ill indeed, and because I went to see her last night some wicked men are hunting me to put me in prison."

"They sant, they sant," cried Dicky in an outburst of indignation, as he watched the tears trickle down Jeffrey's face. "I'll kill 'em first. Oh you poo' man," and both children in pity began to cry too.

"There, there, young 'angels,' 'said Jeffreys, soothing them, "things are not as bad as that yet; only if they

come here I shall have to hide behind the straw again; and you must go on playing just as if you had never seen me."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when Deborah put up a listening finger; and there was plainly heard the sound of galloping horses, and the raucous voices of the men.

"It is they," said Jeffreys, hastening to his corner beneath the friendly straw, "Heaven aid you, my dears."

The children immediately fell to playing.

"Sit down, Dicky," whispered Deborah, taking her seat on the very pile under which the fugitive lay concealed, "and pretend to be listening to me."

But as she spoke, the constables burst into the barn, and looked eagerly round.

"Oh, you wude men," said Debby, "how dare oo tum in wivout knocking?"

"Beg pardon, little mistress," said one of the men, with a brutal laugh, "we are looking for someone; has anyone come in here?"

But Dicky interposed, standing up and advancing on the foremost constable.

"Take off 'oor hat, you rascal, when oo speaks to a lady."

The men burst out laughing one and all.

"What a gamey sparrow," said one.

"He's right, too," said another, and mockingly taking off his hat, he swept a low bow, and asked: "May I request your ladyship to inform me whether you have noticed a rough looking sailor pass this way?"

"You fool," cried the officer who was leading the party, "if these children had seen him, he'd have frightened them to death. They've seen nobody, I'll take my oath. Come along; don't waste time here. The man must be through the town by now. Come, mount, and let us be off."

And with these words he bustled his men out, and soon the sound of the horses' hoofs died away in the distance.

Jeffreys crept out once more, and kissed the two babes; and was for going out to his horse again. But Deborah stopped him.

"You've forgotten to mawwy us," she said reproachfully.

Jeffreys turned back. He could not resist.

"So I have," he cried, and then placing them side by side he entered into their play, and gravely scribbled on a piece of paper their names and ages, and drew up a mock form of contract.

The children equally gravely made their marks, and then Dicky cried: "Oh, Lebby, I haven't dot a ring."

"Haven't you," said Jeffreys, and he drew off a signet that he wore, and made Dicky put it on Debby's finger.

"It slips off," said Debby, laughing, "put it on two—dese two"—and she held up her third and fourth fingers, which slipped with but little pushing into the big ring.

"There, children," said Jeffreys, kissing them again, "keep the ring in memory of the day. God bless you. Farewell."

There is no need to describe the rest of Jeffreys' journey to London, or to tell how, late that night, he was arrested at Wapping, and conveyed, amid the hootings and revelings of the mob, to the Tower, where for some months he languished till he died.

But it is interesting to know that in the Letherhead marriage registers under January 16th, 1709, there is an entry of the marriage of Richard Drake to Deborah Duck.

NO. V.

DEAD WOMAN'S LANE.

"WALK up, walk up, beaux and belles, lads and lasses, walk up and see the marvel of the century, a calf with six legs and two heads, just arrived from the country of Australia, where the ducks bark and the foxes fly, and the flowers grow head downwards. Walk up; walk up and have your eyes opened."

Clash! Bang! Crash! Tsing! Boom! "Hallo! Here we are again." Joey! Joeeeee! What brings you here?" "Me, oh I've come to see my young lady." "There she is. See her feeling in her pocket for the penny. Bless her! Look at her pink ribbons! I gave 'em to her to come to the fair in."

It was the usual Letherhead fair, in the year 1734. The fair field was a glorious meadow running up from the High Street to the crest of the Fairfield Hill, free from any dwelling at all, save one old house which still stands to-day, though now surrounded by stables and cottages, anything but "model."

Judging from the noises, the hullaballoo of many voices, the laughter of the bumpkins over the sallies of the booth-holders, the cries of the vendors selling their patent medicines, their needles and scissors, their sweets and fairings, the banging of the drums, the blowing of horns, the barking of dogs, there was a most successful trade being done.

All Letherhead was walking amongst the tents; people had come from far and wide to see the sights and take their pleasure; even the gentry were present, but with that calm and dignified, even slightly contemptuous bearing which suggested that they were not really interested

but liked to see the things in which the clods found enjoyment.

There was Colonel Gore from "The Mansion," with his wife and children, Mr. Paget from Fetcham, even Lady Diana with the two Miss Dacres from the Clergy House, which at that time stood close to the lych gate of the church, and her waiting maid, Miss Grace Hudson, whose father lived at the Priory.

The two Miss Dacres had lived for years in the house just described, and had lately been joined by lady Diana, the granddaughter of the turn-coat Earl of Salisbury. She had been a most beautiful woman, one of the maids of honour in her younger days, who had won the heart of her husband, long since dead, by her lovely looks, and still more gracious character.

But now there was little left of that beauty which had been her charm. A severe stroke of paralysis and a long and serious illness had turned her hair to snow, and had scored heavy lines upon her clear forehead. Yet her spirit was as indomitable, and her kindness of heart as great as ever. Sunday after Sunday she would have her sedan carried into the porch of the church, where she would sit the whole service through; and as the children came out, she always had a merry word, and perhaps a sweet or a book for her favourites.

She refused to go inside for two reasons. First, she was very sensitive about drawing attention to her own infirmity, and second, there was no room for a sedan in the church at that time, the main body of the building being cut up most irregularly into big square family pews. The parish books contain many references to the fact that the sittings were most inadequate, and it was a problem of some importance how the accommodation was to be enlarged. This was finally done by the division of some of the square pews into halves, and by the building of galleries which many people still remember.

Lady Diana's tomb-stone may be seen to-day inside the porch, for she was buried under the very spot where her sedan used to stand.

Grace Hudson, her maid and companion, was the daughter of Edward Hudson, yeoman, who had bought the Lynk House. (This was the old name of the modern

"Priory," and was given because the owner had to provide a link or candle to burn before the shrine of St. Nicholas —a relic of pre-Puritan days.)

Grace was a pretty and frivolous young lady. Of course she was superstitious. Of course she carried her tiny bag of charms and of course she begged Lady Diana to let her go into the booth where Abracaldasar, "the renowned Indian Magician," was telling fortunes for absolutely nothing, provided you purchased a bottle of his Hydrogetic Elixir, price 1s.

"You silly chit," cried Lady Diana, hitting her playfully with her fan, "why the man is a humbug; no more an Indian magus than I should be if I dyed my skin, and put on a dirty blanket."

"Well," said Grace, pouting, "what's the good of coming to see the fair unless you see it when you come?"

"She is right, Diana, we ought to let the child have all the enjoyment she can get." So spake Miss Susan Dacres. "We old-fashioned people can be content now with less."

Lady Diana sighed. "Yes, quite true, dear. Grace, suppose you leave us and explore by yourself. Come back to us in half-an-hour."

Grace darted off and vanished in the crowds.

Which out of the many shows should she visit? The performing bear, the Marionettes, the blood-curdling Drama—it was all so bewildering, so delightful that she could not decide. But she found herself at last listening to the jokes of a clown and his master outside a gaily coloured booth. The dense crowd roared with laughter when the proprietor seized a whip and made poor Joey dance by flicking his legs.

Grace was in the heart of the crowd and could not move one way or another. She began to feel a little frightened, especially when, to her horror, she felt a hand quietly pick her purse with her only money. She uttered a little cry, and a gaily dressed young gentleman standing near, politely asked her what was the matter.

"Oh, sir," she said, "someone has just stolen my purse, and I can't get out. Oh, what shall I do?" and two tears gathered in her pretty eyes.

"Permit me to offer you my services," said the gentleman with quite a flourish, "I fear the thief will have worked his way through the crowd by now; but if I may escort you, perhaps you will see as much, and be safer."

So saying he offered her his arm, and really he was so polite and fascinating a gentleman that Grace could not resist. He was a gentleman from London he told her—but no lady of his acquaintance there could vie with her rustic beauties. Poor, vain, little Grace. She was so flattered, so delighted, that she let her companion take her from one booth to another and pour his compliments into her ears, whilst the precious minutes slipped by, long past the half hour she was allowed.

At last, after begging her to allow him to see her again, before he returned to London from Epsom, where he was staying, the gentleman pulled out his watch.

His action brought back Grace's memory.

"Oh, grammercy," she cried, "I've forgotten. What ever will Lady Diana say?" And she tried to break away from the man, but he held her arm firmly.

"One moment, my charmer," he said, "if you are so late, surely your friends will have returned home by now. They know you are quite safe here. And this is just the time when you may see the choicest gem of all the fair."

Grace had no wish to return, and the old proverb, "In for a penny, in for a pound," seemed to her a sufficient warrant for stopping; at any rate her debatings were checked by the sound of a horn, and the scattering of the crowds right and left as a coach and four, resplendent in gilt and yellow paint, drove up to the fair-field.

"That is Miss Sally Wallin," whispered Grace's cavalier, "the renowned bone setter, from Epsom. The town has offered her a hundred guineas to stay a year. She's wonderful."

Grace looked with curiosity upon the gorgeously dressed woman who emerged by this time from the coach, and promptly boxed her flunkey's ears for some fault as she descended.

"I wish she could cure my lady," she said, "I've heard of her; why are you moving away, sir?

For the gentleman was hurriedly withdrawing from his

proximity to the carriage, as the lady looked round, and her eyes rested on him.

"I—I—I am afraid," the man replied hurriedly, "that my time is expired, and that I must forego my pleasure to-day. I—I had forgotten that the coach returns to Epsom so soon."

Grace looked at him with surprise, for he spoke hesitatingly and furtively; but she suffered him to set her on her path homewards, with a low bow, as he said "Good-bye until to-morrow."

Then she ran off to the Clergy House as hard as she could go.

Meanwhile the man turned back straight to Miss Wallin's carriage.

Miss Wallin, however, had left it and was patrolling the fair.

She was an extraordinary woman; possessed of an undoubted skill in bone-setting. The story goes that on one occasion some surgeons who doubted her powers sent a man to her, pretending to have a dislocated wrist. She suspected the trick that was being played on her, and with a sudden wrench put the wrist actually out of joint, saying, "There, go back to the fools that sent you and have it set. And if they can't do it, come back to me, this day month, and I will do it myself."

Mr. Mapp, for that was the name of the man who had escorted Grace, was a footman, in the employ of a chemist of Ludgate Hill. In some way or other he and Sally Wallin had come together, and he imposed upon her with his plausible genteel manners, till he had won from her a promise to marry him.

At last Mapp came upon her, and walked up to her as usual with his sham flourish; but she would have none of him.

"Get away with you, Hill Mapp," she cried, "how dare you approach me? D'ye think I didn't see you with that hussy?"

"Now, now, my dear, good Sally," he replied, "I assure you 'twas but a little country thing whose purse had been stolen, and I was helping her to dry her tears. Why, you would have done the same yourself."

"Should I?" returned the jealous Miss Wallin. "Perhaps I might, but I'll have no gallivanting on your part. Let me catch you again, and not a penny of my fortune shall you ever see. I know it's that you want, and not me."

Hill protesting soon won his way back into her good graces, and was finally driven to Epsom in her chariot.

Mr. Mapp kept his appointment next day with Grace. During the next fortnight they met regularly, in the country lanes, or on the common, he pouring his vows into her willing ear, and she listening, fascinated and deluded by the lies he told her of his grand house in London and the position she would occupy.

Not that he intended for a moment to marry this little country flower; Miss Wallin with her wealth was a much better quarry.

But he persuaded Grace into thinking so; and one fine evening, when they were walking past Thorncroft House in what is now called "Dead Woman's Lane," he offered to elope with her to London in ten days time.

DEAD WOMAN'S LANE.

She was to meet him there, bringing all her available money and jewelry with her. He would have a carriage waiting, and then hey for merry London, and the making of a lady.

When Mapp left Letherhead that night, Miss Wallin's coach passed him in Ashtead, and she insisted on driving him back.

Her suspicions were aroused, and she openly taxed him with having gone to meet Grace again, in spite of his promises.

In vain the scoundrel swore he was only taking the air; she refused to believe him; and by the time Epsom

was reached, they quarrelled seriously; and she broke with him.

Mapp was in a dilemma. He had a difficult part to play; he had gone too far to leave Grace entirely. Intending as he did to rob her, he had run up bills with the Epsom tradespeople, and knew that he would be prevented leaving the town unless they were paid. Paid they must be, and with Grace's money.

He knew also that Sally would watch him and Grace too, and so, he resolved to keep himself well informed as to her movements. By this means he could outwit her.

Meanwhile Grace herself was also between two stools.

She was not sure whether she really loved this man or not; she liked the idea of eloping, and yet felt distressed at the thought of angering her father.

Oh, for some one to confide in! Should she tell Lady Diana? No, that was impossible. Oh that some one would raise the veil and show her what lay before her in the future!

In the meantime Miss Wallin determined to find out from Grace herself whether Hill Mapp was true to her or not, and with this object sought the girl out on one of her walks. Grace, though startled at first by the mysterious stranger who accosted her, was led on, bit by bit, to tell the whole story of Mapp's perfidious wooing. Simple girl that she was, she confided in this good-natured stranger, and asked her advice.

"My dear," said Sally, inwardly laughing at the girl's simplicity, "I can't tell you the future. Why don't you go to those who can?"

"I don't know what you mean, madam," replied Grace, looking at her companion in surprise. "Who can tell the future?"

"Haven't you heard of the old dame who has lately come to the wishing well at Ashtead?

"No, indeed," said Grace. "What does she do?"

"She tells your fortune," said Miss Wallin. "She shows you the future, and she sells love charms, I know.

"Oh, but it's all nonsense, I know," said Grace, "father says so. Or else she's in league with you know whom."

"Very well," said Sally, "if you can't find out any othe-

way why shouldn't you get what you can out of Him, eh? But anyhow it's no concern of mine. She's always there from five to seven at night."

With these words Sally left her, and Grace walked slowly home, pondering deeply.

Little did Sally guess that her words had been overheard by a third person. They had been walking to and fro on the path behind the church, and on the other side of the hedge there had been concealed the whole time none other than Hill Mapp.

He rose when all was quiet and walked away with a leer on his face. What scheme, he wondered, had Sally in her head that she should try and induce Grace down to Ashtead Common? At any rate he resolved to supplant her there.

Miss Wallin knew that there was no fortune-teller nearer than the New Wells at Epsom, but she intended to dress herself up in the character, and by her prophecies terify Grace from her elopement. Nothing worse than this entered her head.

The next day was a Thursday, a day when Miss Wallin always went to London to the Grecian Coffee House, and Mapp, knowing this, made arrangements with her coachman for a ten pound note to delay her coach on its return. Generally she arrived about half-past five from London. But a breakdown at Kingston would delay her a couple of hours. This would be quite sufficient for his purpose.

Poor Grace determined to go, that very day to the Well, and see this old creature who told fortunes. She would not speak to her, she resolved, but only see if she was there. No harm could come of that.

So that afternoon she asked for permission from Lady Diana to go a visiting.

Not one person, I suppose, in a hundred living at Letherhead, has ever discovered the old well in the midst of Ashtead Woods. Still called to this day by the local inhabitants, "The Physical Well," probably because it contained the same medicinal properties as the wells at Epsom, it is now dry and disused. Thither Grace made her way; and peered over the edge into the deep clear water. Not a soul had seen her. No one was at the well; she did not believe anyone ever came there to

tell fortunes. But when she looked up, she started with a little scream, for close to her bnet, and muffled up, was an old woman.

THE WISHING WELL, ASHTEAD.

"And what does my pretty want of me to-day?" said the old hag in a squeaky voice, "shall I tell her who loves her pretty eyes, and says they're like the stars, eh? Shall I tell her how to see her true love, eh? Let me look at thy hand, pretty lady, and I'll show thee a coach and four, and a grand London house maybe.

But Grace drew back alarmed.

"Don't be frightened," said the woman in a wheedling tone, "I wouldn't hurt a fly. Come, a little bird tells me you want to know something. Is it about a lover? Is he true or not? Do I know?"

Grace, still alarmed, felt that she must say something to this wonderful woman who seemed to know her thoughts. "Ca can you tell me, madam," she said timidly—"I want to know whether something I am to do next week will be good or bad for me."

"Something next week," asked the woman, drawing nearer. "Am I to guess what that is? Ah, I see—I see. It is as I thought—the devoted lad and the timorous lassie. The full moon, and the coach and four in waiting. Is it not so?"

Grace nodded.

"I cannot tell the end of that drive," said the woman, "but for a crown—for one poor crown, I'll give you the means of finding out."

She drew from her pocket a small packet.

Grace took out her purse. The woman dropped the packet into Grace's hand.

"What am I to do with this, madam?" asked Grace.

"Listen," said the fortune teller. "To-night you must eat no food. But when the hour comes that has been fixed for you to meet your lover next week, you shall dress to-night as you will dress then, you shall put in your pockets what you will put then, and you will go to the trysting-place. Then you will turn round three times and face the moon, and swallow the little pellets in that paper. Then you will see the end of your journey."

Grace, trembling with fear, promised to obey these instructions carefully.

As soon as she had gone, the bent figure of the old woman drew itself up, the cloak and hood were cast aside, and the face of Hill Mapp was disclosed. He looked at the crown in his hand. "An earnest," he said, "an earnest. I thank my stars my master taught me something of drugs in London."

Late that night, dressed in her best, and with a little bag in her hand containing all her money, Grace slipped out of her house, and passing over Thorncroft Bridge ascended the bridle path till she came to a place where the road branches beneath the shadow of a great oak tree. Here she sat down and took out her packet. She was very frightened, partly from being alone so late and so far from home, and partly because she felt uncanny. What would happen when she ate those tiny pellets. Hark! What was that! Oh, only the wind in the branches above her. Well, the quicker it was over the better. She swallowed the drugs.

For a moment she felt nothing; but then her head began to swim, there came a singing roaring noise in her ears, and she sank down on to the ground insensible.

A figure stepped out from behind the tree. It drew from the lifeless hand the little reticule containing he money, and disappeared down the hill.

"They'll call this path Dead Woman's Lane after this," Mapp said with a mocking laugh, "and probably that will be a true title. I've done with her."

Thus poor Grace was found next morning by her distracted father, the open packet by her side.

They bore her tenderly back to the Lynk House, and doctors were speedily summoned. They could do nothing.

"She has poisoned herself with some rare drug, though whence obtained, and with what motive we cannot tell."

The coroner's inquest the next day produced a similar verdict; and the dreadful order was given, in accordance with the laws of the day, that Grace Hudson should be buried at the cross roads with a stake through her at midnight.

News of this tragic occurrence soon spread, and ere long it was gossipped in every hotel and gambling house at Epsom.

Sally heard it with alarm; Mapp with an affectation of profound regret.

Now by one of those chances men call coincidences, there happened to be in Epsom, drinking the waters and gaining a knowledge of English society, a young Italian. He also heard the story. It was strangely like another he had heard in his own country. The action of the drug was similar to that of the Venenum Muthagraphicum, but lately discovered in the Southern countries of Europe, and for which he himself was an agent.

He despatched a messenger to London to the chemists who had used this drug, and rode over to Letherhead immediately, bearing with him a small case of phials.

It was late at night when he started, and he little thought that the poor girl was to be buried so soon, but when they reached the Lynk House he was astounded at the news, and galloped off to the spot where Grace had swallowed the fatal pellets.

As he rode up the hill he could distinctly see in the clear moonlight the dark mass of persons crowding round the shallow grave that was already dug under the oak. Here and there a smoking torch flamed out in the night wind, and he caught the sound of a sob or two borne to him through the air.

When he reached the grave, the body was already laid within it and some man held ready poised in his hand the horrible stake.

He dashed through the crowd, and sprang off his horse, crying: "Stop, for Heaven's sake."

Then he lifted the lifeless form from the grave, and in a few broken sentences explained his object.

"Corpo di Baccho," he cried, "what a beautiful signorina. Now see, I open ze mouth; if I mistake not, the tongue should be black. Ah! black as ink. Sot it is. Now see, the good Mary help zis poor girl. I give her from my case zis small bottle. Quiet. Let her drink. Leave her a moment alone."

He forced some liquid down Grace's throat, repeating in Italian his paternosters and aves, and crossing himself fervently as he did so.

"I will not have my poor maid doctored thus," said Hudson, who was among the crowd. "Who are you, and what do you want with your drugs and your Popish prayers?"

The Italian looked at Hudson; "Her father," he said to himself in a low voice. "The Signor will pardon me, I know, when I tell him I do not think his daughter dead; as for my prayer, prayers are prayers whether they are Italian thus, or English in your church there."

But Hudson, beside himself with grief, ignored the courtesy of the Italian.

"I tell you, I'll have none of it," he shouted. "Be off or—" The words died on his lips, for there came a sigh—the shadow of a sigh from the body lying there so still. Hudson fell on his knees and looked eagerly into the face.

"Bring a torch," said the Italian, and knelt down the other side of Grace. Slowly the long lashes unclosed, the eyelids quivered, and the beautiful eyes opened wide, gazed at the Italian, and closed again. Thus Grace saw the end of her journey.

Hudson fell across the body.

* * * * * *

One more incident closes this scattered story.

On Sunday morning, while Grace still lay ill in the Lynk House, there was a full congregation at St. Nicholas Church. People had come from far to see the house where Grace lay. The Vicar was expected to touch upon the subject in his sermon. Miss Wallin was there, and by her side the villain, Hill Mapp.

Lady Diana, wiping the tears from her eyes, sat in the porch in her chair.

The Italian was not present. He had received important news from London, and believed he was on the track of the person who had given Grace the drug. He had stayed behind in Epsom to complete his inquiries; his mind full of the beautiful eyes that had looked up at him out of their long sleep.

Towards the middle of the service, the vestry door banged.

The old clerk tottered out of his place in the three-decker pulpit, and went out to see the cause of it.

He soon returned, bringing a note, which he handed up to the Vicar. The Vicar read it once, then hunted for his spectacles, and read it again, the congregation wondering what was the matter.

"Brethren," he said, in an excited tone, "I am just informed that the would-be murderer of Grace Hudson is in church. The doors will be kept ——"

But as he said the words Hill Mapp started to his feet, and ran down the aisle to the porch. "Stop him," cried the Vicar, forgetting even decorum in his excitement.

But though several clutched at him, he reached the door safely, only to plunge headlong into Lady Diana's chair across the porch.

"You villain," she cried, and caught him by the hair. "You shall not escape."

And the constables who were waiting outside, running up at that moment, Mapp was secured and carried off to Epsom.

It has been impossible for the narrator to look through the old Newgate Calendar, and other criminal records, and so the punishment inflicted upon Mapp is unknown.

A poisoner's punishment was generally death; but somehow or other Mapp must have escaped this, and after a time, regained his liberty. For, sad to relate, and yet true enough to nature, when we think of it, we find that two years later foolish Sally Wallin married this scamp on August 11th, 1736, and within a fortnight he robbed

and deserted her, leaving her in such poverty that when she died, heartbroken, a year later, she was so destitute that she received a pauper's burial.

And Grace? What of her? I believe Edward Hudson's prejudices were so far overcome, that when six months after the Italian asked him for his daughter's hand, and she blushingly fell on her knees and whispered something into her father's ear, he stood up and took their hands, and said in a choking voice: "God bless you."

NO. VI.

ROMAN v. DRUID.

Sixteen hundred years ago the name of Letherhead did not exist. Judging from the physical conformations of this part of Surrey, even the general outline of hills and valleys must have been very different from the district of to-day. Gigantic tracts of forest, almost impassable except by the old British tracks, stretched throughout the whole county, interspersed here and there with barren hill tops and treacherous marshes. The whole of the Dorking valley and the pleasant confines of the Mole were lost in a deep morass, through which the river wandered sluggish and broad, till it narrowed down to the spot where the hills at the bottom of Bridge Street almost meet across the river.

THE DRUID'S GROVE.

Not a hedge, nor a ditch existed, scarcely a single hut, except in the depths of the woods, where the ancient Britons—as Cæsar tells us—built their wattled hovels, and made their rough clearings. Far away on the heights of Norbury, hidden in the dark and forbidding shades of the Yews, which to this day may be traced in a few gigantic trees, the ancient worship was still carried on. The Druids had their altars, and

managed to find their victims for the sacrifice; they still exercised their baneful influence over the rude Britons; they still schemed and plotted to overthrow the power of the Roman armies, and to get back their former dominion.

But in one way, a map of England sixteen centuries old would bear a strong resemblance to modern maps, in that the country was intersected in all directions by chains of Roman roads, like the railways of to-day, splendidly made and guarded at regular intervals by camps and garrisons.

Hidden in the depths of the Ashtead Woods was one of these camps. On the hill where Ashtead Church stands was another, with a Roman house by its side. A great Roman road stretched from Chichester, through Pulborough and Oakwood, past Leith Hill to Dorking, and a large body of men, many of them Britons, pressed into service by the Roman general, was working on Cherkley Downs, carrying on this great road towards London.

The Ermyn Way, or Stanes Street, is the name given to it to-day, and not only is it almost straight, but it is composed of alternate layers of flints and gravel to the depth of five or six feet, as fine an example of road making as any to be found in the Kingdom, even in these days of District Councils.

THE ROMAN ROAD.

And the difficulties were enormous. The hundreds of soldiers themselves had to be paid and fed; the road had to be surveyed and cut through forest or marsh. Perfect armies of slaves had to be kept in order and maintained; and strict watch had to be kept against the harassing attacks of British enemies

who knew the country well, and could dash upon the Roman workers, inflicting wounds and death, and vanish ing into the woods before the Romans could retaliate.

Labius Constans was a young centurion, on duty with the rest of the twentieth legion in camp at Cherkley. Strong, handsome, and courageous, he was a favourite with his superior officers in the camp, and the hundred men who were under him.

He had picked up a smattering of the British tongue, and would often go out from the camp at night, and wander through the surrounding woods, to return in the morning with the news of a proposed attack, or the arrival of a new contingent of Britons, discovered in his midnight explorations. One night—it was full moon in the month of July—he set off with his general's permission to visit his comrades who were stationed at the camp in Ashtead, whose duty it was to forage for the main legion.

It was almost as bright as day when Constans set out, and he had little difficulty in finding his way, by the lines of communication which ran from Cherkley to Ashtead. Arrived at the camp, he was welcomed by a group of soldiers round the fire.

"What, Labius," one of them cried, a particularly stout and florid looking man, by name Publius Hospes, "at this hour of the night? What possesses thee, man, to go wandering after dark?"

"'Tis as pleasant as day," returned Constans, "and I have a message for thee. We must have another wagon load of wine. The slaves broke into our store the other night and what they did not drink, they spilt."

"Hercules!" cried Publius, "I hope they were well punished?"

"I fear they were," said Labius, and a shadow passed across his face, "I heard their shrieks the next morning. Poor ignorant barbarians, they knew no better."

"You pity them?" Publius said with a slight sneer, as he slowly rose from the ground. "How much pity would they have for you, if our positions were reversed? And that reminds me. The rogues are out again to-night, I believe. We saw the sacrifice-smoke early to-day, and

what is more, we nearly caught Tarak, the Druid, himself."

"Ha, Publius. Let me hear the news."

"We were out over yon hills at daybreak after some stags, I and five others. Thou knowest the heights which look down on the Triangular Valley (Box Hill)? well, there we were resting after a warm chase—I won't swear that we were not asleep; I know I was; worn out with providing you and your's with luxuries the Emperor's palace knows not of. Tough and leathery it is too," he added in a parenthesis.

"Suddenly we—that is to say, old Mario there, who never shuts both eyes at once, I think—heard a scream, and before he could rouse the rest, a lad sprang through the brush above right into his arms, and a minute after —I assure you I feel it still that hound of a Tarak came down on the top of me, robes and long hair, and jewels and knife and all. Mario caught the lad and held him firm while he shouted to us to lay hands on Tarak. But the old wizard scrambled to his feet—took the situation in—flung his knife at Mario, used me as a step to get to the high ground above, and disappeared in the wood, leaving us to our meditations. I tell you, Constans, I got through all the gods in the Pantheon, and was trying to remember some foreign ones before I recovered."

"And what of the lad you captured," asked Constans, turning to the grizzled veteran who had joined the little group.

Mario smiled. "He proved very useful," said he. "We questioned him—I assure you we used no tortures," he added, as Constans frowned—"and he told us that there is some special service forward, and the old Druid wanted a victim. The lad objected and ran away to the safest place on earth—the Roman Legions, and we shall make a good soldier of him before he leaves us."

"The brutes," said Publius, "cowards and dogs! They'd kill me, I verily believe, dainty as I am."

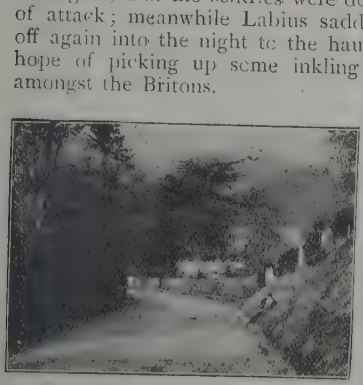
"They?" asked Constans, "you mean these priests. I believe the Regni themselves—(by this name the Britons in Surrey went in Roman times)—are amenable and generous enough. It's these fiends of priests who do the mischief and stir them up to oppose all our efforts to peace."

"So be it," said Publius with a laugh. "Your handsome sentiments become you; only don't go walking about at night and fall into their hands. Your ideas would undergo considerable alteration before you regained your freedom."

Before very long, Constans, in spite of his comrades' wish that he should spend the night with them, bade them farewell, and began his way back to Cherkley Camp; his mind full of the account of Tarak's escape. This latter was well-known to the Legion as being the most powerful of the Druids in the neighbourhood. He had hitherto always escaped from the hands of the Romans, but he it was who incited many of the local frays, even to the extent of leading the Britons on in the attack.

The stories of the human sacrifices told by the captives and slaves in the camp had often made him shudder. To such an extent were the barbarians subject to the Druids that without a murmur they would yield up their boys and girls, their tender maidens, particularly, to the murderous designs—and often worse—of these debased priests.

On arriving at the camp, therefore, Constans told his tale again, and the sentries were doubled at once in case of attack; meanwhile Labius saddled a horse and rode off again into the night to the haunts he knew of in the hope of picking up some inkling of what was toward amongst the Britons.



JUNIPER HILL.

He rode up the newly-made road as far as the modern Juniper Hill, intending to go as far as Dorking, where there was a British hamlet, but as he came to the descent of the hill, he caught sight of the flames of a fire amidst the trees on the other side of the valley, and

accordingly made his way down across the Mole and up the opposite slopes. Here he dismounted, and tying his horse to a tree, cautiously ascended the hill in the direction of the light.

Those who have ascended that side of Norbury will remember how precipitous the climb is in parts. There was a dense undergrowth, and the yew trees completely hid the light of the moon. The ground was littered with dead branches which snapped under foot, and Constans had to stand motionless lest his unwary tread attracted the attention of any human beings in the neighbourhood.

At last the light, which had been out of sight, whilst he ascended the hill, began to flicker amongst the yews, and the soldier crept on hands and knees until he reached an open glade in the forest.

Judge his astonishment when he discovered a smoking altar in the midst, and round the altar five men standing, dressed in the long robes of the priests, and garlanded with ivy wreaths.

Tarak, the Arch-Druid, easily recognisable by his bloated figure and coarse face, bent over the altar, minutely examining the smoking victim, which, to Constans' horror, bore the shape of a human being. But apparently dissatisfied, he turned to one of the others, and uttered some command in a low voice.

A moment or two after, while the young Roman crouched lower behind the bushes, a shrill cry broke the stillness of the night air.

"Curse the girl," said Tarak, looking down the path the two men had followed. "She will wake the Romans. But I'll quiet her, by the gods. If not one way, then by this."

And he raised the keen, glittering knife menacingly.

The cries died suddenly as the two priests came into the light of the fire, half dragging, half carrying someone whose head was muffled in a long cloak.

Tarak, with a wave of his hand, bade the men remove it, and there stood revealed to Constans' eager eyes a young girl.

Tall and stately, with long golden hair, and steel-blue eyes, she looked like a goddess; and though she was bound and gagged, yet there was such dignity in her bearing and such scorn of the outrage in her glorious eyes, that Constans' heart leapt within him, and an instinctive desire filled his mind to succour this beautiful maiden or die in the attempt.

"Aelgisca," said Tarak, "look at that, and choose; yonder is the altar; the last victim gave us no augury; the fire yearns for a new one. Will you lie there, or will you alter your mind and become my wife?"

The maiden, with the gag removed from her mouth, drew herself up to her full height.

"I choose the fire," she said, "and speedily. Coward and bully! I am degraded to speak to such a viper."

Tarak strode up to her with fresh oaths upon his lips.

"You shall taste the fire first, girl," he said with a sneer, "and by the gods, you shall taste the other, too. Degraded, forsooth. I'll teach you the meaning of it before the altar claims you."

Constans in his hiding-place, ground his teeth and drew his short sword from its sheath.

Tarak ordered the men to bring the maiden to the altar. She paced calmly and contemptuously to the fire.

"They say that the victims see the future before they die," she said, and her voice was cold and incisive. "I see a death for you, Tarak, and that before the new moon. Death and disgrace—and the life of a swine in your next incarnation."

Tarak struck her on the mouth; but she made no sign, and he plucked a blazing brand from the fire and held it with a curse to her white shoulder.

She stood still and looked at him unflinchingly. The Druid, exasperated, threw the smoking stick aside, and gave orders to his men to bear her to his hut.

The maiden, who hitherto had made no movement, could not restrain a shudder, and the Arch-Druid laughed.

"That touched you, did it," he said. "I am glad to have found out a way."

But the maiden raised her voice now. "Help, help" she screamed, and at the signal thus given for him, Constans leapt to his feet and rushed out at the surprised Druids.

Raising his war-cry, with his arm nerved by the indignation that filled his mind, he charged the two men who were carrying Aelgisca. With two sweeps of his sword, he felled one to the ground and clove the other's head; then he turned with a roar like a lion, and rushed at the other three. One of them fled at once, the second obstinately attacked him, while Tarak, picking up from the ground an axe with a long handle, made so furious an onslaught that the young Roman gave back and his sword snapped off at the guard.

But he was undaunted. Watching his opportunity, he caught the head of the swinging axe in his hand, though it cut him sharply, and dashed his other hand, with the fragment of the sword still in it, full into Tarak's face, who gave a sharp cry and fell headlong to the ground.

Then it was that the third also turned in fear and fled down the long pathway into the wood.

Constans turned to the girl. She was looking at him, half afraid, half admiring. Was he a god or a man, who had thus timely saved her?

He fell on one knee, kissing the bound hands before he cut the ropes.

"Queen," he said, "we must fly, or we shall have them back in full numbers upon us."

She gave him her hand, and they went down the hill together.

* * * * * *

Constans had to stand a good deal of good-humoured chaff from his comrades during the next week. But he was amply rewarded.

ROMAN ROAD NEAR THE JUNIPERS.

Three or four days later he made his way to the lower camp, where Publius had a fresh tale to tell him.

"Hither, my hero," he cried, "let me greet the new Perseus. How's the pretty Andromeda?"

Constans laughingly embraced him. "No Perseus ever found so sweet, so perfect a maiden," he said. "But what's the news?"

"Why, my lad," answered Publius, "I've seen the monster I thought you had killed. A pity you didn't wait to see if he was dead that night. You remember the slave we caught the last day you were here. He went down to draw water for us from the spring. Well, as luck would have it, I was thirsty, too, and so I followed him. When he got to the well, that old villain of a Tarak sprang out upon him, and would have carried him off or killed him if I had not happened to be there. As it was, I caught him by the neck, and drove him head first into the pond; where I satisfied his thirst pretty completely. He must have swallowed a gallon."

"Where is he, the scoundrel?" asked Constans hurriedly.

"That's the worst of it, Labius," was the reply. "My breath isn't as good as it was. And I'm not so slim either. The truth is, I held on as long as I could—till he gave me a blow with his foot that knocked the breath out of me. The lad told me that Tarak wanted to find out where the girl was and where you were. But before the lad could say anything a party of our men came upon them, and Tarak vanished in that convenient way of his.

Within twenty-four hours, early in the morning, the camp at Cherkley was aroused by a sudden attack of the

enemy. The men turned out and repulsed their foes, who had mustered on the south of the camp and seemed bent on forcing an entrance there. Constans went to Aelgisca's tent, fearing that she would be frightened. As he passed within, his arms were pinioned from behind, and he received a violent blow on the head. He had a glimpse of a sneering, mocking face, and then darkness flowed over him.

When the affray was over Constans was missed. There were the marks of a short struggle outside the girl's tent, but she, too, had disappeared.

The soldiers were loud in their execrations of her, for they naturally thought she had betrayed Constans, but before two hours had gone by, the sentries espied Publius, mounted on a horse, urging him at topmost speed towards the camp, and Aelgisca was running by his side.

"Quick," he shouted, "quick. The girl here has followed the villains. Call out the guard. Constans is being carried to Dorking—to the caves there. They'll torture him if we are not speedy. The girl will show us the way.

* * * * * *

When Constans recovered consciousness he found himself in a dark cave. A pine torch stuck in a cranny showed that it was fifty or sixty feet high, and opened on the air by a narrow passage, blocked with some sort of a door. The noise of running water behind him disclosed a spring of water which issued from a deep, clear basin and flowed away through the sandstone.

(Until a few years ago caves of this sort existed at Dorking, and the particular one referred to above may still be found under a house on Butter Hill.)

Two men were seated on a ledge at one side. As the soldier moved they rose and stooped over him.

"Awake, my friend, at last," said one. "Now, as soon as the rest arrive, we may begin. None ever escaped the vengeance of Tarak yet, and for thee is destined as pretty a fate as ever befel man."

"You base hound," answered Constans, "you may torture me as you like; you may kill me even, but remember the Legion will exact a recompense, and that speedily."

Tarak laughed as a low knock was heard at the door. Passwords were exchanged, and several other men entered, some Druids, some bards, bearing their chrottas or small harps with them, and the rest petty chieftains or leaders of the army. Tarak brought forward the litter upon which Constans lay bound.

"Brothers," he began, "this is he of whom I told you. The spoiler of our women, the desecrator of our altars, the spy who betrays our plans. By the help of the gods I have brought him hither, and I ask you for the sentence. What does he deserve?"

A low murmur swept round the cave. "Death" was its burden.

Tarak smiled bitterly.

"Ay, death," he said, "but we have here no altar. This is the question-chamber, as you know. Shall we have the sword or the scales?"

His question was answered as before, the men raising their arms and murmuring—"The scales."

Tarak gave a sign, and two men brought forward from a corner of the cave an unwieldy contrivance which they hung up to a strong iron hook, supported in an A shaped frame. When set up, it looked like a huge pair of scales, one pan consisting of a large cradle, the other of a curious barrel-shaped scoop of wood, the use of which Constans did not at first see.

Others of the party, in the same silence, brought a heap of brushwood and logs and piled them in the centre of the cave, lighting them from the torch. The lurid light which flashed up immediately threw up their grave faces, and caused the shadows of the cavern to spring into quivering light. The horrible scales were adjusted at such a distance that the cradle hung over the fire, whilst the scoop was filled with water which began to trickle out in a tiny stream from a hole underneath.

Then Constans realised the awfulness of the torture to which he was condemned. He was lifted into the cradle, so that whilst he lay with his back upon it, his legs and hands, overhanging, were bound together under it; in this awkward and painful position he was swung over the fire.

Then, once more Tarak broke the stillness.

"Dog of a Roman," he cried, "as the water runs away, thou wilt near the fire. As thou nearest the fire, the fire will leap up to meet thee. Warm and cosy shall be thy cradle, and we will sing thee a closing lullaby. Brothers, strike up."

All this time, with Roman obstinacy, Constans kept still: he made up his mind no sign should escape him of the pain he would undergo. He was so fixed above the choking smoke that he could see into the scoop and watch the water mercilessly running out. Meanwhile the bards struck their clumsy lyres, and sang:—

Sleep for the weary
Cometh for all men.
Cold is the earth-kiss.
Warm thee before sleep.
Water that flows away,
So slips man's life by:—
Sparks flying upward
Shall light thee to Hades.

Ere long, the balance had sunk so far that the flames as they leapt and fell licked the soldier's arms. The pain! The pain!

But the fire that scorched his hands scorched also the wet withies which bound them. A thought flashed into his mind. The water still dripped drop by drop into the pool. The chant rose quaint and melancholy, almost soothing in its monotonous effect.

Every nerve in Constans' body was at full stretch. He was conscious of every sound. He caught a faint tramp of feet: the whisper of a voice he loved. But the fire was excruciatingly near, his senses seemed leaving him.

A crash that seemed to break every nerve in his brain. The shouts of his comrades, the sudden stoppage of the music; the screams of the wounded; the clashing of weapons; the brave old voice of Publius. The gods be praised!

Tarak, however, thinking he was baulked of his vengeance after all, rushed at the cradle with uplifted dagger, screaming "You shall not save him."

But Constans, with a mighty effort, burst the half-burnt bonds, and leapt to the ground, seizing the Druid round the waist. But he was weak and fainting, and the effort was too much for him.

Tarak thrust him away and fled from the cave, past Publius, who made a wild lunge at him, striking him on the shoulder.

* * * * * *

Some years ago whilst digging on the Downs, a party of men came across a skeleton; experts showed it to be British, and suggested, from its frontal development, that it had been such a man as is described in this short story under the name of Tarak, the Druid.

There can be little doubt in the minds of those who enter into the spirit of these legends that it was the body of the miserable wretch who, wounded by Publius, strove to reach his hut in the Yew Forest, and died, deserted and unsatisfied on the Downs.

And we have other equally good reasons for believing that Constans and Aelgisca were happily married and occupied the new villa which stood near the present Ashtead Church. For whilst digging in the churchyard, within recent times, parts of a Roman frieze were found, and these bore, besides other designs, the remains of the letters G.I.S.C.

No antiquary has yet contradicted the theory that they formed part of Aelgisca's name, perhaps built into the wall at the command of Constans, in loving admiration of his beautiful wife.

ROMAN FRAGMENT DUG UP AT ASHTEAD.

NO. VII.

"FOR GOD AND THE KING,"

OR

THE FIRST EPSOM MEETING.

Talk of Epsom, and the mind immediately flies to horses and jockeys, and the Grand Stand, but who would imagine that one of the earliest race meetings, if not the very first that ever took place, was only a mere blind; an excuse for the secret meeting of a band of desperate and loyal hearts leading a forlorn hope? Yet, so history tells us was the case.

It was a bright spring morning in the troublous year 1643. Earth seemed full of hope and promise; all nature joyful and free from care; but men's hearts in England were torn with many an anxious foreboding, and tears of despair shone in many a bright eye.

The great struggle had begun between King Charles the First and his Parliament, which ended, a few years later, in that most horrible tragedy in Whitehall, for which England has never yet forgiven herself.

Civil war had been raging all the year. The Parliament had been defeated at Hopton Hill; Reading had been snatched from the King again; Hampden, the brave old heart, had fallen on Chalgrove field, fighting—alas—against the King, and now the noise of war was echoed in the West country, the pleasant land of Devon.

The King was hard pressed; for the Parliamentary forces cut off his supplies. The few friends supporting him were scattered far and wide, and money, the greatest boon he wanted, for money wins half the battles of the world, was so scarce that he could not support the twentieth part of his army.

So it came to pass that—strange incongruity as it sounds—a great race meeting was proclaimed by the criers

in Epsom and Letherhead, and the other towns of this part of Surrey, to be held on Banstead Downs as the present race course was then called.

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez"—thus ran the last part of the crier's notice—"on Wednesday the Slyfield blood against any town stud, the Nonsuch mare against the Mickleham turnout, and Mr. Parkhurst will hold the money."

SLYFIELD HOUSE.

This proclamation conveyed a message under its surface. It meant that Sir Robert Shiers, of Slyfield House, was ready to defend the King against the London armies, while certain other Royalists would defend Henrietta Maria and Nonsuch Palace against the Parliament men who had lately turned out Mr. Nelson, the vicar of Mickleham, from his living for daring to support the Royalist cause. (The Palace at Nonsuch was still inhabited by the Queen, although later in the year she had to seek refuge in flight.)

Epsom Downs presented a curious sight on the day of the race. The course was marked out by ropes and flags, and crowds of people, despite the serious political outlook, had assembled. Even the Church was represented, for prominent amongst the gay colours of the gallants and their ladies, was to be seen the solemn and dignified Thomas Turner, the rector of Fetcham. His presence augured that some work of import was toward, as several of the spectators thought, whose anxious looks and whispers belied the semblance of heartiness and enjoyment with which they laid their wagers and jested with their dames.

The Rev. Thomas Turner was well known for his loyalty; in fact, he was already an object of suspicion to the Parliament.

As he passed from group to group over the pleasant Downs, he stopped to exchange a low whisper with a merry-looking young fellow, who was roaring with laughter at some joke.

"Ah, Charles Parkhurst," he said, smiling for no one could address the cheerful fellow without feeling attracted to him—"I shall want you by and bye. Come to me at the White Horse at one o'clock; Dalton will be there. Miss Parkhurst, your most humble and devoted servant," and with a low bow to the beautiful girl hanging on her brother's arm, the clergyman passed on.

Further down the hill side, where the edge of the course was fringed with a copse, Sir Robert Shiers touched him on the arm. "How is the horse running to-day, Sir Robert," asked the parson gravely; Sir Robert glanced around, but seeing no one, replied: "Dalton has promised to convey what little money I have been able to collect." "God reward you," was the reply. "I have been able to get together some £120, which I am sending by a trusty messenger. But the Parliament men are about, having gleaned some information; I had a warning last night." "Explain yourself, sir," exclaimed Sir Robert, "I have heard nothing."

"Last night," said the other, "Shales, the landlord of the Swan at Letherhead came to me after dark. He has had some crop-headed scoundrel at his inn for the last three days, asking questions, and spying out the land. Yesterday morning, this spy sent off a mounted despatch, with letters, to the Parliament army at Reading. They contained information about you and me, and the others you know of."

"How did you find out?" asked Sir Robert in surprise.

A grim smile stole over Turner's face. "We have a firm friend in mine host of the Swan," he replied, "and as soon as this messenger started, he whipped out and acquainted Master Dalton with the story. The dear lad immediately got to horse, with pistol and mask, and spurred to the hill above Chessington, where he laid wait by the bridle path. When the messenger passed he played the highwayman and relieved the honourable gentleman of those self same despatches. I have them on me now—here," and he touched his breast pocket.

FROM AN OLD PRINT OF THE OLD "SWAN HOTEL."

"Gracious powers," exclaimed Shiers, "what an escape. We must get the money sent off at any rate before further information leaks out. Have you spoken to the others?"

"I have," replied Turner, "and Dalton is now collecting the pelf. Will you join us at dinner at the White Horse?"

A burst of cheers from the course marked the conclusion of one of the races. It was a popular win, for the winner was an animal belonging to Charlie Parkhurst, whose contagious laugh was famous through all Epsom.

"You see how it is, Beatrice," he said, turning to his sister, who was being congratulated by a cluster of young gallants. "You have brought us good luck. Never mind, Edmund," he continued, turning to a dissipated looking man standing close by, with a scowl on his face, "better luck next time. Only when you get a word in your ear again about a horse from a friend, don't set such odds against him."

Edmund Wrythe swore beneath his breath. Beatrice stretched a pretty hand towards him.

"I've won the gloves fairly," she cried gaily. "Don't you want the size of my hand?"

Edmund grasped her hand fiercely, and kissed it passionately. "At least," he said, "I'll have some requital for my losses."

The girl snatched her hand away, a deep blush mantling her face. "You had no right," she gasped.

"No right?" he answered bitterly. "You would not have said that once."

"Hold, Edmund," interrupted Charles, "this is unwarrantable. What has come to you?"

Edmund, glancing round, saw anger and contempt on more than one face. "Bah," he replied, giving vent to his feelings, "do you think I am blind? I've borne enough from you, you Jack-a-Dandy, and from you, you jilt. You have played with me so long as it suited your purpose. But when a richer man appears on the scene—this Dalton fellow—you cool me off; you make me a fool, a laughing stock."

Charles face whitened at the insult, and he clapt hand to sword. Beatrice threw her arms round him. "No, no, Charlie," she cried. "He is beside himself. Something has unmanned him. Don't!"

Parkhurst looked down on his sister, whose face was scarlet with confusion. He saw that she knew what nad led to this outburst on Edmund's part.

"Come, sis," he said heartily, "it is all right. I won't quarrel with him."

"Pray, don't," sneered Edmund savagely. "You've a marvellous knack of avoiding quarrels, we all know. Perhaps Dalton, when he has finished pouring his love into ——"

"It's false, Charlie, it's false." So Beatrice spoke, her face hidden on her brother's shoulder. "You know Mr. Dalton and I are the merest acquaintances. Oh, take me away. I can't bear the shame of it—here with all these people."

Parkhurst's merry face was very angry. "Edmund Wrythe," he said, "I'll meet you when you like, and teach you how to treat a lady in public."

The other gentlemen were pressing forward, and Wrythe knew that in a moment one or other of them would provoke a quarrel with him. Their hands were itching for their swords.

"I'll wait for you, Mr. Parkhurst; any time and any place will suit me," and so saying he strode away off the Downs.

Parkhurst turned again to his sister. "Never mind, Beatrice," he said, for the girl was crying. "Come, I'll see you home. He is only disappointed. I suppose you have refused him, eh? Well, a good thing too."

It was true. Only that morning Wrythe had pressed his suit, and been rejected. Beatrice had never cared for him, or encouraged him. On the other hand no word of love had ever passed between her and her brother's great friend, Richard Dalton. But Wrythe's keen jealousy had seen what lay between them, and his bitter words awoke in Beatrice for the first time the knowledge of the truth. She did love Dalton.

Punctually at one o'clock, the little party gathered in the White Horse Inn. And here Charlie discovered that Dalton, who was waiting there, had caught some rumour of the scene that had taken place on the Downs. In his face was a new light. A look passed between them; Charlie rung his friend's hand.

"Of course, I shall call him out, the scoundrel," he said.

The dinner over, the party collected round the fireplace and conversed in low tones. Some thousand pounds had been raised between them, and it was agreed that Parkhurst and Dalton should have the honour of conveying it to the King. His Majesty was at Bath. The main roads were carefully watched by the Parliamentary forces, and it would need no little skill to get safely through their outposts and spies.

"But we will do it," said Dalton, cheerfully. "We'll find His Majesty, and deliver up our charge, or may I never see a certain pair of sweet eyes again."

"Hush, hush," said Turner, "the very walls have ears. Invent your own plan, but don't tell us, or anyone. God speed you."

With these words the worthy parson shook hands with the young fellows and the party broke up.

But those overloud words of Dalton's had been overheard. Edmund Wrythe was crouching in the next room, with ears pressed close to the panelled walls. Jealousy and baffled desire filled his heart. "By heaven," he mut-

tered beneath his breath, "I'll thwart them yet. He shall never have her; he shall be disgraced. Oh for some way of preventing his finding the King."

"And why should he not reach the King?" asked a deep voice behind him. Wrythe turned hastily and beheld standing in the doorway of the room a tall and ugly man, whose short cut hair and plain clothes showed him as a Parliament man. "Who are you," Wrythe demanded angrily, "and what are you doing here—eavesdropping?"

The stranger folded his hands meekly. "I might perhaps return the question," he said, and at his hidden taunt, Edmund's face flushed, "but I am a lamb in meekness, and a soft answer is the fittest for an angry interrogatory."

"My name," he continued with a snuffle, "my name is Richard Fairfax to the world, but to the elect I am known as Free-from-Guile Fairfax. I did hear your remark, and perhaps I can serve you."

Wrythe stared at him. "A Parliament man, I suppose," said he. "Well, if you heard what I said, what of that?"

"Ah, Edmund Wrythe, I know more," said the other, dropping his sanctimonious air, and assuming the determined aspect of a man of few words. "I know what is going on in there," and he pointed through the wall. "I know what took place on the race-course this morning. Listen; if you are willing to help me, not only may you wreak your vengeance on the man who has stolen your love, but you may secure a substantial reward as well. What say you, will you help me?"

Edmund hesitated. Some vague scruple of conscience passed over him for a moment. Then he stretched his hand out towards the other. "I am with you," he said, "body and soul."

The two men who were to be the bearers of the money meanwhile left the inn and were passing along the road towards Parkhurst's house.

Each man was thinking deeply. Parkhurst of the plan by which he could convey the money through the disaffected districts into the King's hand; Dalton of the sweet hopes raised by the disclosure of Beatrice's blushes.

"Charlie," he said, suddenly turning to his companion, "I must see Beatrice first. Let me, for old comradeship, see her first."

Parkhurst stopped, and laid his hand affectionately on Dalton's shoulder. "Richard, bethink yourself," he cried. "Surely, it is the King first and pleasure second; especially now."

The reproof was sufficient. "You are right," was the abashed reply, "but it is hard to learn of your happiness and to forego it when it is in your very grasp."

They entered Charlie's own room, where for two long hours they talked over plan after plan, and at last, as they hoped, hit upon one which would serve their turn. As soon as it was settled, and preliminaries arranged, one of which consisted in summoning Parkhurst's gardener, an elderly man, with as rustic an air as ever sat upon smock frock, and yet with the shrewdest of brains, and the truest of hearts behind it all, the horses were saddled, a valise was packed, and the two young gallants set out on their way, with the intention of getting to Bagshot on the borders of the county before nightfall.

Although Parkhurst would not allow his friend to see Beatrice, yet he himself managed to snatch a hasty five minutes of farewell upstairs in her room, and perhaps it was something he said which accounted for the fact that as the horses passed beneath the windows of the house, a tiny knot of velvet came fluttering down on to Dalton's saddle. He seized it hastily and glanced up. Was he mistaken, or did he catch a glimpse of those twin stars behind the lattice? He kissed the little knot and placed it inside his doublet; then with a low sweep of his hat he followed his companion down the road.

Charles' eyes twinkled brightly. "A charm to carry us safely home," he said, merrily.

No one noticed an old countryman, who drove out of Epsom a little time afterwards, in a cart packed with green stuff and garden produce, behind an old grey pony.

The gentlemen rode across country to Bookham. They intended to call at Slyfield Manor on their way to Cobham, and rode up with that intent. The door was opened, by a new servant apparently. "Hallo," said

Charles, "where have you come from? I never saw you before."

"I was only engaged to-day, sir," was the reply, but there was something in the man's voice that made Parkhurst look hastily round the hall. He caught sight of some arms stacked loosely in a corner.

"Look, Richard," he cried. "Whose arms are those? Treachery, my lad, treachery. Mount and away."

But before he could speak, half a dozen soldiers came tumbling from the side rooms, and before the two men could draw their swords, they were seized and carried into the large dining hall.

What a sight met their eyes. Sir Robert Shiers was thrust down upon a settle, bound and gagged, whilst two soldiers stood over him on guard. Other soldiers were lounging about the room, and at the table sat the man who had accosted Wrythe in the inn parlour; Wrythe himself was standing talking to him.

"Have you got the horses?" asked the Parliament man of the man who had let Parkhurst and Dalton in.

"They are safe, praise the Lord," was the reply.

Dalton demanded the reason for this outrage. Wrythe smiled sourly, as the leader replied; "We have orders to stop all supplies and to put down disaffection. We have evidence that you are conveying money to the man Charles. Give it up, and you shall go free."

"You scoundrel," was the reply, uttered with contemptuous emphasis by Parkhurst. "Your informer is at fault. We demand immediate release."

"Not yet," answered the Puritan, for thus we may designate him, although the title was not given till 20 years later. "'Tis needless for you to deny it. Sir Robert Shiers, whose mouth we have had to stop, the Popish parson Turner, at Fetcham, the ejected priest from Mickleham, you, Richard Dalton, of Letherhead, and you, Charles Parkhurst, of Epsom, are all disaffected men. You are plotting secretly to aid the false King Charles. You met this morning at the White Horse. You two were entrusted with the conveyance of a sum of money. Turner will be arrested to-night and taken to London. You—unless you disclose the names of your other confederates—will suffer likewise."

Dalton caught sight of a mocking smile on Wrythe's face.

"That is the traitor," he said, quietly turning to Charles, and at his words Wrythe started up.

"What if I am?" he shouted, "Who played the traitor to my love? Who stepped in between her and me? Ah! Richard Dalton, I have thwarted you, I think. The prison for you two, and for me the pretty weeping girl left behind you."

Dalton turned pale, and made a desperate effort to break his ropes.

"Peace, brother Edmund," said the Puritan at the table, "the Lord has delivered them into our hands."

"You smug-faced hypocrite," thundered Charles, "to dare to take the Almighty's name on your lips! Ah!" and he spat contemptuously upon the floor.

"Fetch the saddles in," said the Puritan, calmly.

"But the two men laughed aloud, which caused the soldiers to look up at them in surprise. Even Sir Robert on the settle could not avoid a start. The baggage was brought in; the saddles were thrown down on the floor and ripped open, without avail.

"In the valise," said the Puritan, pointing. It was immediately broken open. It was filled with potatoes!

At the sight the Puritan gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. "They have outwitted us," he said at last. "But God do so to me and more also, if I do not find out from them how and where the money has escaped. Take them to the upper room, at the top of the stairs, and starve them till to-morrow."

Charles and Richard were at once thrust out of the room. As they passed by Sir Robert, he turned on the settle with a loud groan, which attracted the young men's attention. He looked at them steadfastly, and struck his bound hands three times on the panel behind him. It was like a gesture of despair. But when they were locked in, Charles crossed to his friend and whispered: "Dick, pluck up courage. Things could not be better. Who will guess that our old gardener, with his barrow of cabbages and turnips, is conveying our money to his Majesty? And what do you think Shiers meant by his despairing wall-thumping, eh? I'll show you presently." By this time,

night had fallen, and the faint sound of the church bells came stealing into the darkened room. "'Tis evensong," Dalton said, almost sadly. "At least, we will join them in praying for the King." And both men knelt there, bound as they were, and remained in silence, till the bells stopped.

Little did they think that their friend, Mr. Turner, at Fetcham, was saying his last evensong in Fetcham Church for 20 years. As he began the service that night, there came the clattering of arms outside, and the stern order "Halt." Then came striding up the aisles a party of soldiers, who seized him at his desk, hurled the Prayer Book to the ground, while one of them tore the surplice from the parson's back, and putting it on, began a ribald mockery of the service. They marched the unfortunate man across to the Rectory, and bade him get together sufficient for him to carry, and to call his wife, for they meant to turn him out and institute a man of their own persuasion; one Thomas Fisher, who accompanied the soldiers in their heartless jests.

Early next morning, Turner and his wife were taken to London. He says, in his own account of this shameful proceeding, "These men put my surplice upon one of the troopers, and tied it round with an orange tawny scarf, and in this way they carried me to the White Lion Prison at Southwark; but the thing turned out to my great joy, for the profane trooper employed the eyes of the mob, and I myself passed along the road, the more unobserved."

In the meantime, the two young men dozed away the hours till midnight. Then, the house being still and most of the troopers asleep, the two men set to work to bite through the ropes which bound them. It was a difficult task, but desperate endeavour effected it, and Charles rose, stretching his stiffened arms. "Those three knocks of Sir Robert's," he said, "were a reminder to me. These fools of troopers, when they put us herein, showed their ignorance of the house. Look you here."

He turned to the panelled wall near the fire-place and pressed three of the ornamental flowers that ran in a scroll round the carved grate. As he did so, a panel slipped aside and disclosed a flight of steps leading downward

in the thickness of the wall. "Come," said Parkhurst, with a little laugh, "down we go, and out into the garden. "Close the door after you. 'Tis but polite, and the rogues will be still more ignorant how we escaped."

They stole downstairs, found themselves in an underground passage, which opened into a summerhouse on the banks of the stream.

Once in the open both men gave a sigh of relief, and walked rapidly into the depths of the Bookham woods.

All this time Wrythe was torn with rage and disappointment. He begged leave to ride home. This was granted to him, for the Puritan leader was glad to be rid of him, and he rode away, revolving a plan of still further satisfying his revenge upon the Parkhursts.

What lie could he invent to bring Beatrice out of her house? Why tell a lie at all? Sufficient to send a message to her that her brother and lover were arrested, and that she could possibly help them by meeting the writer. Such was the idea that flashed through his mind.

On the verge of Fetcham village, there still stands the old black-beamed cottage to which Beatrice hastened at the first dawn, in answer to the little note that reached her at midnight. The cottage was at the time untenanted, and, therefore, Wrythe chose it as a fitting place for the tryst.

How beautiful the girl looked, though the tears were yet wet upon her cheeks, as she slipped from her pony to the ground, and throwing the reins over the gate post, tripped up the pathway to the house.

But as the door closed behind her, and she came face to face with her enemy, she gave a scream and strove to unbar the door.

"Caught, my pretty bird, caught at last," cried Wrythe, as he seized her hands and forced her away into an inner room. "Now listen, though I lured you with my note, yet its contents are true. Your brother and your lover have spent the night in bonds, and they will have rough justice done upon them to-day. They will hang, sweet Beatrice, hang in a d—d ungentlemanly manner from the tree outside Slyfield door."

As the villain chuckled, the girl fell on her knees, while bitter sobs broke from her.

"Oh! Edmund, Edmund, what do you want—what can I do?" she cried.

"I'll tell you, mistress," said Wrythe, gloating over her prostrate form, "you can ride home, and raise £2,000. With that sum I can go to the troopers and say that, the money being surrendered, the ends of justice are obtained, and the criminals may be released."

"Ah! yes," cried the sobbing girl, "yes, Edmund, I will do it. My brother's friends will lend it. Let me go, I will hasten back, quickly, oh, so quickly."

"Gently, gently, sweet Beatrice," said the good Edmund, "there is one other little condition."

"Name it, Edmund; name it quickly."

"It is that you marry me."

The girl stopped crying, and rose to her feet. She steadied herself by the table and looked the man up and down. Under her glance Wrythe veritably cowered, so indignant, so scornful was her face.

"Never, you cur." Those were the words that came from her pallid lips, and they broke the spell under which, for moment, Edmund had fallen.

He seized her arm.

"You jade," he hissed, "you shall. Suppose you refuse—what then? Why, your brother hangs, your lover hangs, where are your protectors? Your parents—in the grave. Your friends—six miles away, at Epsom. My friends—outside this cottage, awaiting my orders, to carry you off to London. Fine company, with Turner and his wife, who also go to jail to-day.'

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot," the girl was wild with tears and grief, "Edmund, by all that you hold sacred, by all you hold manly—"

"Decide," he said, "now, at once."

"Oh God, help me, I cannot, I will not."

"Then I summon those that are outside."

This was a mere threat, for Wrythe had told no one of his plan, but as he turned to the door and opened it, he started back in terror, for with set teeth, and cudgels in hand, Charles and Richard entered.

Call it coincidence, or what you will. They had wandered in the woods the whole of the night, and at daybreak made up their minds to go to Fetcham, in the hope of getting help from Mr. Turner, being ignorant of his arrest. Attracted by the cries of Beatrice, they stopped at the cottage as they passed, and now—Wrythe was struggling in their grasp.

Never a word spake they, for their teeth were clenched and their anger knew no bounds. Swiftly they bound the villain hand and foot, and gagged him.

Then, while Richard pressed Beatrice to his breast and comforted her, Charles sat down to think what punishment he might inflict on the man who had so ill-used his sister.

"I have it," he said at last, and whispered to Richard.

The two men lifted the helpless Wrythe up, and dragged him into the garden. The pony stood still at the gate, the red East was smiling over the trees, and the birds were singing in the leaves.

They lifted him up on to the animal's back, face to tail, and re-bound his legs under the pony's belly. Then from the cottage they procured a board, and chalked upon it the words: "A traitor to the King." This they tied round Wrythe's neck, and with a cut on the animal's haunches they sent him galloping home to Epsom.

Gagged, bound, and labelled, the man met with a fitting punishment, for there were loyal hearts in Epsom, who stopped the steed, and read that title, and believed it. Late that night, a man escaped towards London, ragged and bleeding, and drenched to the skin. He was hounded out of Epsom by a crowd of boys, who pelted him as he ran. As for the others, they lived—to reach the King's Army, where Beatrice and Richard were united by the King's own chaplain. The two men fought side by side for their unhappy King, and would have died for him, could they have thereby saved his life at Whitehall. While Beatrice gave up her husband's companionship to share the exile of Henrietta Maria, the Queen.

But bright days dawned for them at last. When the King's son "returned to his own again," Richard Dalton became his sergeant of the cellar, as his epitaph in Letherhead Church still shows, and as for Charlie Park-

hurst, he died a jovial hearty blade, as he had lived, as witness his memorial in Epsom Churchyard:

"Here lies the carcase
Of honest Charles Parkhurst,
Who ne'er could dance or sing,
But always was true to
His Sovereign Lord the King,
Charles the First.

NO. VIII.

AELLA'S BEAD,

OR

THE BATTLE OF LEODRIDE.

In the year 851 A.D., there were living at St. George's Hill, in the old British hamlet there, a Saxon Ealdorman and his wife Yff was the "alderman's" name; and a tall and stately man was he, a year or two under thirty, with all that he desired within his power. Wealth, for his father had been a prosperous merchant, owning four large ships which plied in wool, tin, pearls, and other articles of British commerce, between England and the mainland of Europe, and happiness in the love of his two tiny children, and Aella, his beautiful wife, whom he had known since childhood. He was respected by all his churls and serfs, and was known as a gentle, good-natured master, a trifle reserved and contemplative, but when roused, a vigorous and hardy warrior.

But though he might have called all the world his friends and known no better, one there was who hated him with all the depth of a malignant nature. This was a young Dane, by name Guthorm, who, having been cast ashore as a boy from a wreck, was rescued by Yff's father, who adopted him into his own family.

Outwardly, Guthorm and Yff were the best of friends; both men had grown up together, with Aella, the daughter of a neighbouring Thane, as a constant playmate. Both men had fallen in love with the beautiful maiden, and because she had accepted the Saxon, and refused the Dane, Guthorm had sworn that the day should come when he would repay the insult to his nation and his blood.

Meanwhile, though Aella knew his true nature from

the words that had leapt from his lips at her refusal, Yff never suspected. When he found that Aella's heart was his, he had gone to his friend, and gently told him that he had won her love. And the other, stifling the boiling passion that surged in his heart, with a pretended open frankness, and a hearty laugh, had shaken him by the hand, and said, "Well, Yff, lad, we both played for the same stakes, and Fortune has given you the hazard. So be it. Good luck go with you."

But ever since the day on which Yff and Aella were married, as he went to and fro in the house, and saw their happy love, Guthorm's heart was hot with smouldering lust for revenge. He had himself become a merchant, owning a stout long keeled vessel, in which he made the appointed three voyages which gave him the position of Thane amongst his neighbours. His crew consisted of foreigners picked up at the ports at which he touched; quite distinct from the golden-haired Saxons, the usual seafaring hands. Many a voyage did Guthorm make even across the North Sea to his own country. And when the terror of the Danish invasions began to creep over England, he plotted with a giant countryman, and cousin of his, by name Alfgar, the Seven Foot, that when the time came, and the Danish freebooters, entered Surrey, Aella should be carried off, while he, Guthorm, kept her husband out of the way. It was a fiendish plot, and it recoiled, as will be seen, upon the head of its originator.

In the summer of the year, then, when Guthorm returned, the Danes had been invading the east coast of England; but so far Surrey had been left untouched. The traitor adopted new tactics now. He put off his hearty and boisterous attitude which he had always maintained towards Yff and his wife, and wore a grave and sad look, often appearing distracted and depressed, when Yff was most merry. Yff noticed this; and began to imagine all sorts of things wrong with his friend. At last he took him to task about his gloomy countenance. "Art in love?" he asked, "with some fair maiden across the the sea, and does she mock at thee? Or what is it?"

"How canst thou ask?" was the grave reply. "Ask thy own heart and it will answer for me."

This only mystified Yff the more. He besought his friend to speak out plainly. Guthorm pretended to be most reluctant, and at last yielded.

Guthorm had heard, so he said, on unassailable evidence, that Yff was in league with the black-hearted Danes—(pirates they were, though once his countrymen) —and that he was plotting with them to deliver Surrey into their hands, provided that he might be made a feudatory prince under the Danish King. The whole story was a pure invention on the part of the Dane, but it shocked Yff to hear such an accusation. He demanded indignantly the names of the perjured men who had dared invent so gross a lie. But Guthorm remained seemingly unconvinced; and with sham tears in his eyes, entreated Yff to give up this treacherous design, to break with the pirates, and to become a loyal Saxon, ere he, Guthorm, felt it his duty to acquaint the council with the information he had received. At this persistent refusal to believe him true, Yff's passion broke out.

"Thou villain," he cried, seizing Guthorm by the throat, "I verily believe thou hast lied. Thou black-hearted spy. Do thy worst; lie, invent, perjure thyself, when thou wilt, and where. I fear thy false tongue no more than thy accursed sword."

He flung him away with such violence, that Guthorm fell to the ground.

The Dane rose to his feet, his teeth gleaming beneath his heavy moustache, and a sickly sweat out on his forehead, in his effort to restrain the devil of hatred at his heart. At last, with a little gasp, he said, "I have learnt to turn the Christian other cheek to my persecutors. I say no more, but forgive thee for this blow. Only take heed to thyself, we may meet no more as friends. And I must accuse thee to the council, though it break my heart."

Yff retained sufficient self-control to turn his back, with a contemptuous exclamation, upon the traitor, and to leave him. When he was out of sight, Guthorm claped his fists together.

"At last," he cried, exultant, "At last my way is clear." Yff thought it best not to tell his wife; all the more so, because at the time, the whole

household at St. George's Hill was in a state of excitement. A large fleet of Danes had sailed up the Thames, and was ravaging Kent and Sussex. Ethelwulf the King was summoning his troops, in case the invader entered Surrey; and Yff was busy training his serfs, arming them, and laying up stores in his strong castle to stand a seige if necessary.

Therefore, when a week later, a summons reached him to attend the meeting of the hundredmote, or assizes, at Ebba's Ham, the Epsom of to-day, though he knew well enough that Guthorm had done his worst, he said a cheerful good-bye to Aella, and rode off to Epsom to answer the false charges brought against him.

The meeting, held in a large wooden hall, was attended by a hundred of the chief ealdormen of the district. They received Yff with grave greetings, and he sat down in silence. Guthorm was brought in, and with him came three of his sailors, and between them they concocted a circumstantial story of the way they discovered that Yff was a traitor. It was Yff's turn now to answer. According to the procedure of the day, he might have been acquitted at once, could he have produced three neighbours, as compurgators, to swear to his loyalty and good behaviour. But he had not expected so finished an accusation to be brought against him, and he had not troubled to attempt to obain them.

Yff's cheek grew a shade paler, as he recognised how fatal would be his error in not obtaining witnesses to his conduct; but he made a gallant attempt to defend himself. He spoke of his hitherto blameless career, of his well-known good name, of his services to the kingdom; and on the other hand he asked the council whether they would believe him, the Saxon, or this Dane, and his ignorant witnesses. The council remained unmoved. The president stood up. "Yff, son of Yff," he said, "hast any more to say?" Yff knew his case was desperate. There was one way, and one way only, for him to take.

"Yes," he replied, "there is one thing more. Before God, I swear I am innocent. I appeal to the Ordeal and may God show the right."

Guthorm could not restrain an exclamation of triumph. The appeal to the trial by Ordeal in any case, that Yff

would be incapacitated by law from taking active service for a full week afterwards.

"What form dost thou choose?" asked the president; for there were many forms—boiling water, red hot iron, the cross and the cup, and so on.

Guthorm stepped forward. "Mine is the choice,' he said, "I also appeal to heaven to show the right. Let him undergo the iron."

"So be it," said the president, and Yff bowed his head.

His mind was full of his home and wife and children. If God saw fit not to show the right, what would become of them?

Before long, in the walled inclosure outside the hall, the preparations were complete. The president measured out a length of fifty yards; a brazier of coals stood flaring at one end, a white staff was planted at the other end of this course. On the coals lay a short iron bar, now red hot. Yff had taken off his armour, and bared his right arm.

An old priest stationed himself by the brazier, and prayed aloud for justice to be shown. Two Ealdormen stood on either side of the accused.

"Now," said the President; and Yff advanced, the two men accompanying him. With set face, he seized the iron bar in his hand, and a horrible smell of burning flesh rose in the air. Yff never moved a muscle. With that terrible steaming iron held steadily out, he walked the white staff. The priest carefully bound up the scarred hand in a white cloth and sealed the strings. Yff must wait three days in sanctuary. At the end of that time, the cloth would be unbound. If there no sign of hurt or burn, he would be proved innocent, and Guthorm would be shown a perjurer.

Hardly was the seal placed upon the bindings, when there came a sudden knocking at the oaken gate. "Open, open, for mercy's sake, open. 'Ware the Danes. 'Ware the Danes." The President gave the sign, and the gate was opened. In rushed a ragged panting man, whom Yff recognised with a start as one of his serfs. He fell at his master's feet, gasping and crying, his hoarse and heavy breathing, showing the extremity of his haste.

Bit by bit he told his tale. How his master had scarcely left the house when the Danes attacked it, having landed at Cowey Stakes, and made a quick march over the three miles between the Thames and St. George's Hill. The castle was taken unprepared; though the churls fought bravely from room to room. But the Danish leader was a giant, full seven foot high and wielded a huge mace; he seemed invulnerable wherever he went. Aella fought with her men till, seeing the fight could have but one ending, she snatched up her children, and attempted to fly. In vain. She and the children were seized and conveyed into the courtyard.

"My mistress," said the man, weeping, "found opportunity at the first to call me to her side; she bade me run hither to thee, and bear thee this bead from her betrothal necklace, and with it give thee her never-ceasing love. She bade me tell thee, that if the bloody pirates attempted to carry her away she would not suffer herself to fall into their hands. Master, she was a true and brave woman."

"Was?" said Yff, taking the enamelled bead.

REMAINS DUG UP ON HAWK'S HILL, INCLUDING AELLA'S BEAD.

"Yes, my lord, she was—was—was. For I hid myself awhile to see what happed, and, lo, when the looting was over, the giant Dane came with his men, half drunk with the wine they had found; and he bade them catch the children on their spears, while he would take the woman to the ships; more he said, but I cannot give it tongue. The children died. She looked on unmoved. But when the giant would have lifted her

up, she swiftly drew a bodkin from her hair, and drove it into her breast. . . . ”

Yff stood in silence for a moment, and then reverently kissed the head, and placed it in his bosom. The ealdormen stood silent also, scarce knowing what to do.

Yff broke the silence at last. As he opened his lips, blood poured from his mouth and nostrils to the ground; and the hapless man staggered—“ Councillors, shall we stand here and see our homes ruined and our wives stolen? Who will help to drive these devils from our land? To horse! to horse! Home and fetch your men, and then after me. Didst hear whither the Danes were going next?” he added, turning to the serf.

“ My lord,” was the reply, “ I heard them swear to rifle the treasury at Hanstiebury; and as I ran down hill, some part of them moved off to bridge over the dykes at Cobham.* They seemed to know all the traps we have set for them.”

Yff's exhortation was met with a hoarse shout of approval. But Guthorm, with a look of satisfaction on his face, whispered to Yff, “Thy sword arm will not avail thee much, methinks.” The unholy taunt stung Yff to the core. “ God curse thee,” he cried, “ thou art the cause of this”; and he swung his bandaged arm and with all the passion of his sorrow and despair nerving it, struck the treacherous Dane on the face. Scorched and bound as his fist was, such was the force of that terrible blow, that the Dane fell back to the ground dead. Under ordinary circumstances, Yff would have been arrested and tried for murder, for such, no doubt it was; but the Ealdormen had other things to think of now, and they shrewdly suspected that the Dane had played the traitor. They arranged that spies should be sent at once to watch the Danish troops, and to bring back reports to Ebba's Ham, where the Ealdormen and their men should meet on the morrow. Then they would try and cut the Danes off as they returned to their ships.

Meanwhile the Danes hastened to Hanstiebury, where they destroyed the castle and tried to find the royal treasures, which were kept there. In that, however, they failed, for at the first alarm the treasure chest was

* The Anglo-Saxons had cut two large dykes across the roads near Cobham.

hidden in the neighbouring woods, where it remained till the year 1817, when a great find of over 700 coins—the remains of the hoard—was made upon Winterfield Farm.

The Danes encamped for the night at Aclea or Ockley. That night runners were sent to King Ethelwulf at Guildford, who immediately made a forced march and attacked the Danes at daybreak. The battle lasted till noon, when the Danes, having lost a large number of men, broke into flight, and made their way back to the ships, by the nearest route. The giant, still unwounded, with a band of two hundred men cut their way through the King's troops, and hurried across country over Ranmore to Letherhead. They reached the top of the hill now called Hawk's Hill, just as the Ealdormen and their serfs and churls, having left Epsom an hour previously, ascended the hill from the other side. The Danes, worn out with the day's work, set themselves in a small square back to back, and kept their assailants at bay. The giant was conspicuous for his wonderful prowess and long reach of arm. Man by man dropped, and the two hundred were reduced to a scanty hundred and then to a scantier fifty. The hundred Ealdormen had brought nearly 2,000 men, and these cared for nothing so long as they could sweep the invaders off the fair land they called home. The little circle grew smaller, till at last the giant was left alone. The Saxons drew back, for Yff had made the Ealdormen promise that he alone should kill the giant who had ruined his home. So now he advanced into the circle, and the giant glared at him. "Dog of a Dane," cried Yff, "ravisher of women, and killer of children, one of us shall never leave this field alive." The giant

TREE UNDER WHICH THE DANES AND SAXONS WERE RE-BURIED.

laughed. "Ah, is it Guthorm's friend who thus solicits an introduction to death? Ah, Yff, Yff's son, hast learnt what it is to take a friend's love from him? Guthorm hath slaked his vengeance."

A hoarse cry rose from the ring of Saxons as they gleaned the depth of Guthorm's treachery from those taunting words. But Yff cried "Guthorm's friend shall send thee to join Guthorm in Hell. Have at thee!"

Round and round fought the pair, a full ten minutes; Yff was using his sword in his injured hand. The giant was by far the better warrior of the two, but he was spent with fighting, and Yff's white face and grim determination baffled him. At last, he gave one fierce lunge forward. Yff stepped lightly aside, and the giant's mace sped harmless by him, while the giant over-reaching, stumbled forward. Quick as lightning Yff's sword fell, cleaving his enemy's skull. But, alas, the giant in his death throe, caught Yff's out stretched arm, and dragging him down as he fell, seized him by the shoulder and the hip, and with one final effort bent him round till the spine snapped, and thus Saxon and Dane fell and died.

Ten years ago on digging the foundations of a house on the top of Hawk's Hill, the bones of the Saxons and Danes were found. One skeleton particularly attracted attention, for it was that of a man fully seven feet high. By his side was found a small urn, containing a coin. It was his death bowl, and had once held a little bread and wine, to last him in his journey in the nether world, with a farthing to pay the grim ferryman who should carry him across the black river.

Yet one more skeleton was found, and resting beneath its ribs, having slipped from the bony fingers, was a beautiful bead. The enamel was still plainly visible. Once it had graced the bosom of the beautiful Saxon Aella.

NO. IX

THE LEPERS' SQUINT,

OR

THE PILGRIM'S WAY.

Have at him, Lurcher; stick to him, Bob; eh, man, he's gotton him through the belly with his 'orn; Saints and martyrs! how the beast roars, he'll wrench the post out."

It was the weekly bull-baiting on Saturday afternoon, in the bull ring at Randall's Park, or, as it was called at the time, Randulf's Park, for John Randulf was the occupant of the land called Little Pachevesham, his forefathers having obtained it from Odo, the Bishop of Bayeur.

The ring consisted of a ring of stout pallisades surrounded by a bank of earth on which the spectators stood, situate in one of the river meadows. A stout post was fixed in the centre of the ring and to this the bull was secured. With the blood pouring from a score of bites, he stood there like a black rock beset by raging seas, a pack of hounds of all sizes and breeds snapping and snarling about him. Two great hounds lay writhing on the ground; some were limping, howling, round the ring, another was clinging to the animal's throat, while shouts and cheers rent the air from the great crowd on the embankment looking down upon the cruel sight. The bull waxed wilder and still more enraged, he rushed from side to side as far as his chain would let him, with such force that the oaken post shook and bent under his charges.

Chief amongst the spectators could be seen John de Aperdele, the vicious master of the manors of Mikelham and Tornecroft. His pale and dissipated face shone with delight, and he turned to the sweet and gentle maiden by his side, whose presence seemed strangely out of place in that wild scene, and bade her roughly take her hands from her face and cease her babyish whimpering.

"Oh, sir," the girl cried, "I cannot bear it. I pray you let me go and I will thank you from my heart."

"Curse you, no," was the reply. "By St. Nicholas, you ought to be proud that your master takes you out at all."

Pretty Joan was the daughter of one of John's tenants holding a small farm at Mikelham. Tenants in the days of the Edwards had few of the rights of to-day. The men who had grown up on an estate were almost body and soul the slaves of their landlords. Some of them might even be sold, and the lord of the manor had the right to force husbands upon his female tenants, and if they rejected his proposals they forfeited the money which the lord could obtain for their dowry.

The brutal and licentious John de Aperdele had other plans for Joan. Though she was betrothed to a stalwart and handsome yeoman of the name of Robert Darcie, he intended to marry her himself. In this he was encouraged by the prior of Norbury, whose brother monks served the Church of Letherhead at the time.

One of the Mikelham farms was coveted by the priory and this was the bribe which De Aperdele offered if the Prior would use his influence with the girl.

But to return to the story. The girl was still shrinking from the rough touch of John's hand, when a cry of horror broke from the spectators, and they began scattering on all sides; the bull had broken loose, dragging the remnants of the post with him.

John thought only of himself. With a smothered oath he tore himself away from the girl, who clung to him in terror, and running to his horse leapt upon it and jumped the hedge, where he reined in and stood watching the field. The rest of the people were running helter skelter in all directions. Joan was left alone upon the raised bank above the ringed fence. Finding herself deserted, she uttered a shrill scream and sank to the ground as the bull, having despatched most of his canine opponents, attracted by the vivid colour of her hood, rushed at the palisading and struggled through it.

But one there was who could not see a defenceless girl, and especially the girl he loved, die without an effort to save her. Robert Darcie had followed Joan and Aperdele to the field, with hatred in his heart for the man who had stepped between him and happiness. He knew how hard would be the task of preventing a marriage between the lord of the manor and his tenant, but he also knew that Joan's heart was his.

He ran with all his might up the mound towards the bull; the animal had freed himself from the fence and was scarce 20 yards from his hapless victim. Robert never hesitated; armed as he was with only a yew staff, he sped past the girl towards the advancing animal, and shouted at the top of his voice. The bull, surprised by these unusual tactics, stopped for a moment in his charge, and then made for his new assailant. This was what Darcie wanted. As the animal lowered his head the yeoman stepped brickly aside and brought his staff with one tremendous blow on the base of one of its horns, the most delicate part of a bull's head. The weapon was shivered into fragments and the bull with a scream of pain rose on to its hind legs and toppled over stunned by the violence of the blow. Darcie ran back to the swooning girl, and lifting her in his arms, bore her steadily from the field up the road to the town cross, which stood where now the fire-brigade station is placed. John de Aperdele galloped after him and bade him lift the girl to his saddle bow. "I will take her home," he said.

CENTRE OF THE TOWN.

"You craven," Robert hissed between his clenched teeth, "you left her to be killed and now you would take her from me again; that you never shall," and he moved steadily forward. John drew his sword as though he would have cut his enemy down, but finding that none of his retainers were near and that the street was filling with people, who would certainly take Darcie's part, he altered his mind and rode off to his house. "You shall be punished for this," he cried. "I was never thwarted yet."

"Never mind him, Robert Darcie," cried a fool who was in the stocks under the cross. "Faint heart never won fair lady, and his heart is faint enough I trow. Holding's keeping, as these very stocks prove." The people roared with laughter, and even the watchman on guard plucked his leathern bottle from his belt and offered it to the merry jester.

Darcie took Joan to her father's house and told him all that had occurred. The old man shook his head sorrowfully. "We are helpless, my lad," he said, "we cannot fight against the laws of England. If she refuses him when he asks her, it will mean that she and I are sold, and she will fall a victim to some other villain's malice."

Meanwhile John de Aperdele was seated at home with the Prior of Norbury. Between them they concocted a plot by which each could obtain his desires.

"My son," said the Prior with a malignant smile, "the thing is easy. You received the King's mandate this morning to send all the men you could lay hands on to these French wars of his. No doubt Randulf and the

rest of the lords of the manors round about received the same; at a word from you he will take care that this Darcie be one of the men chosen from his estate. Once he is out of your way you may do what you like with pretty Joan, provided, of course," he added, "that on the day of the marriage you present me with the title deeds of the farm we know of. Otherwise, I shall feel it my duty, painful as it may be, to refuse to sanction the marriage."

King Edward III. was at this time engaged in besieging Calais; many of his men had fallen in the long campaign, and he had sent to England for fresh recruits. Before the week had come to an end the cowardly John had said that word to Randulf which caused him to put Robert Darcie into his regiment of archers en route for France. Had Randulf suspected John's base designs he would have refused, for he was a man (an anomaly of his time) who had the interests of his tenants at heart. He had even gone to the extent, so the old records tell us, of purchasing a license from the Crown to hold services in his own house for the benefit of the population on his estate, at which old Roger de Tidilmynton, the Vicar of Asted, willingly officiated. But he did not hear the story until long after, when it was too late to mend matters.

Darcie went to the wars; he fought bravely with the other English troops; he even came under the notice of the Black Prince and saved his life before Calais, he himself being grievously wounded at the time. The Prince came to his tent afterwards and bade him choose what reward he liked. Darcie craved permission to return home before Christmas, it being now October. "That thou shalt," exclaimed the Black Prince, "thou shalt travel as my messenger, and good luck attend thee."

Now in the depth of Aperdele's malice he had sent with his troop one man to keep him informed of all Darcie's movements. This man sent word home that Robert was in high favour with the King and was soon to return. This ill suited the villainous John, and the spy received fresh orders which he was immediately to execute. The thing seems too horrible for words, and it is certainly an occurrence that could never happen to-day. Remem-

ber that the crusades were but lately over; it is a matter of history that those wars in Palestine were the means of spreading leprosy in Europe and in England.

Such things as the lepers' squints had been but lately added to the churches as a means whereby the leper soldiers might look into the sacred buildings and see from outside the services which they might never attend. John's abominable device was no less than to contaminate Darcie with this fell disease, so that in case of his return he would be for ever debarred—and that of his own free will—from thinking of Joan again.

Had he desired it he could easily have had his enemy killed in France, for the man whom he employed was one who would stop at nothing; but the other plan would be far more pleasurable, for he would be able to gloat over his enemy's misery when he returned to England, an outcast to live henceforth apart from men in the wilds of the country.

And so it was that one night Darcie woke in his tent to find by his side a leper.

Pitiable object as he was, his hands were lying on Robert's breast, clammy and cold. Robert leapt from his couch and bade him begone, but a feeling of compunction seized him as the leper rose trembling before him.

"Mercy, mercy," he gibbered, "it was not my fault. I am so cold, so hungry. I was told that here I might find food and clothing if I but ventured in."

"Who told you this?" said Robert, and thus the whole story came out. Darcie gave him food and clothing, and then, as the leper blessed him with tears and passed away into the darkness of the night, rushed out of the tent into the air, anywhere, anywhere where he could free himself from the taint of that ghastly disease. He washed and washed himself again to free himself from that clammy touch; he watched his white flesh day by day in fear lest he should see that discolouration which would prove that he himself was accursed. He tried to shake off the depression of spirits into which he was falling, but despite his healthy appetite, despite his active employments, there crept out in the midst of it all that lurking suspicion, "The leprosy is in me!"

Was it not natural that he should fall into this morbid condition? that his wounds should break open afresh and that, under the self-suggestion that never left him, the very marks appeared upon his body which he dreaded and yet expected to see? He believed he was a leper. He was forced to leave the army sooner than he expected, the words of pity with which the Black Prince bade him farewell serving only to increase his mental distress. He grew into the habit of wearing his vizor down so that his face, pale and thin as it was through his wounds, grew yet more sunken and haggard. For some days he hesitated about crossing the Channel again. Joan, he felt, was for ever lost to him. Why not die there in France and leave her unconscious of his misery. But as the days fled slowly by and he gazed over the sea in the direction of England, a great and painful longing overcame him to look upon her face once more; she need never know it. So three days before Christmas he landed at Dover and made his way painfully along the Pilgrims Way wearing his armour and over it a long white cloak, the leper's garb, in the direction of Ledrede.

Joan meanwhile was bitterly unhappy. John de Aperdele plied her with proposals again and again.

The Prior, to whom she went in her sweet innocence to confess, exhorted and even commanded her to accept his offers. John had even stooped to threats; he gave her until St. Thomas's Day to make up her mind. If she held out then, he would exact a terrible penalty from her father. Meanwhile he bade her think no more of Robert Darcie, for he was dead, and he showed her a letter from his instrument in France.

Poor Joan, feeling as if the very heavens had deserted her, yielded at last and the wedding was fixed for Christmas Day.

Now John de Aperdele was heavily in debt at the time, his extravagant and evil life had led him into the hands of the Jews who then, as now, were the moneylenders of the day. His creditors were pressing, and he was threatened with arrest and imprisonment.

Christmas Day came, ushered in by the waits and minstrels with the quaint English carols.

John and Joan were at the altar and the Prior, with the

coveted title deeds in his pocket, was about to commence the service. The church was filled with people; Aperdele stood haughty and triumphant holding Joan's trembling hand. A few strangers were scattered about the church, attracted no doubt by the auspicious event.

LETHERHEAD CHURCH (INTERIOR).

The mumbling Prior began. . . . "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife." John drew himself up and let his gaze wander round the church as if he would say, "I have gained my end." But suddenly his face grew fierce and white, his eyes protruded from his head as they were fixed upon the leper's squint. The Prior, following their direction, looked also and dropped his manual with a crash upon the floor. Joan looked too, and with a low cry fell swooning. There was a face at the narrow window; white and ill as it was they recognised it; it was Robert Darcie. Drawn by the Christmas bells he had ventured once more to the church, and peered in through the squint, all ignorant of the marriage that was taking place inside.

With an angry cry John de Aperdele drew his sword, and leaping over the altar rails dashed through the sanctuary door and round the back of the church to the squint; he would sweep Darcie from his path for ever. Two of the strangers in the church ran up the aisle after him, thinking that he had caught sight of them and was flying. Darcie, avoiding the blow John aimed at him, gave him a buffet with his mailed fist that sent him headlong to the earth, to be caught in the arms of the two men who had followed him.

They seized him, half stunned as he was, and one

of them produced a parchment with dangling seals. John de Aperdele," he said, "I arrest you in the name of the Crown."

Joan, quickly recovering from her swoon, staggered out after the rest of the congregation.

"Robert," she cried, and sought to fling herself upon his breast, but he waved her back. "Away," he cried, "touch me not, I am a leper and accursed," but Joan would not listen; she already knew the meaning of that white robe of his. She staggered towards him and made as if she were about to fall. Instinctively he caught her in his arms. "Ah, thank God," she whispered, nestling in his arms and closing her eyes, "you have touched me. None may part us now."

It was true; all who touched the lepers save the leeches and chirugeons of the time, and the clergy who had ministered the last rites to them, were held to be tainted and must henceforth live with the lepers. The crowd stood aloof as Darcie bore her in his arms from the church.

As he passed through the village someone called him; it was a man dressed in the garb of a Franciscan friar, his name Richard de Ledrede, a brother of the Ledredes, who rented from the Crown all the Crown property in the district. He was famous for his medical knowledge. He bade Darcie follow him to his house. Robert hesitated; he did not know whether the stranger meant good or ill, but Joan whispered: "Fear not, Robert, it is the good Bishop.* I confessed to him but yestereve; he knows our story." So Robert took heart and followed him. Once inside his house he called Robert to a private room and bade him strip.

"Who told thee this was leprosy?" he asked, and Robert replied with a groan that he knew it was since that first day he found the leper in his tent.

"Fool, fool, and more than fool," quoth the bishop cheerily, "'tis nothing of the sort. Thou hast but the scurvy, and a fortnight's rest will soon put that right; especially if thou hast a wife to tend thee. I will give thee the license. Get thee to Randulf's house, and marry."

*Richard de Ledrede was Bishop of Ossory.

Thereat the Bishop wrote out full and formal leave to Robert Darcie to wed Joan that very day. "Why, thou art a better man already," he cried, as Robert fell on his knees and kissed his hand, "thy enemy John de Aperdele will be out of thy way. No thanks. Let thy Christmas be a happy one."

And so it was, for old Roger de Tidilmynton married them and they went off to the farm on which Robert had worked before he went to France.

John de Aperdele, so history tells us, lost all his lands and died in prison. The King did not forget his son's rescuer when he returned to England; not only did he give him the farm as a freehold for ever, but he gave him the rights of holding a market in Ledrede for the first time, and none would have thought in years to come that the fat and prosperous farmer and his buxom and sedate wife had ever passed through so romantic a courtship.

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Photograph.] [*S. Yeo.*

CASTLE MILL, DORKING. ON THE MOLE.

Dorking & Leatherhead,

With their Surroundings.

A Handbook for Visitors and Residents,

BY

JOSEPH E. MORRIS, B.A.,

Author of "Surrey's Capital," "Haslemere and Hindhead," etc.

Published under the general editorship of PRESCOTT ROW, by The Homeland Association for the encouragement of Touring in Great Britain.

Dorking: C. T. BOND, 83, High Street.
And all local Booksellers.

London: THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION, LTD., 22, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

FIRST EDITION, 1906.

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EDITORIAL NOTE

With a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to The Editor, The Homeland Association, Association House, 22, Bride Lane Fleet Street, E.C., they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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The Publisher's Address to the Reader.

THIS little volume forms one of the Homeland Handbooks, a series founded in 1897, with a view of providing adequate information respecting localities and districts. They are issued at popular prices, and contain everything likely to interest the intelligent visitor regarding the History, Traditions, Worthies, and Antiquities of the neighbourhoods with which they deal.

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A full list will be found on pages xii *and* xiii.

The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain, Association House, 22, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

PREFATORY NOTE.

In the following pages the writer has attempted to steer a middle course between the requirements of two different classes of readers. For those whose chief object is to explore the beautiful country round Dorking, he has endeavoured to give such directions in outline as may enable them to work out routes not always very obvious, but always introducing them to the heart of the scenery. For those, on the contrary perhaps a growing class—who are interested in architecture and antiquities, he has given careful and detailed descriptions of the various churches in the neighbourhood.

JOSEPH E. MORRIS.

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DON'T disturb the birds in their breeding season.

DON'T litter the places visited with waste papers or torn letters.

DON'T leave empty bottles and other débris of your picnic to vulgarise the spots, the scenery of which you have been enjoying.

DORKING AND LEATHERHEAD,

WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

CHAPTER I.

DORKING, AND ROUND ABOUT IT.

THERE are other towns in Surrey—Guildford and Reigate—the actual situation of which, perhaps, is better than that of Dorking—the history and visible monuments of which are richer in interest and more striking in character. But there is not, I think, in the whole of Surrey—one might almost say, in the whole of the South of England—a town that is placed in the heart of surroundings at once more rural, more varied, and more beautiful. Nature, of course, in the North of England has fashioned the landscape of grander materials—there she has wrought with rivers and mountains, where in Surrey she has wrought only with brooks and hills. Inevitably we miss in the neighbourhood of Dorking the grandeur and breadth of Cumberland and Yorkshire—exquisite, however, it is, and reposeful, and charming, and it is something to be the first of its kind—the acme of prettiness—the perfection of finish.

Dorking is rural because the reckless tide of villa building has not yet invaded its sanctities or obliterated its marked individuality. All who love nature—all who

prize this precious playground so near to the unspeakable dreariness of London—owe thanks to the proprietors—will continue, I trust, for generations to owe them—who have resisted the huge current of selfish aggrandisement—who have preserved for the nation this delightful terrestrial Paradise. Dorking is varied, because two great different types of scenery—the chalk and the sandstone—meet at its doors in contrast and unison. Dorking is beautiful, because each of these districts attains, in the neighbourhood of Dorking, to its greatest degree of perfection. The chalk escarpment of the North Downs, from Farnham to Westerham, is the common heritage of Surrey as a whole; yet it is only round Dorking—at Pickett's Hole, for instance, at Boxhill, at Betchworth Clump—that it is seen at its boldest and most characteristic. Surrey, again, has many sandstone uplands from Hind Head, on the Hampshire border, to Tilburstow Hill, on the border of Kent; and Hind Head, it must be confessed, retains, even now, touches of grandeur that are absolutely alien to the spirit of Leith Hill. Yet the sandstone highlands to the south of Dorking exhibit, perhaps, when considered as a whole, a variety, a beauty, a scope, and a perfection, that are absent from the rest of the sandstone hills of Surrey.

It is only during the last hundred years—since England lost, somehow, her old sense of beauty, and blossomed into villas, and coal-mines, and factories—that the hand of man has necessarily been fatal to the enduring beauty of English landscape. The cultivated landscape of the South of England is indebted to that hand for half its loveliness. It was John Evelyn—that perfect example of the English gentleman—who planted the lawns and glades of Wotton; it was other rustic Evelyns, "mute and inglorious"—simple village carpenters and village

masons—men who wrought unconsciously, without thought of what they were achieving, yet who certainly wrought primarily for pure love of their labour—who endowed the country side with farm-houses and cottages that are still the delight of the architect and artist. In its ancient houses the Weald of Surrey is almost as fortunate as the Lake county of Westmorland. Let anyone study the picturesque roofs, "healed" with great slabs of Horsham stone; the richly moulded chimney-stacks; the boldly modelled porches; that are scattered up and down the Holmesdale valley to the east and west of Dorking. Let anyone consider, for particu-

Photograph] [*T. Molyneux.*

WILLOW WALK BY THE MILL POND, DORKING.

lar example, the Crossways Farm, between Shere and Wotton, which suggested, perhaps, a title to Mr. Meredith—which might certainly suggest a model to the "paddling fingers" of the modern builder. Many parts of England have their own distinctive rural architecture—the thatched and "pargetted" cottages of Essex; the timber framed brickwork of the Chiltern Hundreds;

the round chimneys and rough stone-work of the dales of Westmorland. Yet there is not, I suppose, in the whole of the country, a style of local building more in harmony with the landscape, more reposeful in itself, or more mellow in its toning, than the old red-brick houses, sometimes dashed with orange lichen, and always, in their setting, part and parcel of the country, that lie scattered among orchards, and coppices, and pastures, everywhere throughout the great Weald of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex.

II.

Derivation of Name

Of the derivation of the name of Dorking, there is, perhaps, no very satisfactory explanation; though the word, of course, has been duly subjected to the usual amount of rather irresponsible guess-work. Manning and Bray refer the first syllable to the British root, "dwr" (water), which occurs in such river names as Derwent. Whether the terminal "ing" is indicative of an Anglian clan-station—a form of philological deduction now somewhat discredited; or whether it has reference to a river-side meadow—as some have supposed in the case of Godalming—must be left to the decision of the learned.* Anyhow, the place was called "Dorchinges" in Domesday,

* Canon Isaac Taylor ranks the name with Barking, Brading, Woking, and other examples as embodying "the usual Anglo-Saxon patronymic" ("Words and Places," 2nd edit., 125). For a later discussion of this much disputed question—which obviously cannot be dealt with in a popular hand-book—the reader is referred to the admirable summary in Professor Baldwin Brown's "Arts in Early England." It is noteworthy that in Domesday Woking is entered as "Wochinges."

and at a later period was certainly pronounced "Darking." At the time of the Survey it was held of the Conqueror in demesne—that is, it formed part of the immediate possessions of the Crown, and was not leased out to a tenant for the payment of some service, military in its nature, or otherwise. Previously, we learn from the same great record, it had belonged to Queen Edith, the wife of the Confessor. But the history of

From a] [*Contemporary Print.*

EASTERN ENTRANCE TO DORKING.
As it appeared about 1850.

Dorking pierces back deeper than the rule of the monkish Saxon monarch—deeper even than the settlement here of some putative Saxon family. The Roman Stane Street "is supposed to have passed through this churchyard, where it is said to have been frequently discovered in digging of graves." This is the statement of Manning and Bray, and it was also the assertion of

Camden; but more recent excavation has shown that it really crossed West Street, and must thus have passed to the west of the present churchyard.* According to Mr. Napper, there is also a piece of the road "at the bottom of a garden in South Street, with fir trees planted along its sides," or, at any rate, was when his article was written, about 1888 (IX. S.A.C. 337). The Stane Street is not mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, and must therefore presumably belong to the later Roman occupation of Britain. It connected Regnum (now Chichester) with London, and may still be easily traced on the map by existing sections of road, e.g., on the South Downs above Bignor; at Billingshurst; and, in the neighbourhood of Dorking, at Ockley, where it still forms the highway on Ockley Green, and is still known by the name of the "Stone Street." To the north of Dorking, however, its course is much more doubtful. According to Mr. Warne (Proc. Soy. Ant., 2 Ser., i., 309), it ran north-eastward over Mickleham Downs, past Juniper Hall, Woodcote Park, and the "Rubbing" House on Epsom Downs; and thence past Ewell, Morden, Tooting, and Clapham, to London. According to Mr. Napper, it continued from the Rubbing House on Banstead Downs to the neighbourhood of Carshalton and Wallington, where he places the site of the lost "Noviomagus." Both writers agree that its course from Dorking was that of a straightened British track-way. A considerable section of this road, in form of a well-marked "agger," may still be met with on Mickleham Downs. Another old British trackway—the famous Pilgrims' Way—passed also through the neighbourhood

The Stane Street.

* Cf. Mr. H. Elliot Malden's paper in X. S.A.C. 106.

of Dorking. Possibly this was the very ancient road—used in later days by the Canterbury Pilgrims—by which, many centuries earlier, the primitive British miners conveyed the tin they had dug in Cornwall to Dover, there to be sold to Phœnician traders.

Of mediæval Dorking there is little to be said—it was happy in possessing no history. I do not mean, of course, that to the student of antiquity it is utterly barren of interest. That, indeed, would be true of no village in England, where always there is hidden some thread to be unravelled—the descent of some manor laboriously to be traced; some list to be compiled of rectors or patrons; some disjointed fact to be pieced to some other, as one pieces together a Chinese puzzle. But of history in the wider sense, as opposed to archæology—of the kind of history which alone is justified in claiming a place in this little volume—Dorking is most singularly barren. Aubrey, indeed, speaks of its possessing two castles, called Benham and Blackhawes, that are said to have been demolished in the time of the Danes; but Aubrey can hardly be reckoned an authority. We read, again, of an earthquake that happened in the neighbourhood in 1551. It is recorded in the "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London," and in Henry Machyn's "Diary," both of which have been published by the Camden Society. Mr. Lewis André (XIV. S.A.C. 2) speaks of two earthquakes, one of which occurred in 1551—the one mentioned in the "Chronicle"—and the other in 1553; but he hazards that probably both were the same. How he made this curious mistake I cannot even guess—the date is 1551 in Machyn also. The first of these entries is as follows, but Dorking, it will be seen, is not mentioned by name: "Item the XXVth

The Dorking Earthquake.

day of May, wych was the Monday after Trenyte Sonday, was gret erthequakes in dyvers places, as aboute Crowydyn and in that towne and dyvers other townes there by, as at Rygate, and many other places aboute. . . .'' The entry in Machyn's "Diary" is more particular. "The XXV. day of May was be syd Rygatt and Croydon, Suttun, and Darkyng, a grett wondernus of herth . . . (earthquake) . . . and spesshal (specially) at Darkyng, and in dyvers plasys

From a] [*Contemporary Print.*

DORKING HIGH STREET.
As it appeared about 1850.

. . . pottes, panes, and dyssys donst (dishes danced?), and mett (meat) felle doune . . . about howse, and with mony odur thyngs.'' An earthquake, however, that only set "pottes, panes, and dyssys" dancing is hardly a matter for serious record. The truth is that the history of Dorking, like the history of several other places of lovely situation, is principally

recent and literary. If we speak of Dorking comprehensively, so as to include under that designation a mile of two of neighbourhood in every direction, we find the town entitled to a prominent position in English biography. The place has been chosen for residence, at one time or another, by quite a large number of eminent people. It is not merely that Mr. Grant Allen resided there till almost the other day—that the veteran Mr. Meredith resides there still. We can travel back to the days of John Keats, who finished his "Endymion" at the inn at Burford Bridge in the November of 1817; to 'Parson Malthus,' the population economist, who was born at the "Rookery," in 1766*; to Frances Burney, the novelist, who married her husband, General d'Arblay, the French refugee, at Mickleham in 1793, and afterwards built Camilla Cottage, at West Humble, out of the profits of the novel of that name; to Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasius" and collector of the famous Deepdene marbles; to John Evelyn, "the typical instance of the accomplished and public-spirited country gentleman of the Restoration"; to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who once resided at Polesden; and to John Stuart Mill, who lived at Mickleham. Yet, for many people, perhaps, the chief literary interest of Dorking is connected with certain episodes in the "Pickwick Papers." "Most readers of 'Pickwick' will remember," writes Mr. L. J. Jennings, "that when poor old Weller made that fatal blunder with the widow, it was in the ancient town of Dorking, at the 'Marquis of Granby,' that he settled down. There

Men of Letters.

"Marquis of Granby."

* The "Rookery" is at Westcott or Westgate Street, in the close neighbourhood of Dorking; not, as the "Dictionary of National Biography" strangely states, "near Guildford"!

the memorable scenes took place between the 'Shepherd,' Sam Weller, the mother-in-law, and 'Old Nobs.'" There is certainly no "Marquis of Granby" now in Dorking, though there is an inn of that name at Epsom. "The Marquis of Granby," in Mrs. Weller's time," writes Dickens, "was quite a model of a roadside public-house of the better class—just large enough to be convenient, and small enough to be snug." This entirely disposes of the claim of the White Horse—a former candidate for the honour, according to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald—for the White Horse is more than a mere "public-house"—it is one of the leading hotels in Dorking, whose three quaint gables, and archway to the yard, form the quaintest bit of building in the High Street. Mr. Fitzgerald, unfortunately, says little on the subject, except to suggest the King's Head; Mr. Percy Rimmer, in his book, "About England with Dickens," ignores the "Marquis of Granby" altogether. Most of the evidence—and it is slender stuff enough—is collected by Mr. Jennings. "It is generally believed," he tells us, "that the 'Old King's Head' was the tavern which Dickens had in mind when he drew the picture of the comfortable, old-fashioned bar in the twenty-seventh chapter of 'Pickwick.' It stood at the junction of North Street and High Street, and some portions of the building still remain at the back. There was formerly a coachman named Weller in Dorking, who drove the coach, and afterwards the omnibus to the station, for many years.

Dorking has yet other claims to literary fame, for here was printed Brayley's "History of Surrey," in 1850, by one "Mr. Ede, who was a chemist and 'perfumer' as well as printer, and who made more money by his bottles of scent than by his 'History.' In the latter enterprise, indeed, he is said to have sunk over

Photograph.] [*S. Yeo.*

HIGH STREET, DORKING.

£10,000." Here, too, is the site of the famous battle which was said by Mr. Jennings to be passing into history. "I have an American friend," he tells us, "who, relying upon the hazy ideas of history which fill the heads of the common run of people, is in the habit of saying, 'Of course, you remember the battle of Dorking? Well, this was the very place where it was fought!' It is astonishing how many persons there are who do not feel themselves in a position to throw any doubt on this sanguinary engagement." Sir George Chesney's famous little brochure was first published anonymously in the May number of "Blackwood's Magazine" for 1871; it was reprinted in pamphlet form in the same year. Almost immediately it was translated into a number of different languages. War has been declared by this country against Germany, who have suddenly annexed Holland and Denmark. The British fleet is immediately sunk—all except a single ironclad—by torpedoes (at that time a new invention); and the enemy lands in force at Worthing. The critical battle is finally fought on the chalk downs in the neighbourhood of Dorking. The English are encamped, on the edge of the escarpment, on Boxhill and Ranmore Common. "The natural strength of our position was manifested at a glance; a high grassy ridge steep to the south, with a stream in front, and but little cover up the sides. It seemed made for a battle-field. The weak point was the gap"; —the valley of the Mole between Leatherhead and Dorking—"the ground at the junction of the railways and the roads immediately at the entrance of the gap formed a little valley, dotted, as I have said, with buildings and gardens. This, in one sense, was the key of the position; for, although it would not be tenable

The "Battle of Dorking."

while we held the ridge commanding it, the enemy by carrying this point and advancing through the gap, would cut our line in two." The battle was fought, and England was defeated; and peace, in the end, was concluded only on terms of deep humiliation to this country. More than thirty years have rolled away since the date of publication, and England has not yet met with her Armageddon. Meanwhile, the War Office have erected forts along the line of the downs, that may, or may not, be strategically useful. They are certainly not beautiful to look at!

A quaint account of Dorking, as it then existed, was contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1763. "An incredible quantity of poultry," we are told, "is sold in Dorking, and it is well known to the lovers of good eating for being remarkably large and fine. I have seen capons about Christmas which weighed between seven and eight pounds each out of their feathers, and were sold at five shillings apiece; nor are the geese brought to the market here about Michaelmas less excellent in their kind." Dorking, in fact, has long been noted for its fowls, which form a distinct and well-known species. "Dorkings" are distinguished by the possession of an extra, fifth, toe. The true Dorking fowl, according to Brayley, was at his day scarce, and "reported to degenerate when removed from this locality." "Manning and Bray" conjecture that they were brought to England by the Romans, or the strength of a passage in the "Husbandry" of Columella. "The old breed," says Mr. Jennings, writing about 1878, "is now kept up with some care by the schoolmaster of St. Paul's, Rosehill - most of his fowls are partridge-coloured, and have the proper number of toes, five, which characterise this variety." Dorking was also

Dorking Fowls.

famous for the perch, carp, and tench that stocked its numerous mill-ponds, and attracted from London "a great resort of gentry . . . . who come to feast on water sousee" as people go to Gravesend, or Greenwich, for whitebait dinners at the present day. This mysterious dish, perhaps unknown to modern cookery, is elucidated best by the following definition out of the "Century Dictionary": "Water-souchy—Fish boiled and served in its own liquor."

III.

Dorking itself contains hardly any object of interest, for even the church is modern, the present church having been built in 1873; the chancel in 1863 both from designs by Woodyear. The lofty spire a memorial to Bishop Wilberforce—would be visible from considerable distances, were it not that Dorking is so hemmed in by hills. Even as it is, it is a graceful and dominant feature in many distant views of the town from Boxhill, for instance; from Pickett's Hole; and even from the tower on Leith Hill. The mediæval church apparently existed till 1835, when the foundation-stone was laid of its successor—the old chancel, however, was still left standing, and was "occasionally used for prayers and christenings." Even this last relic was ruthlessly swept away in 1863! Of the original church, prior to 1835, we have fortunately a good engraving in Cracklow's invaluable "Surrey Churches," published in 1823. We have also a smaller print and a water-colour drawing, as well as a number of general views of the town, in the magnificent "Grangerised" Manning and Bray

The Church.

preserved in the British Museum.* From these it appears that the original church was a picturesque cruciform structure, with a central tower. The south transept had already been "church-wardenised"; but the rest of the external features, so far as one can trace them, were Decorated or Perpendicular. There is also a print of the chancel, as it appeared about 1811, in Brayley's "History of Surrey." From this it appears that it possessed a late Decorated east window of rather unusual design. The original nave, as we have seen, was destroyed in 1835, and Brayley has a view of the interior of its hideous successor an appalling brick erection, with slender iron pillars, a flat roof, and the inevitable galleries. Cracklow calls Dorking church "Collegiate" apparently without the shadow of a reason. The monuments now remaining have been dealt with in a paper by Lord Ashcombe (XII. S.A.C. 20). Only two need now be mentioned, as being of some interest to the general reader. The first of these is a brass plate to Jeremiah Markland (1693-1776), the classical scholar, who lived for many years at Milton Court, and died there at the age of 82. The second is to Abraham Tucker (1705-1774), author of the "Light of Nature Pursued." Tucker bought the Betchworth Castle estate in 1727, and continued to reside there till the time of his death in 1774.

Monuments.

There can hardly be a doubt that the description in the late Mr. Beresford Hope's "Worship in the Church of England" of a service, as he knew it in the days of his childhood, in the reign of George IV., "at an opulent and beautiful market town of Surrey, not thirty

* The same volume has another print of "Dorking" Church, which is certainly not Dorking! Can it by any chance be Leatherhead?

Photograph.] [S. Yeo.

GENERAL VIEW OF DORKING FROM THE NORTH DOWNS.

Worship in the time of George IV.

miles from London," is the description of a service, as it was then conducted, in Dorking church. "The eastern portion of the aisles was utilised for certain family pews or private boxes, raised aloft and approached by private doors and staircases; these belonged to the magnates of the neighbourhood, who were wont to bow their recognitions across the nave. . . . I need hardly explain that the portion of the Communion Office, preceding the sermon, was, Sunday after Sunday, read from the desk, separated from the Litany on the one side, and from the sermon on the other, by such a rendering of Tate and Brady as the unruly gang of volunteers, with fiddles and wind instruments, in the gallery, pleased to contribute. The clerk, a wizened old fellow, in a brown Welch wig, repeated the responses in a nasal twang, and with a substitution of 'w' for 'v' so consistent as not even to spare the Belief; while the local rendering of 'briefs, citations, and excommunications,' included announcements by this worthy, after the Nicene Creed, of meetings at the town inn of the 'executors' of a deceased duke. Two hopeful cubs of the clerk sprawled behind him in the desk, and the backhanders, occasionally intended to reduce them to order, were apt to resound against the impassive boards. During the sermon this zealous servant of the sanctuary would take up his broom and sweep out the middle alley, in order to save himself the fatigue of a week-day visit" (pp. 7, 8).

IV.

The Deepdene.

Dorking is singularly fortunate in the number of parks and large mansions that surround it, and thus contribute to keep its immediate environment rural. Chief among these must be mentioned the Deepdene, the seat of Lord Henry Francis Hope, but let at the present time to Lily, Duchess of Marlborough. This beautiful estate* belonged formerly to the Howard family, and the grounds seem originally to have been planted and laid out by the Hon. Charles Howard, of Greystoke, who died and was buried at Dorking in 1720. This was the age of artificial tamperings with Nature, and Howard does not seem to have escaped the vicious taste of his times. "Amongst other works which he carried on here, one was a passage through the hill, which was intended to let in the prospect of the Vale of Sussex from the south; but, the earth having fallen in one morning while his labourers were absent at breakfast, the design, which was hereby obstructed for the present, was thenceforth laid aside." Exactly a similar folly was designed, and in this case perpetrated, at Moor Park, near Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire a proceeding that evoked the sarcasm of Pope:

> "Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
> You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again."

I rather gather, too, from a passage in Aubrey, that Howard altered the "dene" from which the estate gets its name. "The Hon. Charles Howard," he writes, "hath very ingeniously contriv'd a long Hope

* No admission to the house. The grounds may occasionally be seen by previous written application to the Estate Office.

Photograph. [S. Yeo.

THE DEEPDENE, DORKING.

(i.e., according to Virgil, Deductus Vallis), in the most pleasant and delightful solitude for house, gardens, orchards, boscages, etc., that I have ever seen in England. He hath cast this hope into the form of a theatre, on the sides whereof he hath made several narrow walks. . . .''* Aubrey, in fact, found that "the pleasures of the garden, etc., were so ravishing, that I can never expect any enjoyment beyond it, but the kingdom of Heaven." Evelyn's praises are more restrained, as suited that more sober virtuoso. Under August 1, 1655, he writes in his diary: "I went to Darking to see Mr. Charles Howard's amphitheatre, garden, or solitary recess, being 15 acres inviron'd by a hill. He shew'd us divers rare plants, caves, and an elaboratory." Most of the present house was apparently built by "Anastasius" Hope, who purchased the estate from its then owner, Sir Charles Burrell, Bart. Of his novel "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek" (1820), it is said that "Byron told the Countess of Blessington that he wept bitterly on reading [it] for two reasons—one that he had not written it, and the other that Hope had." Hope had previously published, in 1807, a volume on "Household Furniture and Interior Decoration," which occasioned some merriment on the part of the wits. His new venture is praised generously in the "Edinburgh Review" for March-July, 1821, in an article attributed to Sydney Smith; but, even so, the former volume is not allowed to be forgotten. "Mr. Hope will excuse us—but we could not help exclaiming, in reading it ["Anastasius"], Is this Mr. Thomas Hope? Is this the man of chairs and

* An Earl of Burlington did the same at Londesbrough, in Yorkshire; but in this case Pope, a friend of that nobleman, reviewed it with much more complacency.

tables—the gentleman of sphinxes—the Œdipus of coal-boxes—he who meditated on muffineers and planned pokers? Where has he hidden all this eloquence and poetry up to this hour?" Mr. Hope was also an early patron of Thorwaldsen, and collected at the Deepdene a grand collection of marbles, many of which have since been dispersed. The house still contains pictures by Martin, Paul Veronese, Raffael, Correggio, Reynolds, and others; but as there is no admission to view them, it seems unnecessary here to refer to them further.

Betchworth Park.

To the east of the Deepdene, and forming now part of the same grand property, is the venerable park of Chert, or Chart; and beyond that again, and still part of the same estate, is beautiful Betchworth Park. This was originally the seat of the Brown family, the first of whom, Sir Thomas, became possessed of this property by marriage with the heiress of the Fitzalan family, Eleanor. Licence to crenellate had already been granted to "John Darundell, knight," in 1379; but Sir Thomas, in 1449, again obtained licence to fortify, and also permission to empark. The ruins are thus entitled to their usual courtesy name of "Castle," though there is little of the castle in their character. Prior, indeed, to the dismantlement of the building by Mr. Hope after his purchase of the property, it is said by Brayley to have then been much out of repair, and the building had apparently already lost its feudal character:

> "Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
> Was only terrible."

It was, however, an exceedingly picturesque old manor house, as may be seen from the engraving in the "Graingerised" Manning and Bray; and Surrey, which

Photograph] [*T. Molyneux.*

OLD SPANISH CHESTNUT TREES IN BETCHWORTH PARK.

possesses so few genuine old castles, may be permitted to deprecate the destruction of this. The ruins remain on a slight knoll above the Mole, and hidden, from even a small distance, by a dense growth of trees. But if Betchworth Castle is reduced to a few mouldering walls, Betchworth Park is still left in its glory. Norbury Park is perhaps more beautiful, but surely few others are the equal of this. Stretching from the castle in a direction roughly westward, is one of the noblest lime avenues in England, formed by four stately lines of trees, composed, in cathedral fashion, in the form of a broad central nave and two aisles. The grassy space beneath is a thousand times better than the commonplace gravel of a drive. Brayley gives the length at about two hundred and eighty yards—nearly the sixth of a mile. The park drops down gently to the waters of the Mole, which bends sharply round the knoll that is crowned by the ruins on its passage from Brockham to Boxhill Bridge. Opposite is Box Hill and the woods of Brockham Warren, with Betchworth Clump more away to the east.

The Mole.

Mention of the Mole compels some notice of this stream, which salutes, but does not enter, Dorking. Rising in the Weald of Sussex, in the region of Three Bridges, it enters Surrey near Lowfieldheath; and thence, by way of Dorking, Leatherhead, and Cobham, makes its way out to the Thames at the Moleseys. The Mole is the most beautiful river in Surrey, and also the most remarkable, for it exhibits a phenomenon, common enough in the North of England, but certainly not common in the South. In the neighbourhood of Dorking, where it enters on the chalk, its course is arrested by "swallows"; in ordinary seasons these abstract only part of the water, but in very dry seasons they take all. I

have seen the river-bed thus completely denuded, at points —if I remember rightly (and it is now many years ago)—a little above and a little below Mickleham. At Leatherhead the river, if it has not here recovered quite all its full volume, is, at any rate, always a brisk and copious stream. Something of the same sort occurs, I believe, near the head-waters of the Colne, in Hertfordshire, which are swallowed up, under certain conditions, by chalk fissures near the house called Potterels. Intermittent chalk streams are also not uncommon, such as the Bourne, which flows down the Caterham Valley after rain of great duration; and there is said to be a spring of somewhat similar nature that sometimes breaks out near Mersham churchyard. In Hampshire these occasional streams are called "lavants"; "nailbournes" in Kent; and in the East Riding, "gypsies." These intermittent springs, however, are obviously quite different from the wholesale swallowing up of a full-grown river. This curious phenomenon attracted attention from the earliest English topographers. "A few miles east from hence," says Camden, "the river Mole hastens to the Thames, having crossed the whole county from the south, and meeting with obstruction from some hills, opens itself a subterranean passage like a mole, whence it seems to take its name, as the famous river Anas (Guadiana) in Spain." And elsewhere he adds: "The Mole coming to a hill called from its colour *White Hill*, producing plenty of box, hides itself, or rather is swallowed up at its foot, whence the place has the name of the *Swallow*, and after about a mile or two bubbles up again near *Letherhed* bridge: so that the inhabitants of this place boast that they have a bridge which feeds sheep, as well as the Spaniards; among whom this is a trite proverb of the place where the river Anas, now Guadiana, hides

itself for ten miles." The idea that the Mole meets "with obstruction from some hills," and is thus driven to betake itself underground—the exact reverse, of course, of what really takes place—is amusingly illustrated on many old maps, e.g., on a map of Surrey, bearing neither date nor name, a print of which hangs in the reading room of the Croydon Public Library; it was taken from an atlas published in Holland in 1659. In this map a long, narrow line of hills is represented, not unlike the Hog's Back, running north and south between Leatherhead and Dorking, with the Mole, as it were, deliberately encountering one end of it, instead of flowing along the obvious passage on one side of the ridge or the other. The same false idea gives Drayton occasion for a pretty Elizabethan conceit. The Thames, in his course from the meeting of the Isis and the Thame, to marry with the Medway, to whom he is betrothed, is so fascinated at Hampton with "the soft and gentle Mole," that he tarries on his way, forgetful of his waiting bride, to the annoyance of his parents who are anxious for the match. "The mother of the Mole" is also vexed:

"The mother of the Mole, old Homesdale, likewise bears
Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs:

. . . . . .

But Mole respects her words as vain and idle dreams,
Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of Thames:
And headlong holds her course, his company to win,
But Homesdale raised hills, to keep the straggler in:
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to doubt;
(Yet never was there help, but love could find it out),
Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night
(According to her name, to show her nature right).
And underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep
Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's keep,
Her fore-intended course the wanton nymph doth run;
As longing to embrace old Thame and Isis' son."

Photograph.] [*T. Molyneaux.*

THE RIVER MOLE AT BETCHWORTH.

In sober fact, of course, the reverse of all this is the truth. Holmesdale raises no barrier of hills, but opens out a convenient valley, offering the river direct and ready access by which she may gain her truant lover; and it is only by a species of inexplicable perversity that the Mole deserts the daylight to go burrowing underground. Perhaps no other river in England has been celebrated by so many poets. Spenser writes of it in the "Faery Queen" (book IV., canto xi., stanza 32):

> "Mole, that like a mousling mole doth make
> His way still underground, till Thames he overtake."

Milton calls it,

> ". . . . sullen Mole, that runneth underneath."

and Pope, in his "Windsor Forest," the

> ". . . . sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood."

The valley of the Mole between Leatherhead and Dorking is itself almost as remarkable as the swallowing up of the river. The North Downs seem nowhere to form a water-shed; but are pierced at frequent intervals by curious lateral valleys—at Guildford, here at Dorking, at Sevenoaks, at Maidstone, at Wye—through each of which a river the Wey, the Mole, the Darenth, the Medway, the Stour—makes it way out from the great central Wealden plain to the valley of the Thames.* Similarly, in Sussex, the Arun, the Adur, the Ouse, and the Cuckmere, traverse the South Downs from the Weald into the sea. The key to the problem must somewhere be found in the problem of the denudation of the Weald.

* The subsequent course of the Stour is, of course, an exception, for it flows into the sea near Sandwich.

CHAPTER II.

BOX AND LEITH HILLS.

I.

DORKING, like Haslemere, is singularly fortunate in the possession of two great hills great, not in mere size, but in interest and beauty, and certainly in the general estimation. Box Hill, indeed, with a little exaggeration, may be called the most popular hill in the world. There is no place, perhaps, in the whole circuit of the country round London more famous for bank holidays and picnics; and certainly there is no city in the world, except London, to furnish such whole battalions of admirers. Yet Box Hill remains entirely unspoilt, notwithstanding sandwich-papers, orange peel, and donkeys. I even know a spot, somewhere on the summit, where the Rosebay Willow Herb (Epilobium angustifolium) still flourishes in profusion. I have picked the brilliant orange Yellow-wort (Chlora perfoliata) on one slope of the hill the wonderful Bee Orchis (*Ophrys apifera*) on another. One need not stray much further afield to find other, and rarer, examples. I have found the Butterfly Orchis (*Habenaria bifolia*), the curious little Yellow Bugle (*Ajuga Chamæpitys*), and *Epipactis grandiflora*, not a hundred miles from its well trodden lawns. Millions of happy visitors vulgar, or refined have revelled in Box Hill, and have done it no injury. They have come and enjoyed the place themselves, and have left it, in their turn, to be enjoyed by others. A single selfish red-brick villa a single

Rare Flowers.

selfish bungalow would ruin the place, once and for all, for time and for eternity. Hind Head is visible from the summit of Box Hill, and Hind Head is no longer what Hind Head was!

Box Hill is really the abrupt south-west buttress of the great chalk escarpment that stretches from Reigate and the Kentish border, at the point where that escarpment is suddenly checked by the unexpected intrusion of the valley of the Mole. It thus belongs to a class of hills of which no one can say that they "front all quarters"—Box Hill has literally no side towards the east, but is solidly continuous with Betchworth Clump and with Reigate Hill. On the side towards the south, like the rest of the escarpment, it shows steep green faces unbroken by the plough. On the side towards the north it subsides more gradually, by long wooded slopes, to the valley that penetrates from Juniper Hall towards Headley Common. On the side towards the west it dominates the Mole, which literally washes its base, by cliffs of almost precipitous steepness. I do not know anywhere, in the whole South of England, a hillside of such rugged and headlong descent. The thick woods that now clothe it are barely successful in covering up the nakedness of the gaunt chalk ribs. In a print of Burford Lodge in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1816 (pt. i., p. 297), it is shown with but few trees, and with slopes like the ruin of a landslip. On the way up from Burford Bridge the last part of the climb traverses a veritable arrête, so steep is the drop on either side.

The Name.

Box Hill, of course, gets its present name from the tangled groves of box-wood that surmount it, and were still more conspicuous before it seemed good to the War Office to wield the woodman's axe upon the summit. Nothing more

curious can be readily imagined than these slender, gaunt stems, like so many fleshless bones through which the sunlight flickers in patches. Brayley records — though he does not believe it — a ridiculous tradition that these trees were first planted by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, in the reign of Charles I. Yet Box Hill is credited with "producing plenty of box" as early as the pages of Camden! As a matter of fact the common Box-tree (*Buxus sempervirens*) is probably here indigenous. In the "Beauties of England and Wales" (XIV., 159), we are told that Sir Henry Mild-May, a former owner of this hill, sold the box for £15,000, and that the purchaser was given fourteen years to cut it down. "In 1802, forty tons were cut, and from the great quantity which has thus been brought into the market, and the limited use to which it can be applied, this wood has fallen more than fifty per cent." This, of course, was written nearly a hundred years ago. On the north-west brow of the hill was buried, on June 11, 1800, an eccentric called Major Peter Labellière, but the place of his interment is marked by no memorial, and possibly by now is forgotten. "Long prior to his decease, he had selected this spot for his burial-place; and, in compliance with his often-expressed wish, he was deposited with his head downwards, in order, he said, that 'as the world was turned topsy-turvy, it was fit that he should be buried so, that he might be right at last.'" The glory, however, of Box Hill is its magnificent view, which towards the south-east is almost unbounded. In other directions it is limited — towards the south-west, by the range of Leith Hill; westward, by Rammore Common; whilst due northward, and north-eastward, the prospect is quite shut out by timber. There is, how-

Box-Trees.

ever, from the north-west brow of the hill, on the ascent from Burford Bridge, a comprehensive

The View.

view of the park-like Mole valley between Dorking and Leatherhead, with Norbury Park conspicuous in the middle distance; and beyond that, again, of the flatter country through which the river winds to the Thames past Stoke d'Abernon and Cobham. It is, however, the more extended view towards the south, and south-west, that is likely most to attract the visitor. At the foot of the hill, and almost immediately in front, are the Mole, the great lime avenue of Betchworth Park, and the spire of Brockham Green. To the right of these is Dorking, with Leith Hill behind it, and a glimpse of the blue heights of Hind Head far away in the distance. To the left, is the spire of a church in Reigate, and the tree-crested summit of the Priory Park. Far beyond, to the south, over Betchworth and Brockham, are spread out, like a map, the vast blue undulations of the Weald, as richly wooded as a primitive forest, and melting into the softness of an infinite distance:

> "Green Sussex, melting into blue,
> With one grey glimpse of sea."

Finally, this huge panorama is closed by the long, broken line of the Sussex South Downs, which even from this distance of more than twenty miles, retain their dignified individuality of outline. In its character this view has many compeers in England—anywhere, in fact, where it is possible to look forth from the edge of a range of hills over miles of adjacent plain—from the brow of the Chilterns, above Ivinghoe, for instance, over the Vale of Aylesbury; from the edge of the Yorkshire Wolds over the Vale of York; or from the Cumnor Hills, near Oxford, over the Vale of the White Horse. But not one of these views exhibits such richness, such

softness, or such tenderness of colouring as this. There is a magic in the Weald, not easy to be analysed, that cannot be described, and can never be forgotten.

From Dorking there are two routes by which to ascend Box Hill, neither of them very direct. The first is to follow the dusty London high road as far as Burford Bridge, where a footpath will be found, immediately beyond the hotel, mounting steeply up open grass slopes, with the precipitous, wooded scarp upon our right. As we draw towards the top, the track bends towards the south, and traverses the arrête already mentioned. Presently it penetrates the box; and so gradually works round, to the east and to the left, till we gain the unobstructed plateau on the summit. By this means the apparition of the Weald—the climax of the view—breaks on us in a sudden revelation. Carriages approach the summit in a similar direction by long, sweeping zig-zags cut on a subsidiary flank. The alternative route is to follow the Reigate Road as far as Box Hill bridge—a favourite subject for photographers, and certainly, in itself, in its immediate surroundings, and in its general setting, one of the most peaceful and beautiful spots anywhere in the neighbourhood of Dorking. The bridge must be crossed, and the lane followed straight on (where the main Reigate road turns away abruptly to the east) till the road becomes unfenced upon the left. Here entrance is found on to the uncultivated grass slopes, up which we clamber, in a direction which must slope towards the west, till we find ourselves panting on the summit.

The Two Ascents.

The name of Box Hill is comparatively modern, even though the box trees themselves—as is likely—have flourished on its bastions from the dawn of history. Camden gives it the name of the White Hill, originally

Photograph] [*T. Molyneux.*

BOX HILL BRIDGE, ON THE MOLE.
The North Downs in the Background.

so "called from its colour"; Camden's editor, Gough (1789), has the modern name, but is hopelessly at sea in his topography. "This," he writes, "is Mr. Camden's White hill, the declivity of Ranmer common to Pit (*sic*) brook, from whence is a very extensive prospect." On Noble's map of Surrey, printed in Gough, the alternative names are both given.

II.

Scarcely less popular than Box Hill, but less easy of access, and certainly far less beautiful and striking in itself, though commanding an infinitely more extended view, and approached from all directions by roads of consummate beauty, Leith Hill erects itself, at a distance of about five miles to the south-west of Dorking in a bee-line, to an elevation greater than that of any other eminence in the whole south-east corner of England. For pedestrians there are three main routes by which to approach it from Dorking, e.g., by Coldharbour; by the Rookery and Broadmoor Common; and by Wotton, Friday Street, and Abinger Bottom. Here we have space to describe these ascents only in a very few words—by far the best guide is a little ingenuity and the reproduction of the Ordnance map that accompanies this volume. And, after all, if we find ourselves astray, it is no great matter for commiseration. There are worse fates than to be lost, for a few summer hours, among the pine woods and commons on the flanks of Leith Hill.

The most usual route is, perhaps, by Coldharbour, which is also the most direct. The town must be quitted by Coldharbour Lane, which brings us, in about four miles, to Coldharbour village, climbing on the way

Photograph. [*S. Yeo.*

COLDHARBOUR.

A Surrey Village, 700 feet above the sea.

up the steep ascent that leads us through Redlands Wood. The village itself is a mere handful of cottages, at a height above sea-level of about 700 feet, and placed in the curious notch between Cold-

Coldharbour.

harbour Common, on the west, and the hill, to the east, that is crowned by Anstiebury Camp. The camp itself is a circular British earthwork, like many that are found on the tops of hills in Cornwall. It is possibly neolithic ("Victorian County History," I., 251). "Such a place as this was not," says Mr. Malden, "strictly speaking a camp, nor intended for permanent habitation either, but served as a camp of refuge, where, in the time of the forays which constitute barbarian warfare, women, children, and cattle could take shelter, protected by part of the fighting men. . . . As late as the threatened French invasion, at the beginning of [last] century, it was proposed to pack off the women and children of Dorking to Anstiebury, in case the enemy should actually appear" (XII. S.A.C., 158). Near Coldharbour, too, but rather difficult to find, is the medicinal spring called Mag's Well, "the waters of which," says a correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine," writing in 1763, "are found to be very salutary in scorbutic cases; and when taken inwardly, are supposed to purify the blood." Mr. Jennings gives an account of his voyage of discovery to this now almost forgotten spring in Chapter XI. of "Field Paths and Green Lanes." From Coldharbour to Leith Hill is a pleasant scramble over the rough, broken ground of Coldharbour Common. There is a slight dip before the final ascent.

A more roundabout way, but I think more picturesque, is to follow the main Guildford road westward from Dorking as far as the bridge over the Pip Brook at the foot of Coast Hill (see p. 68). Just short of t

bridge a gate, on the left, gives entrance to the drive to the Rookery. It is also, however, the entrance to a public footpath that passes somewhat unpleasantly near the windows of the house. Beyond, it climbs the brow, with a beautiful backward view of the ponds below embosomed in a forest of rhododendrons, and with the steep escarpment of the Downs in the background. Then succeeds a stretch of field; and beyond this, again, we come into a lane running roughly north and south. Follow this to the left, till it brings you, past the charming grounds of Tillingbourne House, to the gate at the entrance to Broadmoor Common. On the left is a small artificial waterfall, with a trickle of water, that may, perhaps, be worth stopping to look at. Broadmoor itself is exceedingly beautiful, with a rivulet in the bottom—the infant Tillingbourne—and patches of orchis and lovely white bog-bean. Follow up the road, over moor and through pinewood, and the tower on Leith Hill will be found on your right.

The third choice of roads is, perhaps, the most beautiful, but in places is very difficult to find. Perhaps it is better to keep this for the descent, as the way is less easy to mistake in this direction. Supposing, however, that we elect it for ascent, the Guildford road must again be followed as far as the Wotton Hatch Inn. Here turn into the grounds of Wotton House, before reaching which, however, a path must be followed to the left that crosses the Tillingbourne and traces up a tributary valley to the south. This presently brings us to Friday Street—a "hammer-pond" surrounded by densely-wooded hills, with a sprinkling of small, old-fashioned cottages. Here, too, is the little "Stephen Langton"—a convenient inn for travellers in these wilds. Among all this multitude of little fir-clad valleys, in this forest-

Friday Street.

Photograph. [*T. Molyneux.*

THE POND AT FRIDAY STREET.

like district, surely there is nothing more beautiful than this. Like Fridaythorpe in Yorkshire—like the sixth day of the week—the name takes us back, perhaps, to the days of a long-vanished faith. Beyond Friday Street the lane—little more now than a mossy cart-track—plunges deep into the shadow of the pines; passing, on the left, the broken-down dam of an ancient "hammer-pond," whose marshy bed is rich in aquatic plants. Abinger Bottom presently succeeds—smaller than Friday Street, and lacking its fine pond; but equally set deep among fir-covered hills, and Swiss-like in the character of its immediate surroundings. One would hardly be surprised, on looking up suddenly, to see some lofty snow peak peering above the pines. From here to Leith Hill it is impossible to give even approximate directions—the visitor who disdains local assistance must rely on the map, or steer a course by instinct or by chance. I have never seen foxgloves finer or loftier than those that flourish here on congenial sandstone soil.

The Tower.

The tower on Leith Hill, erected for prospect, has since been used for a mausoleum. It was originally built by Richard Hull, the owner of Leith Hill Place, in 1766, "Ut terram undique beatam Videas Viator." It is well described as "turris de longe spectabilis," for it is really visible from immense distances, though I cannot believe, as Brayley absurdly states, that it was ever a landmark for mariners! Mr. Hull died in 1772, in his eighty-third year, and was buried in this tower "by his own particular desire." An inscription inside stated that he "lived . . . in intimacy with Pope, Trenchard, Bishop Berkeley, and many other distinguished characters." After his death the place was neglected, and was gradually beginning to fall into ruin. In 1795, however, it

Photograph] *S. Yeo*

LEITH HILL.
The highest point in Surrey.

was repaired and heightened by a Mr. Perrin; "but the lower part was filled in with lime and rubbish, and the entrance walled up." There is an interesting view of the tower as it then existed (1844) in Brayley's "History of Surrey"; the buildings at its base are apparently the huts of the sappers and miners who were encamped on this summit for the purpose of the Ordnance survey for several weeks in the summer of that year. At some subsequent period a turret has been added, giving access to the roof and upper chamber, thus restoring the tower to the purpose for which it was intended—"oblectamento non sui solum Sed Vicinorum Et Omnium"—by its original builder.

It is difficult to describe the view from the summit, conspicuous by its beauty and immensity. The hill is not even mentioned by Leland and Camden, though both surely must have been in its neighbourhood. Drayton neglects it in his "Polyolbion"—it was neither a river nor possessed of a legend. The first notice, in fact, is that of Aubrey in (?) 1673. "It is much the highest eminence in this county," he tells us, "(which has many other Alpes). The whole circumference"—that is, of the view—"cannot be less than 200 miles, far exceeding that of the Keep and Terrace at Windsor Castle, over which (as also over the City of London, 25 miles distant) one sees as far as the eye, unarmed with art, is able to distinguish land from sky."

The View.

John Dennis, the critic and would-be poet, came hither in the course of his travels. He had looked down, he assures us, "upon Valdarno from the Apennines; on Rome and the Mediterranean from the mountains of Viterbo; and on the Campagna of Rome from Tivoli and Frascati." But he had never seen a view such as this! "I had

Photograph] [*T. Molyneux.*

THE GLORY WOODS, NEAR DORKING.

a prospect," he writes, "more extensive than any of these, and which surpassed them at once in rural charms, pomp, and magnificence."

A man may climb Leith Hill a hundred times, and never see the view at its best. In this vast panorama it is likely that some one part at least will always be hazy, though the rest be never so clear. The writer himself has ascended Leith Hill on probably a score of occasions, and probably at all seasons of the year. But he has never been so fortunate as to behold in its entirety

> "that rich dower
> Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell."

Evelyn asserted—and he had opportunity for knowing—that "From it may be discern'd 12 or 13 Counties, with part of the Sea on the Coast of Sussex, in a serene day." Aubrey supplies a list of ten—Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Kent, and Essex —"and by the Help of a Telescope, Wiltshire." The Ordnance surveyors on St. Swithin's Day, 1844, were able to make out, with only a small glass, "a staff about four inches in diameter, on Dunstable downs," in Bedfordshire. Southward, in fact, the view is only bounded by the line of the South Downs from Eastbourne to Hampshire, with a peep of the sea through "Shoreham Gap"; northward, by the far distant rim of the Chilterns, from Hertfordshire, or Essex, to the Berkshire downs. Whether any point of Wiltshire has even been identified, in the absence of evidence, we are at liberty to doubt. Conspicuous to the south is Chanctonbury Ring, with its familiar clump of trees, one of the three or four highest points of the green Sussex downs. Other points of this range that ought to be

recognised are the beacon hills of Wolstanbury, Ditchling, and Firle. Conspicuous to the north is the long range of the North Downs, with the valley of the Mole between Boxhill and Rammore. Reigate Hill and Betchworth Clump, with their gleaming white chalk-pits, ought to be identified without any difficulty. St. Martha's Hill is visible in the direction of Guildford.

CHAPTER III.

EASTWARD TO REIGATE.

EASTWARD, to Reigate, there is a choice of three routes, each of them offering its particular attractions. The first of these is the main highroad, through Betchworth and Buckland, which we do not propose to describe at length. Nothing, or practically nothing, is seen from it that is not seen from one or another of the other two routes, except the village of Buckland. Buckland, indeed, is a very pretty village—quite one of the prettiest in Surrey. There is a village green, with picturesque, flower-smothered cottages; a pond; and a wonderful old wooden barn. There is also a pretty little modern church (Decorated), with some fragments of ancient glass. Lastly, there is a background of noble chalk down, studded all over with juniper and yew. Buckland is certainly worth a visit, but it is better visited from Reigate than Dorking. It lies, indeed, really within the "zone of influence" of the former, being situated not very far from the western limit of Reigate Heath.

Buckland.

Of the other two routes by far the more romantic is to follow the curving escarpment of the Downs from Box Hill to Reigate Hill, clinging as closely as may be to the actual brow of the hill, and scrambling over chalk débris and through thickets. This is a route of the writer's own invention, and is described in some detail below. Changes occur from time to time; footpaths

BUCKLAND CHURCH.

are closed; gaps in hedges are repaired, or stopped; notice-boards are erected as a menace to peaceable trespassers. It is not always possible, year after year, to follow one's own footsteps of a previous season. Yet it is always possible, with a little ingenuity, with a moderate sense of locality, and, above all, with a sheet of the one-inch Ordnance map, to work out this route with a little variation. Certainly it is worth more than a little trouble, for this is one of the three, or four, most beautiful walks in Surrey. From no other point along the crest of the Downs is the view of the Weald so continuously uninterrupted as between Reigate and Dorking. At no other point are the Downs themselves so boldly sculptured, or clad with such variety of vesture.

The third of the three routes, though really far less beautiful, would be thought quite unrivalled in a less favoured county. This is a roundabout composite road, linking up a number of outlying villages. To those who are interested in churches and antiquities, it is certainly the most interesting route of the three. Though last in the list, we have chosen to describe it, for personal convenience, in the place of honour.

1.

Dorking is quitted by the Reigate main road, past the picturesquely situated cemetery on the left, and the entrance to Deepdene (p. 26) on the right. On the left, too, will be noticed the timbered Castle Mill—one of the numerous picturesque old water-mills that abound in the neighbourhood of Dorking. Soon after passing the Punch Bowl Inn, on the right, the entrance will be found into Chart and Betchworth Parks; or the

road may still be followed till it drops down steeply to Box Hill Bridge, with an ugly turn to the north. In either case, the charming view is very much the same, with the river below—a silver streak among emerald pastures—and the steep pitch of Box Hill in the background. Of the glories of Betchworth Park we have spoken already—of its great lime avenue, like a solemn cathedral –of its tree-shadowed fragments of ruin (p. 28). Otters have their home in the river bank below, but the traveller by day is not likely to see them. It is now perhaps some years ago since there appeared in "Cornhill" a series of papers by "A Son of the Marshes," which cast round this country that same mantle of romance that poor Richard Jeffries cast round the chalk downs of Wiltshire—that Gilbert White, at an earlier period, cast round the "hangers" of Selborne. But those who would feast on "the harvest of a quiet eye," must be up with the lark in the morning. It was scarcely yet daylight when the "Son of the Marshes" watched the otters at play by the Mole. From the eastern confines of Betchworth Park a very few steps bring us into Brockham. This was once the home of the "brock," or badger; and badgers, perhaps, still linger on the hills in the neighbourhood. "In Surrey the species is now confined to the most rural districts, but it is only within the last twenty years that it has come to be regarded as at all uncommon. They were once quite abundant round Box Hill and amongst the thick woods running across the Weald, but at the present day the chief localities in Surrey in which they are to be found are the western district near Hascombe and Bramley, and again westward of Loseley, Eashing, and Peper Harow" ("Victorian County History of Surrey," I., 222).

Box-Hill Bridge.

Brockham possesses a village green, and a modern cruciform church of a picturesque outline.

Brockham. At the north-east corner of the green is a lane that leads down to an old bridge across the Mole, whose placid grey waters are here enlivened in summer with the big, floating, golden blossoms of the Yellow Water Lily (Nuphar lutea). The bridge must be crossed, and the footpath must be followed to the right, which soon brings us into Betchworth churchyard. Now Buckland is pretty, and Brockham is pretty, but Betchworth is by far the prettiest of the three. Here is another retired corner of old English landscape, unspoilt by the greed, and selfishness, and vulgarity of restless modern life. Here is a spot where a man may linger on the bridge, and learn lessons from the river below,

> "placid in its flowing,
> To a lingering motion bound."

Betchworth Church (north door of church open) has undergone many vicissitudes, and has suffered many hardships at the hands of the restorer. Even the old central tower has been transplanted bodily, and is now on the south of the nave. The oldest part of the building is the replaced Norman arch under

Betchworth. the tower, which is dated by Mr. Johnston c. 1080. I suppose it has been very much scraped and restored—I mistook it myself for a "modern antique." There is also a fragment of pre-Conquest capital, or base, built into a modern window under the tower ("Victorian County History," II., 447). The south arcade of the nave, the south chapel, and the three lancets on the north of the chancel, are pronounced by Mr. Johnston to be Early English (c. 1200 to 1220); I think that the north arcade of the nave is probably

BETCHWORTH CHURCH AND VILLAGE.

roughly contemporary. On the north of the chancel, near a bracket, on the wall, is now nailed the brass effigy of a priest in full eucharistic vestments apparelled alb, chasuble, maniple, and stole. Below is the following inscription: "Hic iacet D[omi]n[u]s Wil[ie]lmus Wardysworth quondam Vicarius hui[us] ecc[es]ie qui obiit Vto die Januarii Anno D[omi]ni MCCCCCXXXIII. Cuius anime p[ro]picietur Deus. Amen." The priest is holding a chalice, in which is a wafer inscribed with the Sacred Initials. This brass should be compared with the almost contemporary palimpsest of a priest at Cobham, which is dated by Mr. Mill Stephenson c. 1510 (XV. S.A.C., 31). Above is a wall monument to Stephen Harvey, "e familia Harveiorum perantiqua de Thurleigh in Agro Bedfordiensi Oriundi" (d. 1688), and his wife, Dorothy (d. 1691). In the part of the south chancel chapel now used as a vestry are three small brass plates, now affixed to the wall. Two of these are of comparatively little interest (Mrs. Bridgett Browne, d. 1627, and Peter Gade, d. 1679); but the third is pre-Reformation, and in black-letter: "Hic iacet Thomas Morsted* et Alianora ux[or] ei[us]. Q[u]or[um] a[n]i[m]ab[us] p[ro]picietur De[us]. Ame[n]." In the vestry, too, is preserved an enormous monoxylon chest, bound with iron, and somewhat similar to the one at Newdigate (p. 80). On the south wall of the chapel, in the part not used as a vestry, is a monument to Gabriell Wight of Brockham (d. 1624). Of modern monuments, perhaps, only one is of general interest on the south wall of the nave. This commemorates Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart. (d. 1862), the famous surgeon. "By his surgical skill

* I copied this surname with considerable doubt, but find that it is given the same by Aubrey (IV., 271).

he alleviated the sufferings of his own generation, and conferred lasting benefits on mankind."

From Betchworth village the bridge must be crossed over the Mole, and the lane pursued in a direction roughly southward to Leigh. This, like its namesake in Kent, but unlike Leigh in Essex, is pronounced with a hard "i" instead of an "e." The Wealden lanes are much of a character throughout all this south-east corner of Surrey. In early spring the hedge-sides are saffron with thousands and thousands of primroses, or purple with nodding dog-violets; later in the year their ditches are choked with great masses of pink-flowered Willow-herb, pulled down and half strangled by the tendrils of the climbing white Bind-weed; later still, in autumn, the strips of road-side waste are brilliant with the blossoms of the tawny yellow Fleabane. Leigh itself is merely the shadow of a hamlet—a cottage here and there; a much restored church; and a picturesque well on the patch of village green. The church is kept locked; but it is worth the slight trouble of getting the key, at a cottage near, for the sake of the brasses inside. The structure itself is Perpendicular,* without aisles, and possesses a picturesque modern narthex porch. Although there is a tower-arch, there is no tower above it, but only a wooden bell-turret. In the south-east corner of the nave is a piscina; and the font, of grey marble, on a modern base, is apparently Decorated or Perpendicular. It is unaccountably omitted from Mr. Johnston's classified list of Surrey fonts ("Victorian County History," II., 440). Both the two Arderne brasses are on the

Leigh.

* I see that Mr. Johnston ("Victorian County History," II., 450) gives "chancel, with lancet windows, c. 1190," under the head of Leigh, but of this I have unfortunately no note.

[Photograph] THE CHURCH AT LEIGH. [Price.]

floor of the sanctuary. (1) On the north is a slab with two good figures, of a man in a gown, and of a woman in the horned headdress of the middle of the 15th century. Underneath are shown three daughters and three mutilated sons. Beneath the boys is the inscription: "Thomas Johannes et Henricus filii Johannis Arderne Armigeri et Elizabeth uxoris suae"; under the girls: "Anna, Brigitta, et Susanna . . ." At the top sinister corner are the arms of Arderne; between the two groups of children is Arderne impaling ———. (2) On the south of the sanctuary is a second slab, with the matrices of a man and woman. The brasses have been lost, or, more probably, stolen, but the scrolls that issue from the mouths remain; from the man's: "Ut . . . semper collectemur"; from the woman's: (?) "Fili Redemptor mundi miserere nobis." At the bottom of the empty matrices: "Orate pro animabus Ricardi Ardern Gentilman et Johannae uxoris ejus, quiquidem Ricardus obiit XXII. die mensis Novembris Anno millessimo CCCCLXXXXIX. Quorum animabus propicietur Deus. Amen." This slab also has the arms of Arderne and of Arderne impaling — —, both coats twice repeated. At the top there is also a representation of the Trinity—the Father with a Crucifix, and the Holy Dove perched on the sinister arm of the cross. On the somewhat similar device on the Fromondes brass at Cheam, the Dove apparently is placed, with outspread wings, immediately above the head of the Saviour (XV. S.A.C. 33). The introduction of "Gentilman," instead of "Armigeri," into the middle of the Latin is curious. The Ardernes lived, in the 15th century, at Leigh Place, an old moated house scarcely a stone's throw from the church. I cannot discover much of their family history. Brayley, indeed, states that they had estates in Sussex elsewhere, that they

appear from their arms "to have been originally of Warwickshire." It is constantly stated that the arms on these brasses at Leigh are "A fess checky between three crescents." I have no note myself of the crescents. As a matter of fact, both coats are attributed by Burke to the Ardernes of Warwickshire; the Ardernes of Sussex probably displayed a fess simply. This district belongs properly to the "Handbook of Reigate," so we will not describe it at greater length. Reigate itself is reached by a pleasant walk of about four miles, crossing the Mole at Flanchford Bridge, and traversing Reigate Heath.

II.

To travel from Dorking to Reigate by the downs, the ascent must first be made of Box Hill, and this should be made from Burford Bridge, so as to traverse the whole breadth of the hill (see p. 38). From the plateau on the summit that looks towards the south, the drive must be followed eastward, past groups of donkeys and donkey-boys, to where the lane becomes fenced near a cottage; and from this point, for a trifling distance, the glorious view of the Weald is blocked out by the woods of Brockham Warren, which extend down the hill-side towards the south. Presently we come to a small one-storeyed flint cottage, that looks as though it might once have been intended for a lodge; and immediately beyond it there is a narrow grass lane on the right, half choked with bramble, and half with golden gorse, the entrance to which can be identified by a notice-board forbidding persons to encamp in it, or kindle fires. If you have come prepared for a scramble—which means, clad in

old clothes, and shod in stout boots—this is the spot to desert civilisation, and take to the wild, open life of the downs! Follow down this lane for perhaps a hundred yards, to the point where it begins its first, definite descent; and there look out for some gap on the left, through which you may emerge through the thicket on to the crest of the escarpment. It is difficult at this point to give any precise directions; but a path must be steered between Scylla and Charybdis—between trespassing, on the summit, on what passes for ploughed land, and certainly produces a stupendous crop of flint, and between slipping, down below, over the gaping edge of the gigantic chalk pit that at this point disfigures and encroaches on the sharp, crisp turf. At this point path there is none; or, at any rate, no path that keeps steadily in the required direction for a dozen consecutive steps. The only thing to do is to scramble on manfully, tearing our faces and hands as little as possible, and keeping as closely as may be to a single level, round each successive bluff, or fold, of the huge green down, here winding through the open among sparsely sprinkled junipers, there stooping down to force a difficult passage through an over-arching tangle of gorse or bramble. Betchworth Clump itself—the point of immediate aim—is not visible during most of the journey. Everywhere the ground is carpeted with flowers—patches of wild thyme, or white or blue milkwort, or clusters of early spring orchis; everywhere the eye travels out to the south, over long, intervening miles of forest-like Weald, to the blue, broken outline of the far distant South Downs. For those, on the other hand, who are scarcely adventurous, and prefer to avoid this rough-and-tumble scrambling, even at the expense of losing much fine scenery, there is another way to Betchworth Clump—shorter and less romantic. Do not quit

the main road at the narrow, grass-grown lane, but follow it straight on in a direction roughly eastward. On the way we pass, on the left, a drive with two lodges; on the right, across a field, one of the ugly little forts that the War Office thinks necessary for the salvation of England. Presently we come to the pretty little Hand-in-Hand Inn, which commands a north-west view of immeasurable extent towards St. George's Hill—in the far middle distance—and Windsor. Immediately beyond this a wooden gate, on the right, gives access to a broad, well-marked path, running almost due south, with a hedge on one side, and a planting of larch on the other. In three or four minutes we pass through a narrow belt of firs, and emerge on to the open down in front of us; here bear to the right, and the Clump will be found—a ring of young beeches—a little beyond the highest point of the hill. The view, however, is best commanded from the actual summit—a soft, open lawn, standing forward to the Weald, and scarred, almost to the top, by a huge, unsightly chalk-pit. The lime workings, in fact, at the foot of the hill, form a very real disfigurement in a landscape of great beauty. Immediately in front, but many hundreds of feet below, is Betchworth Church (p. 53), with its picturesque tower; beyond, is the vast expanse of the Weald,

Betchworth Clump.

> "With shadowy forests, and with champains rich'd,
> With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,"

and the dim, distant outline of the blue Sussex Downs. To the right is Leith Hill, conspicuous by its tower, but Dorking lurks unseen in its valley; to the left is mapped out Reigate, with its bold church-tower and the bolder wooded ridge of the Priory Park; and far beyond, again, is Tilburstow Hill and the line of Kentish

hills above Westerham. Northward the view is impeded by the trees—to get this we must go back towards the Hand-in-Hand; but north-eastward there is a glimpse of the spire of Tadworth Church and of the higher chalk downs towards Botley and Chelsham. Much, of course, of this view is the same as from Box Hill, with the detriment of a badly disfigured foreground. Betchworth Clump, however, possesses one fine feature not claimed by its better-known rival—the beautiful curving escarpment of the downs between here and Reigate Hill, the slopes of which are covered, at a point about opposite Buckland (p. 49), by dark forest-like masses of yew.

The more romantic route is now to follow the open down till we come into the great white highroad ascending from Betchworth to Walton, avoiding the private grounds of Pebblecombe, on the north, which are rigorously closed against trespassers. This, however, involves an appreciable dip, necessarily followed by an appreciable climb. It used formerly to be possible doubtless it is physically possible still—to follow round the face of the curve of the escarpment all the way from this high road to Reigate Hill. The writer remembers vaguely thus working out his way—he is afraid to say how many years ago now partly by the edges of ploughed fields, partly by bits of tangled copse, and partly through a forest of night-black yews. Whether he persevered thus to Reigate, his memory no longer serves him to say; he rather fancies that courage failed, and that he followed down a cross lane to Buckland. Later, his appetite for trespassing decreased, and he adopted more legitimate routes an old gap in the hedge that stood temptingly open was blocked, or a trespass board was erected as a menace. Anyhow, now it is safer and simpler to follow up the highway

towards Walton, turning our backs on the beautiful view, and making a considerable détour inland.* At the top of the hill the lane comes in from the Hand-in-Hand Inn and the summit of Boxhill; a little beyond this we reach Walton Heath—at first, only a tiny triangular strip of waste, blazing at Easter with fiery gorse, that comes over the brow on our right. Still follow the road, which is now unfenced, till the grounds of a private house, on the right, advance to within, perhaps, thirty yards of the road. The intervening strip of drive is bordered by holly hedges, and guarded by an avenue of stripling limes. Here quit the highroad—like Browning's "Childe Roland"—and commit yourself to the common on the right, following closely its long southern border for a distance of roughly two miles. The edge of the common is far from straight, but broken in places by sharp angles; but there is no safe alternative to following it patiently till we come to the gate mentioned below. One or two large houses are passed on the right; on the left two circular clumps of fir. Some distance to the north, on slightly rising ground, is visible the church of Walton-on-the-Hill, which contains a magnificent leaden Norman font, but is otherwise, perhaps, of little interest. Do not confuse this church with the modern church of Tadworth, which is simultaneously visible across the heath, to the north, and is known by its tall, grey spire. Passing on the way the Manor Pound, with its threats against "pound-breaking," we come at last

Walton Heath.

* From Betchworth Clump it is possible to avoid the dip by returning to the Hand-in-Hand, and thence following the lane still eastward. This misses, however, the downs and the view—both already sufficiently curtailed by deserting the section of the downs above Buckland.

to a kind of little cul-de-sac, the bottom of which is closed by a black wooden gate. The spot may be known by the iron post with the familiar arms of the City of London, that marks the furthest southern limit of the Metropolitan Police District. Pass through this gate, and avoid the steep path that drops down at once through a border of wood. Turn, on the contrary, at once to the left, and keep still, for some distance, to

Photograph] [*T. Money.*

THE TOWN OF LEATHERHEAD

the brow of the hill; having, on one side, a strip of vivid blue-bells, on the other, an open, grassy, red-soiled field. We now again come to the escarpment of the Downs, and command again the glorious panorama to the south. From this point it is hardly neces-

sary to give further directions—Reigate is conspicuous at our feet. Cross Colley Hill, which now belongs to the borough—you may know it by its many garden seats; and descend by the unmistakable, white, chalk track that winds down on the west of Reigate Hill. Looking back is a noble view of the cliffs of the Downs as far as Shere, with the needle-like spire of Dorking Church prominent in the valley between them and Leith Hill. The track by which we descend is the kind of path that is apt to be treacherously slippery after rain. Reigate, Redhill and the surrounding country are described fully in the Homeland Handbook, No. 10.

Colley Hill.

CHAPTER IV.

WESTWARD TO WOTTON AND ABINGER.

THE charming main road between Dorking and Guildford is perhaps the most beautiful highway in Surrey; the walk along the Downs between the same two places is perhaps the most delightful woodland ramble in the county.

I.

Those who elect the hard highroad have at least the advantage of visiting one or two churches of interest. Dorking is quitted by West Street; and the road soon traverses Milton Heath, with a tree-crowned knoll on the right. Looking back from here there is a noble view of Dorking, with its tall church spire and the massive outline of Box Hill behind it. In the valley to the north, which is watered by the Pip Brook, is Milton Court, and a delightful old mill. Both may be visited by turning down to the right by a sandy lane that deserts the main road by the side of a pound for strayed cattle. Or the pedestrian may find a footpath from Dorking which runs past both on the way to Westcott. Milton Court itself is a red-brick Elizabethan house, which was once the home of Jeremiah Markland (see p. 23).

Photograph.] [S. Fox.

THE ROOKERY, NEAR DORKING.

Shortly after leaving Milton Heath we arrive at the village of Westcott or Westgate Street—still very picturesque, with its little strip of common, and its little modern church; but exhibiting also more signs of modern (?) progress than one cares to discover in this out-of-the-way corner of Surrey. There is, or was, down the lane to the right from the village green—but the writer has not visited it for many years—a delightful old cottage, with a red-brick porch that might almost vie with the porch at the Crossways. From the highest point of the Common, just a trifle past the church, the road drops rather sharply to the Pip Brook; immediately beyond which it rises again for the long steady ascent of Coast Hill. In the valley between the two, and just short of the bridge, is the entrance to the beautiful grounds of the Rookery, the birthplace of Thomas Malthus (see (p. 17). A public path runs right in front of the house, and continues to Broadmoor Common and Leith Hill (see p. 42). Of the house itself there is a good view from the road, but the beauty of the grounds is thence invisible. They occupy the bottom and sides of a narrow sandstone glen; and the stream is dammed up to form two large ponds, the banks of which are gay with rhododendrons.

From the entrance to the Rookery and the bridge over the Pip Brook we commence at once the long ascent of Coast Hill. In places the road has been cut in the soft sandstone, to ease the severity of the climb. At the top of the hill, or a hundred yards beyond it, is the Wotton Hatch Inn, on the left of the road, where the key must be got for Wotton Church. The church itself is seen to the right, across an intervening dell, crowning a picturesque knoll. There is not, I suppose, in the whole of Surrey, a church that boasts a prettier

situation—not even Merstham, before its neighbourhood was recently ruined, was so charmingly located as this. Here, in the south porch—since, unhappily, rebuilt—John Evelyn received his earliest education. "I was not initiated into any rudiments," he tells us in his "Diary," under date 1624, "till I was four years of age, and then one Frier taught us at the church porch of Wotton." This raises a somewhat interesting question. It has sometimes been assumed—for instance, by Dr. F. R. Fairbank (XVII. S.A.C. 7)—that this village school was held in the actual porch itself; on the other hand, it is clear that William Bray, the editor of Evelyn's "Memoirs," believed that it was in a chamber, or parvise, forming a kind of upper storey ("... the first rudiments ... were acquired from the village schoolmaster over the porch of Wotton Church," I., xii.). In the engraving of the church printed in the "Memoirs," and dated 1818, there is shown a small window above the porch door, which may possibly have given light to a little upper chamber; but it is difficult to picture Frier and his pupils cramped, like so many roosting hens, into an attic between the rafters of the roof. In the picture of "Wotton Church before its Restoration in 1858," reproduced by Dr. Fairbank "from an old engraving," no trace of this small window is given. On the north side of Bramshott Church, in Hampshire, there was formerly a curious structure—but very much larger than this at Wotton—the upper part of which served certainly for a school; the lower for a kind of porch, or vestibule.

Wotton Church.

Of Wotton Church itself the oldest part is the tower, which originally seems to have been central. The blocked arch, in fact, by which it once opened to the

long vanished nave, may still be detected in the wall to the west, though almost hidden outside by ivy. This arch, and the arch by which the tower now opens, on the east, to the later thirteenth century church, are possibly very early Norman. Dr. Fairbank dates them from immediately after the Conquest. Mr. Philip Johnston ("Victorian County History," II., 449) gives the date as circa 1080, and adds that there "are certain peculiarities about this tower, which point to the possibility of its being in part of pre-Conquest date, e.g., the character of the arch to the nave" (p. 449). One scarcely likes to differ from authorities, yet I venture to point out that the imposts do not present the feature claimed by Mr. Baldwin Brown, in his recent beautiful volume on Saxon architecture, to be constantly distinctive of pre-Conquest work, i.e., that the stones should be of the same thickness as the walls. I would point out, too, that an arch of this very plain, simple type is known to have been built as late as 1146 by the monks of Byland Abbey. The rest of the church is Early English, but with many mutilations and recent additions. Thus, the chancel arch, and the triple group of lancets at the east of the chancel, are nineteenth century restoration—even the south and east arches of the little north chapel, or aisle, are credited to Tudor innovation. To the north of the chancel arch, on the face towards the nave, are visible some traces of a mysterious blocked arch (compare the churches of Leatherhead and Fetcham). Lastly, the outer face of the south door is Transition, or Early English. In one place (p. 432) Mr. Johnston dates it c. 1190; in another (p. 452) c. 1220. Anyhow, it is of interest as a not very common example of a decorative mixture of chalk and firestone. The curious little heads that are sculptured on its voussoirs are also uncommon. The inside face

of this doorway is extremely plain, and is probably coeval with the tower. The "low-side" window seems modern, though doubtless evidence was found to locate it at the time of its restoration in 1858. "There is little in its restored state to indicate precisely the date of this opening. I incline, however," writes Mr. Johnston (XIV. S.A.C. 97), "to think it coeval with the lancet over, which, in common with the rest of the chancel, goes back to about 1250."

For many the chief interest of Wotton Church lies in the fact that it is the burial-place of John Evelyn. The "Dormitory" of the Evelyns lies on the north of the chancel, and is itself the old thirteenth century chapel of St. Mary. It is separated from the north aisle by a Carolean screen (dated 1632), the door of which, I think, is always locked. It is possible, however, for one who stands outside to put aside the curtain with his hand, and so get an imperfect view of the tombs inside.

A little beyond the Wotton Hatch Inn is the lodge, on the left, to Wotton House, which lies on low ground, in the valley of the Tillingbourne, and cannot be seen from the highroad. This for generations has been the home of the Evelyn family, and is especially associated, in the popular imagination, with the gracious figure of gentle John Evelyn. The house (shown to the public on certain days) contains many relics of great interest—principal among them the prayer-book used by Charles I. at his execution, and said to be stained with the royal blood. The building itself has many modern additions, and possesses no great archæological value; but the surrounding park and grounds are magnificently timbered, much of the wood having been planted by "Sylva" Evelyn himself.

Wotton House.

From Wotton on to Guildford the road passes in

Photograph] [*S. Yeo.*

WOTTON HOUSE.

The home for generations of the Evelyn family.

succession through the very pretty hamlets of Abinger Hammer –no doubt the site of an old iron-forge—and Gomshall; and beyond these the beautiful village of Shere, which is described in the handbook to Guildford in this series, and cannot be further dealt with here. On the descent of the long hill from Wotton to Abinger Hammer, at the four cross-roads, is the Crossways Farm, which perhaps suggested a title for Mr. Meredith's novel. By turning up here along the lane to the right, we come presently to Evershed's Rough, where a grey granite cross marks the spot where Bishop Wilberforce was thrown from his horse, and "killed on the spot," in 1873. The lane to the left winds gradually up to Abinger, with another quaint old inn, a pair of village stocks, and a church of which some parts are very early Norman – others rather plain Early English. On the whole it is rather a poor little building, and it is hardly worth the trouble of getting the key, which is kept at the Rectory, perhaps ten minutes' walk distant.

Abinger.

II.

The walk along the Downs from Dorking to Guildford is one not lightly to be undertaken. For the Home Counties the country is unusually solitary, and the woodland is unbroken for miles. This would not matter, of course, if the way were unmistakable, but the way is sometimes difficult to find. Let it once be lost, and it is possible that for miles we shall encounter nobody to instruct us how to regain it. There are some, however, to whom this little flavour of adventure will add just the zest that they require. Certainly, it is not

everywhere that it is possible to lose oneself in a "wildering forest" within sight of the Crystal Palace!

For the rest, we can only set the reader on the ridge, and counsel him to keep his face due westward. If he begin to drop down sharply on the left—or more gently to the right—he will know that he is straying from the proper direction. If he keep straight on from Ranmore Common he will traverse in succession a number of holts and commons—Hackhurst Downs, Netley Heath, Albury Downs, and perhaps others. Finally, if he persevere, he will descend Pewley Hill into the curious old borough of Guildford. For the present, however, we propose to accompany him only as far as Ranmore Common and Pickett's Hole. One would like to venture further—as far, at the very least, as Hackhurst Downs, with their marvellous view over the strange hollow of Colekitchen. But this, alas! would involve considerable trespass beyond rigid, if self-imposed, limits.

From Dorking to Ranmore the traveller may ascend by a good highroad along the southern boundary of Denbies. It is wiser, however, to commence the day's walk by walking, or "training," to Boxhill Station. From the station an old lane—it is probably part of the Pilgrims' Way—runs westward to a little ruined chapel, of the history of which, apparently, very little is known, but which probably was associated with the great Canterbury pilgrimage. On the way we pass, on our right, "Camilla Lacey," the house built by Frances Burney from the proceeds of her novel. At the chapel itself a road branches to the left, and forms the obvious drive to a house conspicuously placed on the hill. Before reaching this, however, a footpath on our right climbs abruptly up the slope, through a belt of tangled wood, and presently reaches the common. Of all the

beautiful commons of Surrey, none, perhaps, is more beautiful than this. Covering the broken slopes of the hill, which here drop down in dell after dell towards the north, it is richly clad itself, not merely with bracken, gorse, and brambles, but with tangles of native-grown trees—an exquisite foreground to the exquisite landscape that stretches, to the north-west, far beyond Windsor Castle and the gleaming white front of Stoke Park. At its south-east corner, and capping the edge of the great chalk escarpment, is the stately seat of Denbies, now the home of Lord Ashcombe, but formerly the residence, after 1734, of an eccentric named Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of the once famous Vauxhall Gardens. Perhaps in some vain hope to expiate the frivolities that he sanctioned in London, "the house and grounds, under the superintendence of that gentleman, assumed a peculiarly solemn character." A couple of skulls, of a man and woman, were supposed to address the visitor with long screeds of verse; there was a wood of eight acres called "Il Penseroso"; and two life-like figures displayed the last moments respectively of a Christian and of an unbeliever.

Denbies.

The beautiful new church to the west of Denbies was built, we believe, from designs by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. Its spire is a conspicuous landmark from hundreds of places in Surrey. To get to Pickett's Hole the road must be followed still westward over the common, past a rebuilt, red-brick cottage, which was formerly the old Fox Inn. Immediately after passing the common gate, another gate gives access to a woodland lane on the left. Follow down this lane till it reaches the escarpment, and, bending round a huge combe, or hollow, in the Downs, begins to drop in the direction

Pickett's Hole.

of Deer Leap Wood and Wotton. From the lip of this great hollow—and this is Pickett's Hole*—there is a glorious view of the crest of the Downs running towards Box Hill and Reigate, and projecting into the Weald, point after point, like so many modified sea-cliffs. At the foot of these is Dorking, with its graceful, needle spire, and the group of prettily wooded hills that lie around the Glory and the Deepdene. Beyond all, again, is the huge expanse of the Weald, almost infinite in its blue immensity. Southward is the forest-like range of Leith Hill, over the rich glades of Wotton and the Rookery. The view is restricted in many directions, but it is one of the richest and most beautiful in Surrey. The great combe itself is without rival along the whole face of the Downs, though we travel from Farnham to Westerham. In the amphitheatre at the bottom is a myriad-growth of juniper—on the summit is a noble grove of beeches. What legend is connected with its very curious name, the writer has never been able to discover. Here, at any rate, are lawns where whole generations of fairies might well be content to meet by moonlight to dance their "ringlets to the whistling wind."

* I understand from Mr. Playfoot that sloes grow freely in the neighbourhood, and that they are called "picketts" by the country folk.

Photography *A. Molyneux.*

DEERLEAP WOODS. NEAR WOTTON.

may be got at Ockley Court opposite) has a Decorated nave and a debased west tower. The latter has blind arches on the three external faces—an inexplicable feature, and probably unique. Inside there is a slab on the floor to John Steere (d. 1689), and an old chest with the initials H. P. and D. W. also the date, 1670. The plain "low-side" window, at the south-east corner of the nave—if "low-side" it be—is exceedingly suggestive. It can hardly have been used for the confession of all-comers—a purpose, in accordance with one theory, for which these openings were used unless the confessor were perched high up on a stool, and the penitent raised in like manner! Unfortunately, this window does not seem to have been personally visited by Mr. Johnston at the time of his writing his paper on Surrey "low-side" windows (XIV. S.A.C. 97).

Ockley.

Ockley, it may be added, is generally identified by Fabyan, among others with the "Aclea" of the Saxon Chronicle. If this be correct, it was the site of the great battle—one of the most decisive in all our early history—in which Ethelwulf and his native Saxons defeated the invading Danes in 851.

Perhaps a couple of miles to the east of Ockley—crossing underneath the railway on the way—is the picturesque village of Capel, which is said to get its name from the existence here of a "chapel" in the parish of Dorking. In the Taxation of Pope Nicholas IV. the latter is alluded to as "ecclesia de Dorkingge cum Capella." So, too, in that great survey, Frensham was apparently a chapel-of-ease to Farnham; Haslemere to Chiddingfold; Thursley to Witley. Most of the present church (Open) is Early English, but there is a very early Norman doorway at the west end, inside. Still a mile

Capel.

Photograph] THE VILLAGE GREEN AT OCKLEY. [S. *Yeo*.

or two further, to the east of Capel, is the very small village of Newdigate, the church of which is remarkable, like that at Burstow, for the possession of a tower that is wooden from the ground. The body of the church was restored in 1877, at which date a new aisle was added on the north. The oldest part is probably the Early English chancel, which is thought to date from the latter part of the twelfth century (VI. S.A.C. 272). The piscina—which was discovered during the restoration—projects, like the similar one at Mersthaun, into the opening of the window in a very unusual manner. The south arcade of the nave is probably Perpendicular, and its single, central pillar is covered with mysterious mason-marks similar to those that are found at Alfold. The east end of the south aisle, formerly the Cudworth Chapel, contains a Decorated piscina, and a "squint" that commands the high altar. One of the windows of the north aisle has some fragments of old glass, among which appear the "three lions gambs erased argent" that figure on the shield of Newdigate. Sir Roger Newdigate, the founder of the prize poem of that name at Oxford, was not himself a Surrey man, but belonged to a younger, though more distinguished, branch of the family, who settled, first at Harefield in Middlesex and afterwards at Arbury, in Warwickshire. Notice also the grand old parish chest, hewn out of a single log, and fitted with a lid and three locks. About one mile to the east of the church is the old moated house of Cudworth, formerly a manorial residence. It contains a small oak staircase, but is scarcely worth the trouble of a visit. By a grassy lane, the deep mud of which after rainfall gives us, perhaps, not a bad idea of the Wealden roads of the eighteenth century, the tourist may find his way to the old Newdi-

Newdigate.

gate Place, the former seat of the family of that name. It has now been converted to the purposes of a farmhouse, and is quite shorn of its former magnificence. Outside the south entrance to Newdigate churchyard remains a single post of the former village stocks. In the churchyard itself there was formerly a detached chantry of the Newdigates, but this has been long since destroyed. The country to the southward is fully described in the Horsham volume of the Homeland Handbooks, No. 36.

CHAPTER VI.

NORTHWARD TO MICKLEHAM, LEATHERHEAD, AND THE BOOKHAMS.

THE walks to the north of Dorking are infinite, but here we have space to describe only two. Armed with the map, it ought not to be difficult for the pedestrian—and the country is essentially a country for walkers to work out any number of combinations for himself. Of the two walks chosen—and these exhaust, it is believed, all, or almost all, the special points of interest in this direction—the first appeals most strongly to the lover of old churches; the second, to the lover of a beautiful upland walk. Not but that each of these walks, however, exhibits something of the particular character of the other. Those who follow the circular route by Mickleham, Leatherhead, and the Bookhams, pass also through a country of singular loveliness; those who pursue the breezy, upland road from Epsom to Dorking, traverse part of the actual "agger" that once resounded to the tramp of the Roman legions.

I.

From Dorking to Burford Bridge the highroad is exposed, and apt, in dry weather, to be disagreeably dusty; immediately beyond Burford Bridge it plunges

Photograph] BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL. [*S. Eco.*

Nelson, Keats, and Robert Louis Stevenson have been visitors here.

at once into meadows of park-like richness. Presently we come, on the right, to Juniper Hall, at the entrance of a chalk valley that runs up to Headley, a scattered village, with a modern church, and acres of gorse-covered common. Juniper Hall itself is a picturesque, red-brick building, with a group of magnificent cedars on the lawn between the house and the road. Here was the home of a party of French refugees, who fled over to England after the outbreak of the great Revolution. One of these exiles was General d'Arblay, who married the novelist, Frances Burney, in 1793. The house has apparently been since rebuilt, or at any rate extensively remodelled. Soon after passing Juniper Hall, we come to the charming village of Mickleham, in whose quiet churchyard a harvest of daffodils succeeds to a harvest of snowdrops. The village church itself (open) is largely sham Norman, but traces of genuine twelfth century work remain in the chancel. Notice, in particular, the lozenge moulding above the chancel arch, on the face towards the nave. Above is a hood of big, coarse "dog-tooth"—the arch, in fact, would seem to tremble exactly on the border-line between Transition and Early English. Notice also the plain west door, which is probably half a century earlier. On the north of the nave is the Norbury Chapel, which is apparently late, or debased, Perpendicular. Part of the exterior is a chequer-work of fire-stone and flint—an unusual style of building in Surrey. Inside, on the north, is an altar tomb against the wall, exhibiting shields in quatre-foils. These shields retain traces of colour. Above, and behind, is a shallow recess, the cornice of which, apparently, has the same kind of vine-moulding that is found at Beddington, on the tomb of Sir Richard Carew. Fixed in this recess are two small

Juniper Hall.

Mickleham.

brass figures, facing one another at prayer-desks. Each has a scroll that issues from the mouth; and the woman wears the well-known "kennel" head-dress. Between the two figures are the arms of the Mercers' Company, and below is the following inscription (Brayley, IV., 466): "Here lyth the body of Wyllyam Wyddowsonn, Citizein and mercer of London, and of ye parych chyrch

Photograph] [*T. Molyneux.*

THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT MICKLEHAM

of Mekyleham, late patrone; and allsoo here lythe ye body of Jone hys wyfe, the whych dyssesyd the XXVII day of Septe'byr the Vth yere of Kyng Hary the VIII, on whoys soullys God have mercy. Ame'." Notice, in the north-east corner of this chapel, the beautiful canopy over a shallow niche. The Norman font,

of a well-known type, has parallels at Beddington and Crowhurst. Inside the west porch are preserved two old grave-slabs, both of which exhibit traces of the shaft of a cross, and one of which (to the south) retains a few letters of rim inscription.

From Mickleham the shortest way on to Leatherhead, for pedestrians, is to take the beautiful road through Norbury Park, which is entered at the end of the village street, and left at a curious old gateway. The Mole is twice crossed on the way. This stately domain is perhaps the most beautiful in Surrey, but the best of it is not seen during the present journey. In a part of the park not open to strangers is the famous Druids' Walk. Since it cannot now be visited, it seems unnecessary to describe it; and the writer has never seen it himself. He would have been glad, however, had occasion arisen, to have quoted the almost classical description of Mr. L. J. Jennings in "Field Paths and Green Lanes."

Leatherhead.

Leatherhead is a picturesque and old-fashioned town, built almost entirely on the right bank of the Mole, which at this point emerges from the beautiful chalk valley by which it pierces the downs, and turns north-westward in the direction of Cobham. Entered from the direction of Guildford or Dorking, Leatherhead is still entirely unspoilt; entered from the direction of Kingston or Epsom, it shows traces of ugly suburbanism. The name of the place is curious and puzzling, and is written in Domesday as "Leret." A Mr. Puttock, writing in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1844, suggests a derivation from the British "Lleddff, Llethr, Llethrod, Llethredd," etc., which signifies a "sloping situation." This etymology is hailed by Brayley as "satisfactorily traced."

The Church.

The feature of principal interest in Leatherhead is, of course, the fine old parish church. This is certainly the best within the immediate neighbourhood of Dorking, and one of the best in Surrey. The bold, tall tower, since its recent restoration, is a very welcome feature in the landscapes on the Mole. It is Perpendicular, but late in the period, as is shown by the four-centred arch inside. It is remarkable that this tower, the nave, and the chancel

Photograph] [*T. Money.*

LEATHERHEAD PARISH CHURCH.

are each of them built on a different axis—a double dislocation not easily explained by the usual symbolical reference. The nave arcades are beautiful Transition or Early English—it is really difficult to know which to call them. Mr. Johnston, however, dates them c. 1190

—the same as the chancel arch at Merstham. The columns and abaci are octagonal or circular; and the bases have "hold-water" mouldings. Notice, in particular, the first column, from the east, in the north arcade, which alone is distinguished by a capital with carving. It is somewhat similar to the beautiful capitals that separate the two south aisles of the nave of Carshalton Church. The last arch, to the west, in the south arcade has been mutilated and curtailed by the building of the tower. The chancel arch is unusually small, and is probably contemporary with the arcades. I do not know whether the two plain niches on each side of it—on the face towards the nave—represent the survival of former openings, such as those of which traces remain in the churches of Fetcham and Wotton. These openings seem sometimes to have been made in churches to enable a congregation that was seated in the nave to obtain a better view of the mysteries of the altar than was visible through a chancel arch of unduly narrow dimensions. The chancel itself is Decorated, as are also the two little transepts. Leatherhead, it will be seen, is thus a cruciform church, with a western, instead of a central, tower. Notice, in the north transept, the remarkable "squint"; notice also, in the chancel, on the north of the sanctuary, the blocked door and window, traces of which are also visible outside. These are supposed to be remnants of an "anker-hold," or hermit's cell, that formerly existed on the north of the chancel. Similar traces remain at Shere, and the actual cell at Compton.

From Leatherhead to Fetcham, if we follow the high-road, it is necessary to cross over Leatherhead Bridge, a delightful old brick structure of fourteen arches, with curious bracket recesses on either side. It resembles the picturesque bridge, also over the Mole, at Church

Cobham, and obviously belongs to the same period. Just short of this bridge, on the right of the road, is

The Old Sign-Board of the "Running Horse," Leatherhead.

It carries the following inscription:

"In this ancient Cabaret, it is conjectured Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII, celebrated the famous Ale Wife by a Poem entitled 'The Tunning of Eleanor Rummyn.'" There is a painting of this dame with an inscription as follows:

"When Skelton wore the Laurell Crowne,
My Ale put all the Ale Wives downe."

the inn which is supposed to have been the home of the ale-wife made famous by Skelton, poet laureate to

Henry VIII., in his coarse, humorous poem, "The Tunnyng (i.e., Brewing) of Elynour Rummyng."

> "An this comely dame,
> I vnderstande, her name
> Is Elynour Rummynge,
> At home in her wonnynge (dwelling);
> And as men say
> She dwelt in Sothray,
> In a certayne stede (house)
> Bysyde Lederhede."

In Rand's edition (1624) is a portrait of this lady (?,) reproduced on the old signboard, with an ale-pot in each hand, and below is the following couplet:

> "When Skelton wore the Laurell Crowne,
> My Ale put all the Ale Wives downe."

This picture is reproduced by Dyce—I have not seen the original. Dyce, too, makes copious reference to a seemingly rare book, Dallaway's "Letheræum" (1821), which apparently is not even in the British Museum. The writer conjectured—it seems to be nothing better—that Skelton made acquaintance with the lady when the Court was at Nonsuch, and he came over to fish in the Mole. I am not aware what ultimate authority exists for the identification of the inn now in question with the original "Wonnynge" of Elynour.

Fetcham.

Fetcham Church is prettily situated—almost, as it were, in the grounds of a private house—at the end of a drive on the left of the road. The key must be got, by those who wish to go inside, at the Rectory, on the right, in the village—if village is not too large a name to bestow on this mere handful of cottages. This is a small cruciform structure, with a tower that is built over the south transept. The oldest part, apparently, is the curious circular-headed opening cut into the wall above the first

column from the east in the south arcade of the nave. This is splayed inwardly; is partly constructed of old Roman bricks; and probably retains its original plastering. It is commonly supposed to be Saxon. The south arcade itself is Transitional, of about the same date—Mr. Johnston suggests c. 1150—as the similar work at Great and Little Bookham. The tower is supposed to be contemporary. The north nave arcade is probably Early Decorated; the rest of the structure is Early English. When we add that the chancel has two inserted Perpendicular windows—the east with rather interesting tracery—it will be seen that this humble village church exhibits traces of almost all the successive styles that contribute to make up the long evolution of English architecture. To the north of the chancel arch, on the face towards the nave, is a fragment of old opening, perhaps Early English. This, perhaps, is a remnant of the curious arrangement—analogous to, but not properly, hagioscopes—of which traces exist—or seem to exist—at the neighbouring churches of Leatherhead and Wotton. The upper and lower doors of the rood-stair, and part of the staircase itself, remain. There are very few monuments of interest. "On the south wall [of the sanctuary]"—I quote the quaint description of Aubrey—"in an Oval, is the Busto of a Man, in a gown, holding his Hands upwards, in a Posture of Devotion, with a Book open'd before him, supported by two red vein'd Marble Corinthian Pillars." The long, bombastic, rhyming inscription is a masterpiece of reckless spelling. Even Aubrey finds it necessary, in the case of nine words, to add justificatory "sics."* It commemorates Henry Vincent—a mem-

* Perhaps Aubrey himself is partly to blame, for two of the mistakes do not occur in Manning and Bray. These latter also read 85 for the date of age.

Photograph] [*H. Penny.*

LEATHERHEAD BRIDGE.
The River Mole in Flood.

ber, no doubt, of the family of Vincent of Stoke d'Abernon—who died in 1631—Aubrey says, "aged 35 yeares." My own note, however, makes this number 85, which apparently has been corrected from 80. On the north of the sanctuary is a wall monument to Anthony Rous, who died in 1631.

From Fetcham to Great Bookham is a pleasant country stroll, but the lane passes nothing remarkable.

Great Bookham.

Great Bookham is a large, but picturesque, village, with a very old-fashioned appearance. Especially is this true of the neighbourhood of the church, which itself has an outline that is charmingly irregular. In Bookham churchyard will be noticed some quite recent examples of the old-fashioned wooden tombstones—the writer is aware of the Irishism, but hardly knows how to avoid it—that are banished from most fashionable modern churchyards. At the south-west corner is the stump of a noble old elm-tree—probably the identical elm that was planted, as we learn from the parish register, during the churchwardenship of Ralph Hilder, in 1627. It thus appears that this still green, pollarded stump is nearly three centuries old. The church itself has considerable interest, and contains several brasses and inscriptions of value. It is locked; but the key may be got at Mr. Ragge's, the saddler's, in the High Street, only a few minutes distant. Both the arcades of the nave are Norman, but the one to the south is obviously slightly the earlier of the two. Mr. Johnston dates the south arcade at c. 1150 (the same as the blocked arcades at Little Bookham); the north arcade at c. 1160. The original south aisle was exceedingly narrow, like the strange narrow aisles at Beddington; most of it, however, was widened and rebuilt at some time during the Perpendicular period. The chancel is Decorated; and

can be dated exactly from the curious inscription that remains in the interior east wall, to the south of the Table. I copied this inscription with some difficulty—the queer little tails of the letters are as elaborate as, and more confusing than, the flourishes of an early Victorian writing-master: "Hec domus Abbate fuerat constructa Johanne de Rutherwykæ decus ob Sancti Nicholai anno milleno triceno bisque viceno [primo], Xpe ei paret hinc sedem requiei." This may be roughly translated: "This house was erected by Abbot John de Rutherwyke, to the honour of St. Nicholas, in 1341. May Christ give him rest for this good work." This John de Rutherwyke was Abbot of Chertsey, and altogether a notable person. He is styled in an old record, "most religious, most prudent, and most useful," and "almost a second founder" of his abbey. He also rebuilt the chancel at Egham, and stamped it with a similar inscription. Perhaps this kind of publicity was alien to the spirit of mediæval piety—at any rate, it is far from common:

> "Who builds a house to God, and not to fame,
> Will never mark the marble with his name."

But possibly Pope is a little too severe. On the floor below this slab is a stone with an inscription to Sir Francis Howard, Knight (d. 1651), a grandson of Lord Howard of Effingham. Several other Howard slabs exist in the church, but the family, we believe, is now extinct in the neighbourhood. On the floor near the pulpit is the small brass figure of a woman in a slightly horned headdress. This commemorates Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Slyfield, who died on August 24, 1433. To the south of the chancel arch is a brass plate to another Slyfield (Edmond, d. 1590), with a long, curious, rhyming inscription:

"Of Slyfield Place, in Surrey solle here Edmond Slyfield lyes;
A stout esquier who allweys sett Godes feare before his eyes."

There are twenty-eight lines of this kind of composition, with some subsequent details by way of addition. His wife was descended from all kinds of noble families—Paulets, Capells, Sydneys, Gainsfords, Moyles, Finches, Arundels, Whites, and Lamberts:

"He toke Elyzabethe to wyfe—a dame of famous rase:
She of the Pawletts dyd dissend, and Capells in like case,"

and so on through the rest of the pedigree. One is glad to learn, however, that this high-born lady proved a loving spouse and a fruitful mother:

"And he with her, and she with hym, thaire dayes in love dyd pass.
In wedlock she brought fourthe to hym 5 soñes and davghters 11.
Whiche carefullye they dyd instruk to serve the God of heaven."

From the cross-roads in Bookham village still continue to the west, and look out for a gate and a footpath on the left, just beyond a small group of new cottages. This will take you over fields—crossing, on the way, over one or two lanes, and passing Little Bookham Church close at hand, on the right—straight into Effingham churchyard. Little Bookham Church is unfortunately kept locked, and perhaps it is scarcely worth the trouble of getting the key. Imbedded in the south wall, though partly hidden by the porch, are four blocked Transitional arches. On the west of the little graveyard is a noble old yew. At a little distance further, where the path splits into two, continue by the fork to the right.

Little Bookham.

Effingham Church (key at the adjoining Vicarage)

has been largely rebuilt, and contains very little of interest. The chancel, however, is apparently old Decorated; and there is a rather curious Early English south transept. The church was described by Major Alfred Heales, before its restoration, in volume IX. of the "Surrey Archæological Collections," at page 365. Notice the interesting projecting piscina in the transept; the ancient "poppy-head," with the remnant of a second; and the fragments of old glass in the two little windows over the vestry door. Notice, also, the holy-water stoup just inside the south door of the nave. Under the tower — that favourite repository for cast-out rubbish! —are collected three small brass inscriptions, to (1) John Aley (d. 1507); (2) John Cooke and Francis (sic), his wife (both, apparently, buried on April 25, 1629); and (3) John Agmondesham (d. 1598). Preserved here, too, is a remarkable seventeenth century grave-slab, consisting of an inscription on tiles. "Sepulchral monuments," says Mr. Heales, "formed of floor tiles are extremely rare, though we have a few other examples," i.e., at Lingfield, in this county; at Elstow; and, apparently, at Great Malvern. Lord Howard of Effingham, the hero of the Armada, "to whom," writes Froude in his "History" (VII., 44), "above all other Englishmen, Elizabeth owed her life and throne," was indebted for his title to this quiet Surrey village.

Effingham.

From Effingham back to Dorking the shortest way is to cross the downs over Ranmore Common. Cross the Guildford highroad at the stables that were once the old Prince Blucher Inn, and be careful to keep to the left at the fork that succeeds after a very short interval. This will bring you finally to the road across Ranmore at a point just west of the entrance gateway to the common. Follow this road to the left into Dorking;

or descend, if you like, by Pickett's Hole, and enter by Westcott and Milton Heath.

II.

Of the charming cross-country walk from Epsom to Dorking over Mickleham Downs—it should always be taken in this direction, or otherwise it results in an anti-climax—space prohibits us here from adding more than a few general words of the barest direction. From Epsom Station, which is reached in a few minutes by train, the Dorking main road must be followed through the town, the interior of which, at any rate, seems scarcely to have altered since the writer used to wander through Surrey as a boy. At a point where this road bends abruptly to the right, and again at the next fork, the lane must be followed to the left, if we wish to pursue the rather longer road past Lord Rosebery's house of Durdans, and past the grand stand on the Downs. Otherwise, a much shorter route may be found, which skirts the west side of Woodcote Park, and joins the longer way near Langley Bottom. Supposing we elect the roundabout road, Durdans is passed on our right, and a long, steady climb up a picturesque chalk lane soon brings us to the Paddock and the Downs Hotel. Bending to the right, round the fence of the Paddock, and crossing the end of the racecourse, we successively dip into two chalk "bottoms," steering a direction persistently south-west, and traversing a road that finally degenerates into a broad grassy track, marked here and there with wheel-ruts. At the bottom of the second hollow, and just by an old black, mossy-tiled barn on the left, an unfenced road runs off to the right, with a sign-post that points us to Leatherhead.

This must be avoided, and the lane followed to the left, which narrows as it mounts up the hill, but presently discloses a gorgeous view, to the west, over the neighbourhoods of Cobham and Windsor, in the midst of which rises the sharply marked ridge of St. George's Hill, dominating a country so beautifully wooded that in summer it might be taken for one vast forest. On the left is the spire of Headley Church and the picturesque mansion of Headley Court. Passing in succession a couple of cross-roads, and threading a narrow lane between two lovely strips of coppice that in spring are gay with weasle-snout and blue-bell, we suddenly find ourselves climbing up an open lawn, along a section of unmistakable Roman "agger." From the top of the brow is a view of fairy-like beauty, scarcely to be rivalled in Surrey. Straight in front the line of the old Roman road, now grass-grown and seldom trodden, dips sharply, and rises, into, and out of, an uncultivated hollow that is densely wooded with night-black yews and the vivid young green of beeches. For the rest of the journey over Mickleham Downs we continue the same general direction, picking our way, among myriads of rabbit-holes, over the thin, dry turf that is constantly replaced by gay masses of ground-ivy or stone-crop. In front is the exquisite valley of the Mole, more forest-like than any other vale in England; the distant spire of Ranmore Church; and even the brave hills beyond Dorking. At the edge of the downs is an iron gate, close by a cottage, where the wooded descent commences on to Juniper Hall. From thence on to Dorking there is no alternative but to cling to the dusty highroad.

LOCAL NOTANDA.

DORKING.

Notes for Visitors.

Visitors who propose to make a stay in Dorking will find the following information useful.

Railway Communication.—Dorking is on the main Portsmouth line of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and is reached in about one hour from London Bridge or Victoria, while by the Redhill and Guildford branch of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway the journey is usually about twenty minutes longer, although some trains do the journey in an hour.

The fares by either route are:

	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class
Single	4/-	2/6	2/-
Return	6/-	4/6	3/3

Cheap day tickets are issued during the summer months.

Coaching.—The "Perseverance" coach from the Hotel Metropole to the White Horse at Dorking will commence its 29th consecutive season on Easter Monday, 1906, leaving the hotel at 10.30 and arriving at Dorking at 2, returning the same day. Fares: single, 10s.; return, 15s. Box-seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way

Accommodation for Visitors.—The White Horse Hotel and the Red Lion Hotel are in the centre of the town, and are about one mile from the Brighton station. The Star and Garter Hotel is close to the Brighton station gates. A Temperance Hotel, with limited accommodation, is situated in West Street. There are several hotels and inns in the surrounding villages, particulars of some of which will be found in the advertising columns; there is also ample lodging-house accommodation in the town, and an advertisement in the "Dorking and Leatherhead Advertiser," published on Friday evening, will bring replies.

Places of Worship.—Parish Church of St. Martin. Vicar, Rev. E. A. Chichester, M.A., Rural Dean. Sundays, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; week-days, 10 a.m.; and on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 6 p.m.

Pixham Church Room. Sundays, 6.30 p.m.

St. Paul's Church, St. Paul's Road. Vicar, Rev. W. H. Hewitt, M.A. Sundays, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; Wednesdays, 11.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Fridays, 11.30 a.m.

Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph, Falkland Grove.

Congregational Church, West Street. Sundays, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; Thursday, 8.15 p.m.

Wesleyan Chapel, South Street. Sundays, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; Tuesdays, 8 p.m.

Baptist Chapel, Junction Road. Sundays, 11 a.m., 3, and 6.30 p.m.; Mondays, 7.15 p.m.; Thursdays, 8 p.m.

The Brethren, Meeting House, Hampstead Road. Sundays, 11 a.m., 3 and 6.30 p.m.; Mondays, 7.15 p.m.; Thursdays, 8 p.m.

Friends' Meeting House, Butter Hill. Sundays, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.; Wednesdays, 11 a.m.

Omnibus Service.—A service of omnibuses runs between Dorking and Holmwood, leaving the station at intervals of about an hour and a-half from 10 a.m. There are three omnibuses on Sunday.

A service also leaves Dorking Station for Westcott at rather more frequent intervals, starting at 9.30 a.m.; and another plies between Dorking and Leatherhead, passing through the village of Mickleham.

Pastimes.—The cricket, lawn-tennis, and football grounds are situated in Pixham Lane, and there is a golf course of nine holes in Chart Park. Secretary, Mr. R. A. Carpenter, Dorking. A semi-private club. No play on Sundays. The course, being on park land, plays best from October to May.

The Public Baths, which include both swimming and hot baths, are under the control of the Dorking Urban District Council.

Reading Rooms.—The Dorking Literary Institute (hon. secretaries: Mr. A. J. Maurice and Mr. H. L. Playfoot) admits visitors to the use of the Reading Room on the payment of 1s. per week. An ample supply of current literature is provided, and a good library is available for reference.

Sport.—*Hunting*—Dorking makes an excellent centre for the hunting enthusiast. The following packs meet in the district:

The Surrey Union Fox Hounds: Tuesday and Saturday. Master, Mr. F. G. Colman, Nork Park, Epsom. Kennels at Great Bookham. Nearest meets: Bury Hill, Holmwood Station, Punchbowl Inn, Brockham,

Ranmore Common, Box Hill, Effingham, Ockley, and Wotton.

The Surrey Staghounds: Tuesday and Saturday, Thursday after Christmas. Master, Captain W. B. MacTaggart, Rays, Lingfield. Kennels, Horley. Nearest meets: Earlswood, Brockham, Brockham Hurst, Leigh, Betchworth.

The Warnham Staghounds: Monday and Friday. Master, Mr. H. C. Lee Steere, Javes Park, Ockley. Kennels, near Ockley. Nearest meets: Inholm Farm, Brockham Hurst, Holmwood, Newdegate, Wotton Hatch, Capel.

West Surrey Staghounds: Saturday and alternate Wednesday. Master (vacant). Kennels, Chessington.

Fishing—The Dorking and District Angling Club (hon. secretary, Mr. A. J. Fuller, Oxenford) controls the section of the River Mole between Betchworth Castle and Brockham Bridge. The subscription, which only amounts to 3s. 9d. per annum (weekly tickets 2s. 6d.) enables anglers to fish this fine stretch of water, which contains a good supply of roach and jack, and is noted for its heavy bream.

Tickets can also be obtained from Mr. J. Malins, West Street, who stocks all necessary tackle.

There is also fishing, at 1s. per diem, at the Dorking Mill Ponds, close to the town, at the Castle Mill Pond, and at Paddington Mill, Abinger.

Notes for Intending Residents.

The season-ticket rates between Dorking and London are as follows: 1st class, £27; 2nd class, £22. Joint ticket available by either route: 1st class, £30 10s.; 2nd class, £26.

The town is under the municipal control of the Dorking Urban District Council.

The local rates are low, at present 6s. in the pound, and the price of gas is 4s. per 1,000 cubic feet, with a discount for prompt payment. Electric light is supplied at sixpence per B.T. unit.

Schools.—*Boys'*—Dorking High School for Boys: Headmaster, Rev. H. Roberts, B.A. See page xxxi. Tower House School; Mr. H. W. Hall, M.A.

Girls'—Victoria House School: Miss Hodges, L.L.A., A.C.P., and Miss Hague. See page xxx. Church of England High School for Girls, St. Martin's House: Miss Bronwen Davies. Spreydon House: Miss Cunningham. Ebor House: Miss Grosse.

The altitude of the town is about 200 feet above sea-level, the residential districts varying from 150 to 300 feet.

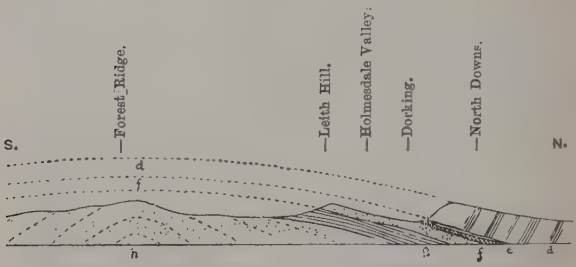
The death-rate is low. 12.7 per 1,000.

The geological position of the town is, from a hygienic point of view, as good as it is possible to be.

Dorking is situated on the lower part of the ridge of Lower Greensand, which borders the Weald of Surrey and Sussex, and which finds its highest altitude in the summit of Leith Hill. A narrow belt of Gault (Blue Clay) and a narrower outcrop of the Upper Greensand separate the town from the Chalk Downs, the noble escarpment of which rises on each side of the valley of the Mole at Ranmore and Box Hill.

The Greensand subsoil of the Holmesdale Valley renders the climate of the district round the town unusually dry and invigorating, and it is also largely answerable for the magnificent growth of the coniferous trees, which are met with in the surrounding woods in great numbers.

The following diagram exhibits a rough section cut in a line north and south, from near Leatherhead to the foot of Leith Hill, and shows the outcrop of the various strata from the clay of the London basin to the clay of the Weald at the county boundary near Ockley.



SECTION OF THE STRATA IN THE DORKING DISTRICT.

(*d*) Chalk (North Downs).
(*e*) Upper Greensand and Gault.
(*f*) Lower Greensand.
(*g*) Wealden Clay.
(*h*) Hastings Beds.

LEATHERHEAD.

Notes for Visitors.

Railway Communication.—Leatherhead is upon the main Portsmouth line of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, 19½ miles from London. There is also a separate station on the London and South-Western Railway, 17½ miles on the Epsom and Effingham Junction Branch.

The fares by either route are:

	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class
Single	3/-	2/6	2/-
Return	6/-	4/6	3/3

Cheap day return tickets are issued during the summer months from London Bridge, Victoria, and Waterloo Stations, 3/3, 2/6, 2/-.

Coaching.—The "Perseverance" coach from London to Dorking (Easter to September) passes through Leatherhead.

Accommodation for Visitors.—The Swan is the principal hotel, and here the Dorking coach stops; it is a comfortable hostelry of the old English type, and has ample bedroom accommodation and many private sitting-rooms, with a fine garage.

There is a limited accommodation to be obtained at the Bull Hotel, the Duke's Head, and the Running Horse.

For lodging-house accommodation, an advertisement should be inserted in the "Dorking and Leatherhead Advertiser." Friday. Office at Dorking.

Places of Worship.—Parish Church of SS. Mary and Nicholas. Rev. Canon F. E. Litterton, M.A., Vicar

and Rural Dean. Sundays, 11 a.m., 7 p.m.; weekdays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; Matins at 8 a.m.; Mondays and Thursdays, 10 a.m.; Litany, Wednesday and Fridays, 12 noon; evening, daily, 6 p.m.

All Saints' Church. 10.30 a.m., 7. p.m.

Baptist (Mount Zion), Church Road. Sundays, 11 a.m., 6.30 p.m.; Wednesdays, 7 p.m.

Congregational, North Street. Sundays, 11 a.m., 6.30 p.m.; Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

Wesleyan, Church Road. Sundays, 11 a.m., 6.30 p.m.

Pastimes.—There is a small swimming bath in Bridge Street; admission, sixpence. There is a particularly fine cricket ground and football and tennis grounds.

Golf. The Surrey Golf Club, Ltd. The Links, 18 holes, are in Packesham Park. Secretary, Mr. E. Prentice. This is claimed to be one of the finest courses in the country. The well-appointed club house commands lovely views over every part of the three-mile circuit of the links.

There is in the town a handsome Literary and Scientific Institute, with library and billiard tables and a large hall where entertainments are held.

Hunting.—For information see under Dorking.

Fishing.—The fishing round Leatherhead is strictly preserved. Permission can only be obtained through the respective owners.

Notes for Intending Residents.

The season-ticket rates between Leatherhead and London are as follows:

	1st Cl.	2nd Cl.	3rd Cl.
L. & S.W. to Waterloo ...	£20	£14	—
L.B. & S.C.R. to Victoria and London Bridge ...	£20	£14	—
Joint tickets available over both lines ...	£22	£16	—

A reduction is made when two or more tickets are taken in the same family.

The town is under the municipal control of the Leatherhead Urban District Council. Clerk, Mr. W. J. Hodges, solicitor.

Rents.—There are houses to suit all classes. The more important residences range from £150 to £400. Many from £150 down to £50. There are a few semi-detached villas in the district.

Rates.—6s. 8d. in the pound. Gas, 3s. 10d. per 1,000. Electric light, supplied by the Leatherhead and District Electricity Company, Ltd (see advertisement, pp. xvi.) which also supplies Ashtead, 7d. per unit. Shopkeepers, 5¼d. Large consumers for purposes other than lighting, 4d. and 3d. per unit.

Subsoil.—Chalk, gravel, and clay.

Altitude.—From 100 to 350 feet.

Death-rate.—Leatherhead is one of the healthiest towns in the South of England. The death-rate in 1903 was exceptionally low, 8.3 per 1,000.

Population.—About 5,000.

Early Closing Day.—Wednesday, 1 o'clock.

Schools.—*Boys'*—St. James's Foundation School, founded for the sons of the clergy, but now open to lay scholars and day boys. Headmaster, Rev. A. F. Retty, M.A.

Preparatory School for Boys: M. C. Hoskins, B.A.

Girls'—Leatherhead Court: Principal, Miss Tullis. Parson's Mead: Principal, Miss Elliston.

For Notes by the Reader.

ENGLISH and FOREIGN PHARMACY.

J. BEETHAM WILSON,

Member of the Pharmaceutical Society.
Licensed Dispenser of Apothecaries' Hall.
Fellow of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers.

95, HIGH STREET, DORKING.

Water and Milk Analyses personally conducted.

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Photographs **Church Walk and Reigate Church.** [*Flint.*

REIGATE and REDHILL,

With Their Surroundings.

BY

T. F. W. HAMILTON

AND

W. HODGSON.

A HANDBOOK FOR RESIDENTS AND VISITORS.

Published under the General Editorship of PRESCOTT ROW, in co-operation with the Corporation of Reigate, by the Homeland Association for the Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain.

REIGATE: C. ALLINGHAM, High Street.
LONDON: THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION, LTD., 22, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

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SECOND EDITION, 1905.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

With a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to the Editor, care of the Homeland Association, Association House, 22, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C., they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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General.—Contracts for the insertion of Advertisements through the whole series of Homeland Handbooks, can also be made.

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The Publisher's Address to the Reader.

THIS little volume is one of the Homeland Handbooks, a series founded in 1897, with a view of providing adequate Guides to localities and districts. They are issued at popular prices, and contain everything likely to interest the intelligent visitor regarding the History, Traditions, Worthies and Antiquities of the neighbourhoods with which they deal.

In each case the book is written by a qualified Author, with special local knowledge.

Other Volumes in the Series likely to interest the reader of this book are as follows :—

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The Homeland Association for the Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain, Association House, 22, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

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"THE KING'S HOMELAND."

"The King's Homeland" By W. A Dutt. With an Introduction by H Rider Haggard. 10/- net. The Homeland Association.

Though not published to the world at large till some time later, this book was completed for presentation to the King on his birthday Issued with His Majesty's sanction, it deals interestingly with Sandringham and that part of North West Norfolk which has for so long been associated with the home life of the Royal Family Mr Dutt has proved himself a competent authority on the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the Homeland Association, under whose auspices the book is published, could hardly have chosen a better writer to deal with the subject. The historic associations of Norfolk are many, if not exactly sensational There is Houghton, for instance, recalling Sir Robert Walpole and his delectable son Horace, and Heacham, with its reminders of the Rolfes and Pocahontas and Captain John Smith To these Mr Dutt fails not to do justice But the greater and more compelling part of the volume relates to Sandringham Mr Rider Haggard, who contributes an introduction, pays a tribute to the King's estate from the agricultural point of view

Of Sandringham as a home Mr Dutt says some pleasant things things which have been said before, but which may be welcomed again.

The Homeland Association, which is doing an admirable work in awakening interest in the local history and natural loveliness of Great Britain, must be congratulated on this particular portion of their enterprise The book is handsomely produced, and Mr Gordon Home's drawings add to its value."

—St James's Gazette.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The historical facts herein recorded are mainly derived from Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey" (3 vols. Folio, 1804-12). This valuable work represents a vast amount of perseverance and industry, bearing evidence of a prolonged course of diligent study extending over a wide field of special research. Brayley's "History of Surrey" (5 vols. 4to, 1844) has been frequently consulted, but the latter work is to a considerable extent founded on Manning and Bray, and it is needless to add that all local publications of subsequent date have freely extracted information from the same source. Reference has also been made to the late Sir Reginald Palgrave's Handbook on Reigate, published in 1860 a work born of the love of the district with which he was so long connected.

Topographical features are described as they were actually seen under favourable conditions.

The archæological details enumerated are in all cases the result of personal observation, aided by the most reliable authorities at present available.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to many whose help and counsel have assisted in compilation and revision, and especially to Dr. Grece, who read the proof-sheets, and has made many valuable suggestions.

T. F. W. H.
W. H.

"Dont's" for Picnic Parties.

The Council of the Selborne Society urgently requests visitors to treat the country they are visiting with the reverence due to natural beauty.

DON'T gather such quantities of wild flowers and ferns that before the day is over you are obliged to throw them away on the road-side. By such gathering you injure the flora of the district, and you take away pleasures from many people who like to see flowers and ferns growing in their native haunts.

DON'T disturb the birds in their breeding season

DON'T litter the places visited with waste papers or torn letters.

DON'T leave empty bottles and other débris of your picnic to vulgarise the spots, the scenery of which you have been enjoying

REIGATE AND REDHILL, WITH THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

CHAPTER I.

The Holmesdale Valley.

The Vale of Holmsdall
Never wonne, ne never shall.

THE romantic and picturesque valley of Holmesdale, early inhabited by a race whose valour and prowess are recorded by the traditional boast quoted above, consists of that narrow tract of fertile country which has the range of the North Downs for its northern limit, and is bounded on the south by the parallel greensand ridge that terminates eastward at Tilburstow Hill, and attains a much greater elevation in Leith Hill, at the opposite extremity. Following these natural frontier lines, it therefore extends from Godstone, on the confines of Kent, to a point midway between Dorking and Guildford. To convey some idea of the general aspect of the Holmesdale of the past, we may quote Camden's brief but graphic description:—"A Valley falling lowe, by little and little, called in times past Holmesdale of the Woods therein, runneth down very pleasant to behold, by reason of the delectable variety of Groves, and Fields, and Meadows. On each side there be prety Hills rising up a great way along the country; Parkes everywhere replenished with Deere; Rivers also full of Fish."

The ancient Roman road, designated Ermyn Street, which commenced, probably, at the *Portus Aduni*, or old Shoreham, and terminated upon the eastern coast of Scotland, threw off many branches in its northward progress. One of these, called Stane or Stone Street, from its solid construction of flints and stones, proceeded from Chichester through Sussex and Surrey to Dorking and Sutton. Connected with this road a minor route quitted Stone Street at Ockley, three miles south of Dorking, and afterwards led in a north-easterly direction over Walton-on-the-Hill towards Sutton. The courses of these "gates," or highways, may be traced by a succession of names indicating the existence of an ancient road, as Newdegate, the "new gate," where it had been repaired; Reigate, or "ridge gate," and Gatton, denoting "the enclosure upon the road."

The great battle of Aclea, at which the predatory Danish forces were defeated by Ethelwulf in 851, has been fixed at Ockley, where the line of Roman road afforded facilities of approach for the victors as well as for the vanquished invaders. After plundering Canterbury and London, the Danes advanced into Surrey, doubtless through the Vale of Holmesdale by way of Gatton. Tradition states that after the signal defeat by the Saxons, the routed army were encountered by the men of Holmesdale from the vantage ground at the western extremity of the Park ridge, and broken into two bands, one of which continuing the flight, is said to have been destroyed at the ford of a stream to the south-east of Gatton, the place still retaining the name of Battlebridge. The other band are supposed to have been destroyed in a field called "Slaughter Wick," in the parish of Leigh. Kimberham, or Timberham, Bridge, anciently "Kill-man Bridge," a point on the Emlyn Stream, the chief feeder of the River Mole, is also mentioned as the scene of an onslaught upon the retreating Danes. The remembrance of these victories no doubt inspired feelings of patriotism and pride among the inhabitants of the Vale, and to some extent justified the defiant attitude assumed in later times.

Reigate in the Middle Ages derived considerable

importance from its proximity to the line of pilgrimage from the west-south-west to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The route followed by the great number of devotees, composed of foreigners, Irish, Welsh, and west countrymen, who, undeterred by difficulty and privation, travelled to Canterbury to register vows and perform homage at this shrine, is clearly indicated in many places, and locally distinguished as the "Pilgrims' Way." Tradition favours the supposition that an ancient line of road, marked out possibly before the advent of the Romans, proceeded along the southern ridge of the North Downs, which extends from Farnham eastward through Surrey into Kent. Foreign pilgrims arriving at the old haven of Hanton, the modern Southampton, may reasonably be supposed to have selected a direct course, which would lead through Farnham and Guildford. The highway thence doubtless passed along the ridge of the North Downs in the direction of Dorking and Reigate. From Albury the line towards the east is in many places discernible, and is still used as an occupation road or bridle-way, its course being indicated by a line of yew trees—"Such a row, more or less continuous, to the north of Brockham and Betchworth, marks the progress of this route in the direction of Reigate, and descends from Pebblecombe Valley in a sloping line down the hillside towards Nutley Lane, the entrance by which the pilgrims gained access to the town" (*Palgrave*). The town for some centuries, presented an animated appearance as the thousands of passing travellers, of all grades and conditions, and in every stage of fanatical excitement and degree of religious fervour, streamed into it by the by-road from Pebblecombe above referred to for the purpose of worshipping at the Chapel dedicated to St. Thomas, which then occupied a site near the old Town Hall, and was eventually dismantled in obedience to the mandate issued by Henry VIII. deposing Becket from his saintship. The continuation of the pilgrim highway eastward into Kent can be traced through Merstham, White Hill, and Tatsfield. At the latter point the yews reappear, after a marked absence

in the line of route between that place and the neighbourhood of Pebblecombe Valley.

From Roman roads and pilgrims' routes to the modern railway is a far cry over a long and eventful period.

The principal lines of railway radiating from Redhill Junction, the centre of the system in this part of the county, coincide approximately with the four cardinal points. The main lines of the South Eastern and Chatham and the Brighton and South Coast Railways, northward, afford direct communication with Croydon and Clapham Junction; and, by an excellent service of fast trains, with the metropolitan stations of Cannon Street, Charing Cross, London Bridge, and Victoria. Westward, through the valley, the South Eastern line proceeds to Dorking, Guildford, Aldershot, and Reading. The main line, and various extensions, of the Brighton and South Coast Railway, into the Weald country, unite this junction with those of Three Bridges and Horsham, and thence give access by more or less direct routes to Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings and St. Leonards. Eastward, along the base of the sand range, the main South Eastern line forms the connection between Reigate and Redhill and the important railway centres of Tonbridge, Tunbridge Wells, and Ashford.

The Hundred of Reygate or Reigate, originally styled the Hundred of Cherchefelle, includes the parishes of Reigate, Betchworth, Buckland, Charlwood, Horley, Newdigate, Leigh, Burstow, Chipstead, Merstham, Gatton, Nutfield, and the Liberty of Kingswood in Ewell. It is bounded on the north by that of Wallington, by those of Copthorne and Wotton on the west, by Tandridge Hundred on the east, and on the south by the Rapes of Lewes and Bramber in Sussex.

The parish and lordship of Reigate contains upwards of 6,000 acres, and formerly comprised the two chief precincts of Reigate Borough, represented by the township, and Reigate Forinsec, or Foreign, which included the districts of Santon, Woodhatch, Colley, Howleigh and Linkfield. Its northern boundaries are Kingswood Liberty, in Ewell, and Gatton Parish; Nutfield is on the eastern borders; the parishes of Horley and Leigh form

Photograph] **The Pilgrim's Way.** [*Frith & Co.*

Where the track diverges towards Reigate.

the southern confines, and Betchworth and Buckland the western. The extent of the present municipal borough coincides with the area of the parish, as did that of the late parliamentary borough when adjusted by the Reform Bill of 1832. When the charter of incorporation was granted, in 1863, the borough was divided into the western and eastern wards, which corresponded approximately with the Reigate and Redhill urban districts; but, in accordance with an Order of Council, six wards are now constituted. The jurisdiction is vested in a mayor, six aldermen, and eighteen councillors.

Reigate occupies a central position in the Hundred which takes its name, as well as in the parliamentary division of Mid-Surrey. The town stands on a bed of fine sand-rock. The white sand procured from this district has long been celebrated, and its extreme purity renders it admirably adapted for the manufacture of the finest qualities of glass, and for the preparation of the grounding of fresco paintings. It is now procured from open pits or quarries, but was formerly excavated from subterranean works, and many of these disused caverns extend to considerable distances under the foundations of the older town dwellings, and in the direction of the Castle mound.

Redhill is of comparatively recent growth, and occupies a pleasant situation, combining sundry manifest advantages, on the northern and eastern slopes of a greensand ridge. and in the adjacent valley. The town has rapidly extended westward from the vicinity of its important railway junction, and is now connected with Reigate by a succession of detached mansions and villas. The census of 1901 gave 25,993 as the population of the parish and co-extensive municipal borough of Reigate, out of which Redhill claims 16,929, including the 642 occupants of Earlswood Asylum, and also those of St. Anne's Asylum.

The commons and wastes connected with the Manor of Reigate are the Wray, Reigate Heath, Redhill and Earlswood Commons, and Peteridge Wood. Redhill and Earlswood Commons were placed under a Board of Conservators in 1884. With a pure bracing atmo-

sphere, a genial climate, an exceptionally dry soil, effective drainage system, and an excellent supply of water, a good market at Redhill, and effective railway communication, the Reigate district possesses all the essential characteristics of a healthy and convenient residential locality.

The scenery of this favoured district exhibits much variety, and affords, in places, striking contrasts, hill and valley, sand, chalk and stone, a great variety of forest and other trees, orchard and meadow, ancient and modern buildings—the latter usually of a good order and picturesque design. The surface of the country is varied and undulating in a marked degree, and scattered among the chalk hills and greensand ridges are many points commanding charming prospects, and some lofty heights which afford very fine views, as, for instance, Reigate Hill and Park, Redhill Common, Tilburstow Hill, Banstead Down, Betchworth Clump, and the more distant Box and Leith Hills near Dorking.

CHAPTER II.

Reigate and its Lords.

REIGATE, at the time of the general survey recorded in Domesday Book, was called Cherchefelle, that is, Churchfield; and it appears to have retained that name until the commencement of the reign of King John, about which time Hamelin, Earl of Warren and Surrey, gave the adowson of the church so styled to the Priory of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark. In the course of the following century, however, we find it referred to as Reygate in the taxation of benefices made by order of Edward I., in 1292; and somewhat earlier, in 1279, we meet with John de Reygate, who undoubtedly derived his name from this place, as one of the itinerant judges of the time.

Reygate, the etymological rendering employed until comparatively recent years, is doubtless deduced from the name given to the castle, erected soon after the Conquest, to overawe the country to the south where the expropriated English had sought refuge, and called, from the way along the chalk-ridge, Ridge-gate, or Reygate, thus superseding the Saxon name, Cherchefelle, or Cherchefeld.

As to the origin of the varied forms of Cherchefeld, Cherchefelle, and Crechefeld, designating the *Field-of-the-Church*, Mr. Salmon suggests, in his "Antiquities of Surrey," that soon after the conversion of the South Saxons to Christianity, some important church was erected in this vale; which circumstance induced settlement in the vicinity for convenience of worship, and hence the name of Church-Field was in due course applied to the inhabited locality. Manning remarks

"that the church or churches so erected were possibly destroyed by the Danes, who overran this county in 851," and evidently no new edifice occupied the site until a much later period, as we find no mention by the Commissioners of the General Survey of the existence of an endowment in this connection. A church beyond all doubt existed here at the time of King John, when Earl Hamelin gave the advowson of Cherchefelle, in conjunction with those of Betchworth and Leigh, to the Priory of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark.

In the Domesday Book it is described as one of the manors pertaining to the Crown. A modern rendering of the entry would read as follows;—"The King holds in demesne Cherchefelle, which had been held by Eddid, the Queen. It was then assessed at 37½ hides; now for the King's work at 34 hides. The arable land is. . . . There are 3 carucates in demesne, and 67 villains and 11 bordars, with 26 caracutes. There are 2 mills at 12*s.* wanting 2*d.*; and 12 acres of meadow. The wood yields 140 swine for pannage, and 43 for herbage. It is now valued at 40*l.*, which is the amount it yields."*

From this precise and interesting record we gather that the manor formed a portion of the royal settlement made by the Confessor in favour of his Queen, Edith, and was then rated as 3,750 acres. When the Conqueror held possession at the time of the survey, it was returned as containing 3,400 acres liable to State charges and feudal obligations. We further learn that the King actually occupied 300 acres of the demesne proper, and that his tenants, consisting of 67 villains and 11 bordars, held the remaining 2,600 acres included therein. As the lord's portion was a tenth of the produce, we may assume

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*NOTE:—A Hide = An uncertain number of acres, supposed to be 120. Sufficient for the work of the plough.
A Carucate = The amount of land that one team of eight oxen would plough in a season.
A Villain = An important and typical tenant in villainage or serfdom, who usually held a quarter hide or virgato of land—30 acres.
A Bordar = Cottage tenant holding about five acres
Pannage = Harvest of acorns.
Herbage = Pasturage.

that the fat and lean herds of swine numbered respectively 1,400 and 430. The meadow is said to contain 12 acres, but the quantity of arable is not specified. The rental of the two mills represented about 35*l.* 10*s.* of our present currency; and, lastly, we observe that the reputed value and actual annual return of the demesne would be equivalent to about 2,000*l.* in our day.

Some authorities suppose that William, the first Earl of Warren and Surrey, who was son-in-law of the Conqueror, held the manor from the date of the Norman Conquest, as a grant from the Crown, but the distinct record of Domesday proves it to have been in royal possession twenty years later. The earliest authentic evidence available has reference to the gift of the advowson of this benefice by Earl Hamelin at the beginning of King John's reign, which circumstance clearly indicates that he was then the possessor of the manor. We may probably infer with some degree of certainty that Reigate was granted by William Rufus to Earl William, and that Hamelin, as his son and heir, acquired the estate by right of inheritance.

A second Earl William, son of Hamelin, is mentioned by Dugdale as having held the manoral demesnes, which descended to his son John, who died in 1347. This Earl of Warren and Surrey left no lawful issue, in consequence of which the family inheritance devolved on Richard, the son of his sister Alice and Edmund Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel. Thomas, Earl of Arundel, died without children in 1415, when his estates were shared by his three sisters, and Elizabeth, the eldest, wife of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, became possessed of the manor of Reigate.

Before proceeding further, it may be mentioned incidentally that, in 1279, Edward I. instituted a Court of Assize for the purpose of inquiring into the various titles of persons who occupied lands originally pertaining to the Crown; apparently with the object of obtaining forfeiture of those estates where insufficient evidence of ownership was forthcoming, or of imposing considerable fines for the renewal of their charter deeds. John de Reygate is referred to as one of the justices so com-

missioned, before whom, in due course, John de Warren, seventh Earl of Surrey, was cited to appear, and establish the validity of his claim to the several extensive demesnes held. "Therefore," we are told, "being called afore the Justices aboute this matter, he appeared, and being asked by what right he held his landes? He sodenly drawing forth an olde rustie sword, 'By this instrument (sayde he) doe I holde my landes. Our ancestors comming into this Realme with William the Conqueror, conquered theyr landes with the sworde, and wyth the same will I defende me from all those that shall be aboute to take them from me; he did not make a conqueste of this Realme alone, our progenitors were with him as participators and helpers.'" We have no reason to doubt an immediate and successful result from this bold appeal.

On the failure of male issue in the Mowbray family, the Reigate estates were again divided among the descendants of the four daughters of Elizabeth, Duchess of Norfolk. Margaret, one of the co-heiresses, married Sir Richard Howard, ancester of the ducal family of Howard. Her sister, Isabella, became wife of James, Lord Berkeley; and their son William, as Marquis of Berkeley, re-leased his fourth part of the manor of Reigate to his cousin, Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The son and heir of the latter nobleman was Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who was attainted just before the death of Henry VIII., when all his estates were forfeited to the Crown.

The moiety of Reigate, with the moiety of Howleigh in its parish, and some other estates held by the Crown, were granted by Edward VI. to William, Lord Howard of Effingham. Charles, his famous son, who commanded the English fleet against the Armada, and subsequently became Earl of Nottingham, left a daughter as sole heiress, who inherited the Priory demesne; but the manorial estate was settled by Lord Nottingham, as a jointure, on his second wife. This lady subsequently married Richard Monson, afterwards created Viscount Castlemaine, in Ireland, and who thus became tenant of one moiety of the manor in right of his wife, and who purchased the other moiety, comprising also two of the original shares, from the trustees of

Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, in 1628. The former was one of the judges before whom Charles I. was arraigned, and when the Restoration took place he was degraded and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and his estates were confiscated. Hence, the fee-simple of one moiety of the manor of Reigate, and Lord Monson's life interest in the other, were escheated to the Crown.

The manor was granted to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., about 1662; and he held it entire until 1672, when John Goodwin is found associated with him as joint lord. That gentleman had doubtless purchased the reversion of the moiety after the death of Lord Monson, which had now taken place. His estate passed to Deane Goodwin, who represented Reigate in Parliament from 1678 to 1681; and after James ascended the throne he acquired the moiety of the manors of Reigate and Howleigh from the Goodwin family for the sum of £4000.

In consequence of the abdication of James II., the entire manor came into the possession of his successor, William III., who in 1697 granted it to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Jekyll, his heirs and assigns, in fee and common socage, at a rent of 6s. 8d. a year. Some accounts state that the grant of the manor of Reigate was made to Lord Somers* at that date, when he became Lord Chancellor of England and was elevated to the peerage as Baron Somers of Evesham, but his name does not appear upon the Patent Rolls in this connection. The grant was actually made to Mr. Jekyll, who married Lord Somers' sister, probably as his trustee, since we find that courts were held in that nobleman's name, and after his decease in those of his sisters.

Of Lord Somers it has been said by Walpole that he was "one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly." Traditional accounts of him,

* The original spelling of this family name was Sommers, but the Lord Chancellor, in legal fashion, dropped one of the letters and wrote his name Somers. The custom was followed by his descendants, who eventually omitted the sign.

the historians of the last age, and its best authors, represent him as the most uncorrupt lawyer and the honestest statesman; as a master-orator, a genius of the finest taste, and a patriot of the noblest and most extensive views; as a man who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity, but his abuse of the great seal should not be forgotten.

The manor descended, on the death of Lady Jekyll, in 1785, to her nephew, John Cocks, and the title of Baron Somers of Evesham was revived in the person of Charles Cocks, his nephew, in 1784. He was succeeded in 1806 by his son, John Somers Cocks, who was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Eastnor and Earl Somers in 1821. Lady Henry Somerset, the daughter and heiress of his grandson, the third earl, is the present owner of the demesne and the lady of the manor.

The characteristic quaintness of Camden's description in some measure compensates for deficiency of precise details: —"Rhiegate, carrying a greater shew for largenesse than faire buildings, hath on the South side a Parke thicke sette with faire groves, wherein the right Noble Charles Earle of Nottingham, Baron of Effingham and Lord Admirall of England hath a House, where the Earles of Warren and Suthrey hath founded a prety Monasterie. On the East side standeth a Castle mounted aloft, now forlorne, and for age ready to fall."

The town of Reigate gave the title of baron to the Earls of Peterborough. It was formerly a parliamentary borough, and was constituted a municipal one in 1863. The privilege to hold weekly markets was conceded to it by a charter granted in 1313 by Edward II. at the suit of John, Earl of Warren. When James, Duke of York, held the manor, a further charter, instituting monthly cattle markets, was conferred by Charles II. in 1673. The latter were discontinued many years ago, and a recent attempt to revive them did not prove successful. The borough returned its first representatives to the parliament assembled in the twenty-third year of the reign of Edward I., and had two members until the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, when it was restricted to one. It was strictly a nomination borough under the

control of Earls Hardwicke and Somers, who possessed nearly all the burgage freeholds out of a total of scarcely two hundred; and the elections were determined by a few parchment voters. Under the Reform Act, the right of election was extended to the entire parish, with a length of nearly four miles and a breadth of upwards of two, and yet in 1844, when Brayley wrote his "History of Surrey," the registered electors were only 174 in number, and the political influence exercised by Earl Somers remained paramount. The last member for this by no means model constituency was Mr. Granville W. G. Leveson-Gower, who was elected in 1865. He was unseated on petition in the following year, when the writ was suspended; and by the Reform Bill passed in 1868 the borough was disfranchised.

CHAPTER III.

Describes Reigate Castle.

THE Castle of Reigate was situated without the *old* parliamentary borough and within the poor-law parish of Reigate Foreign, and on the north side of the principal street of the town. Little is known concerning the ancient history of this fortress, but there is no doubt that it was one of a chain of such castles erected for the purpose of keeping in check the expropriated English who had retreated into the forest district of the Weald on being ousted of their possessions by the Norman invaders. The most reliable sources of information at present available would induce us to abscribe its origin to some of the earlier Earls of Warren and Surrey, who, on acquiring estates in the county, made Reigate their principal residence.

Some writers, however, assert that whatever they erected was built on the site of a much more ancient fortress of Saxon construction; while others, having regard to the pointed character of existing subterranean vaults, refuse to assign for it an earlier date than the latter part of the twelfth, or the commencement of the thirteenth century. The ground plan would indeed suggest the idea of its having been the original site of a Roman fort; and, considering the advantages and importance of the situation, it is not improbable that in later times it formed one of a chain of fortified posts commanding the vicinal or cross road, which may still be traced from Ightham in Kent to Farnham in Surrey, and known as the "Pilgrims' Way."

Whatever may have been its origin it is certain that under the Earls of Warren Reigate Castle was of considerable note, and constituted one at least of the chief seats of their barony in England. William, Earl of Warren and Surrey, by whom it was held in the time of King John, is the first of his family mentioned by Dugdale as its owner. Dugdale, however, acknowledges his title to have been derived from his earliest ancestors. This earl appears to have been one of the lords who were at first disposed to support King John in his contest with the barons, who afterwards reluctantly joined the confederacy against him, but used their influence in his favour at the council of Runnymede in 1215, and who finally prevailed upon the King to sign the Great Charter. This wavering policy is supposed to have occasioned him the temporary loss of the castle, which in the meantime is said to have fallen into the possession of Louis, Dauphin of France, soon after he landed in England in the following year.

The castle seems to have been allowed to lapse into a state of ruin, though at what period has not been accurately ascertained. It was probably during the wars of the Roses that it was dismantled, the introduction of gunpowder rendering it untenable. In the survey taken in the reign of James I., it is presented as follows:—"Sir Roger James holdeth, from year to year, at will of the lords, the site of the Castle of Reygate, with the Warren and Lodge there, called the Castle Warren, worth, together with the profit of the Connyes there, X *l.*" And, again, "That the Lords of this house have a decayed Castle, with a very small house and a Connie Warren belonging thereto, now in the occupation of Sir Roger James."

The dilapidated condition here indicated was not, apparently, of such an extreme nature as to render it worthless for purposes of defence, as we find that the House of Commons, in 1648, considered it expedient to issue instructions to its Derby-house Committee, enjoining that assembly "to take care of it, and to put it into such a condition that no use might be made of it to the endangering of the peace of the kingdom." We have no means

[Photograph] **In the Castle Grounds.** [Flint.

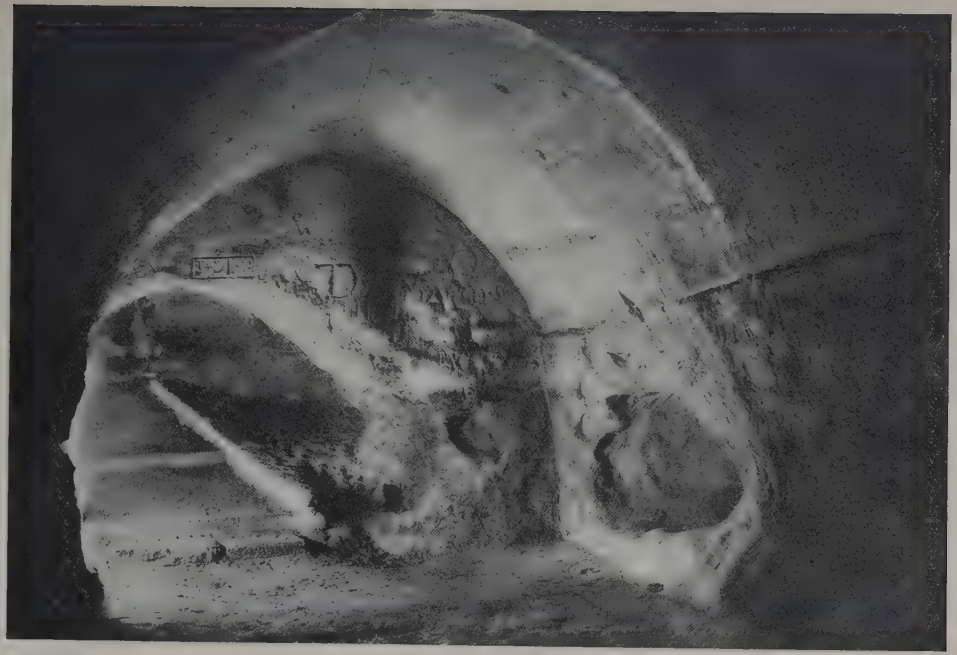
of determining the manner in which this order was executed, or to what extent it was carried out, but the castle is supposed to have been demolished at that time, although some remnant of the outer walls existed within a comparatively recent period. Before concluding this fragmentary history, it may be remarked that in a document of the time of Henry VIII. mention is made of the Constable of the Castle of Reigate, and that French coins are said to have been discovered in the moat.

The site of the castle comprises an oval mound of about two acres in extent, and upwards of fifty feet above the general level of the town, completely surrounded by a dry fosse of considerable breadth and depth. At some distance from this, on the north side, the remains of a moat, now converted into an ornamental sheet of water, may be observed extending into adjoining residential property. A reference to the ground plan contained in Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey" shows that a considerable proportion of the area formerly included has been enclosed for private occupation. That portion adjacent to the town, and embracing the actual site of the central stronghold, now reserved for public recreation and carefully laid out as a garden, is holden by the corporation of Reigate, under a lease granted by the late Earl Somers at a nominal rent.

Entrance to the castle grounds may be had from the south by a passage from High Street, or on the opposite side by a gate in the old London Road; and a footpath across a meadow eastward affords a direct means of approach from the Reigate Road. Access to the elevated mound or platform, constituting the foundation of the original keep and its precincts, is obtained by ascending a path leading up the south-eastern side of the embankment of the fosse, and proceeding under an arched gateway, erected in 1777 by the then owner, a Mr. Barnes Attorney-at-Law, at the point where in all probability the ancient drawbridge spanned the fosse. It is also approached on the north side by a gravel walk up a gentle incline. Here we see a beautiful lawn enclosed by a hedge, and surrounded by flower beds. In the grounds beneath, some choice specimens of conifers may be observed under the shadow of the elms.

We are informed that a temporary structure, corresponding in style with the original design of the fortress, formerly stood on the lawn, but was removed several years ago. In the centre, however, and presumably in the position occupied by the keep of feudal days, a pyramid of stones, of modern construction and overgrown with ivy, indicates the former entrance to the remarkable series of caverns. The descent here of about eighteen feet was by a flight of steps, into a tunnelled way, protected by an encasement of brick and stone work; and from the point thus reached an abruptly inclined passage, more than 200 feet in length, terminated in a chamber, supposed by Manning to have been used in primitive times as a dungeon. This entrance, believed to have been the original one, is no longer utilised; and access to the caves is now to be had at the opposite extremity of the passage, where, in the western curve of the dry fosse, a gate, attached to a rustic porch, admits to a few steps leading under an archway directly into the chamber already referred to.

Having been accommodated with lights, and provided with a guide in the person of the custodian and gardener, we will duly commence an exploration of the underground works. Immediately after exchanging the bright sunshine and the soft green terraces outside for the gloom of the subterranean recesses now entered, we are conducted into a spacious gallery or crypt on the left of the passage, having a length of nearly 150 feet, and a somewhat irregular termination, with a semicircular seat, constructed of stone combined with bricks carefully cemented. This chamber, called the "Barons' Cave," has a pointed roof twelve feet in height, springing from a well-defined cornice, and appears to have been finished with more care than other parts of the excavation. Local tradition asserts that occasional secret consultations of the barons opposed to King John were held here before the famous meeting at Runnymede; but it is perhaps unnecessary to point out that well-authenticated historical records of that period afford abundant evidence of the extreme improbability of any such conferences having occurred at this castle, which, more-



Photograph] **The Caves in the Sandstone under Reigate Castle.** [*Frith & Co.*

over, belonged to a nobleman disposed to favour the king's pretensions. In ordinary times it most likely served as a repository for treasure and military stores.

Retracing our steps to the passage, and proceeding in the direction of the disused entrance previously alluded to, we notice some rude but clever carvings in the sandstone and then approach another apartment, of about thirty feet in length, known as the "Guard-room," which possibly may have been in early times occupied as such; although the fact of its not being indicated in the old maps has occasioned some doubt as to its antiquity. A feature of the vaultings throughout the caverns is the pointed nature of the arch, and all have been hewn out of the solid rock, which, however, is of a soft nature, and a peculiarly fine composition. It will be observed that the chambers and passages afford no indication of damp, and the air seems remarkably free from any impurity.

When we consider the elevation of the castle grounds and the porous nature of the subsoil, it will at once appear evident that some expedient must have been devised to render the moat impervious. In 1813, during the progress of surface excavations, a lining of clay, about eighteen inches in thickness, was discovered.

Within the Castle precincts as the evening shadows betoken the close of a calm summer day, we may wander in perfect enjoyment of the surroundings, and it will require no unusual strain upon the imagination to vividly picture the old fortress of feudal times, and to people it with inmates whose manners and modes of life were very far removed from those which now obtain.

CHAPTER IV.

Describes the Priory and Park.

THE Priory of Reigate was situated in the portion of the parish known as Santon, and occupied a beautiful position immediately adjoining the town on the south. It was founded by William de Warren, Earl of Surrey, and son of Earl Hamelin, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and the Holy Cross, and was served by a prior and a few regular canons of the order of St. Augustine. The historians Speed and Reyner call it the house of the Crutched Friars, probably because of its dedication to the Holy Cross; and Stevens, a later writer, gives 1245 as the date of its foundation; but William de Warren, the undoubted founder of the priory, died in 1240, and the religious order referred to did not arrive in England till 1244.

The Priory manor, originally forming a part of the possessions of the Earls of Warren, was held under the baronial manor of Reigate "by service of one-fourth part of a knight's fee." The revenues of the fraternity, whose house stood a few yards south of the present edifice, were not at any time considerable. In the survey of the manor of Reigate, made in the twenty-first year of the reign of James I., it is stated that there was here "a faire pond well stored with fish, and a small breed of hearons." The pond still remains, and in all probability representatives of the fish, but the "hearons" have long since disappeared.

The subjoined extract, from a charge given by Sir John Thurland at a Court Baron of Elizabeth, Countess of

Peterborough, held at Reigate in 1644, is of some interest in this connection :—

"In the time of Henry III. there came here into England certain Friers with a bull from Pope Innocent III., purporting the creating of a new order of Friers, called Friers of the Holy Crosse, for that their badge was *gerere cruces in baculis*. At their first coming all the Monastic Orders, as well as the Benedictines, &c., and the rest of the Monks of England, did oppose their settling here in England, pretending that the Pope had formerly decreed against the creating new orders of Friers, as very prejudicial to the more ancient orders, for that the people, being commonly in love with novelties, were more addicted to these new orders than to support the ancient. At length, by the power of Earl Warren, then Lord of this Manor, they were at first planted here at Reigate and at Guilford, and so he first endowed them, and gave them parcel of the demesnes of this Maner, first for their habitation, and then for their support . . . In success of time this Prior grew to be considerable in revenews, having in possession two Mannors, Southwicke and Westhumble, and two impropriations, Dorking and Capell, and the Advowson of Mickleham In service good store, in demesnes very wealthy. Now it was ripe for the sickle, and then comes the Statute of 27 Henry VIII., and dissolves this Monastery, and settles it in the Crown, and from thence it is derived by conveyance and succession unto this honourable Lady."

As this gentleman subsequently became a Baron of the Exchequer, we may assume that his legal acumen exceeded his historical accuracy; at all events, the "sickle" did not here gather the abundant harvest his statement would lead us to infer.

The first prior of whom mention is made was appropriately named Adam, was installed about 1298, and we are informed that under his rule two citizens of London became munificent benefactors when they assumed the religious habit. The last of his sixteen successors was John Lymden, elected in 1530. After Prior Lymden had held office for five years the establishment was suppressed in accordance with an enactment of Parliament, which granted to the king all religious houses whose annual revenues did not exceed £200. The prior obtained a yearly pension of £10, which, it is recorded, he continued to receive in 1553.

The site of the priory was granted in 1541 to Lord William Howard, afterwards Lord Howard of Effingham, and father of the great admiral of Armada fame, in

exchange for the Middlesex Rectory of Tottenham. Charles, third Earl of Peterborough, who succeeded to the ownership in 1675, sold the Priory estate soon after to Sir John Parsons, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London; and the executors of Humphrey Parsons, his son and successor, again disposed of the property in 1766 to Richard Ireland. The present mansion, called Reigate Priory, which occupies a portion of the old site and precincts, was erected by Mr. Ireland in 1779, when an earlier edifice, built by Lord William Howard, was to a large extent demolished. It is a handsome structure

Photograph] **Chimney-Piece in the Hall of the Priory.** *[Robinson & Son.*

and contains some well-proportioned apartments; but the most notable internal feature is undoubtedly the finely designed and elaborately carved chimney-piece in the hall. The principal portion of it is said to have been transferred hither from Nonsuch Palace, Ewell, when the older Priory house was erected by Lord William

Howard after the dissolution of the monasteries. Evelyn, however, asserts that it was taken from the Manor House of Henry VIII. at Bletchingley.

The beautiful grounds surrounding the house, and extending to about seventy-six acres, are tastefully laid out and contain some very fine timber. About the beginning of the last century this pleasant seat came, by purchase, into the possession of the family of Lord Somers; and Lady Henry Somerset, the present owner, and daughter of the late earl, is well known as an active promoter of various philanthropic measures and benevolent schemes.

We must not omit to mention that James II., when Duke of York, resided at the Priory, as did the Rev. John Foxe, of martyrology fame, at an earlier time, in the capacity of tutor to a youthful member of the Norfolk family, and that the renowned Archbishop Usher died here in 1656.

Reigate Park constitutes a part of the original demesne of the manor, and contains about 150 acres. It is situated on the south side of the borough, and may be reached from the Town Hall by proceeding down Bell Street, passing under the shadow of the stately old trees of the Priory estate, and ascending the rise of Cockshot Hill, to a swing-gate on the right, opposite a mansion appropriately named Parkgate. Several pathways lead up a gentle incline, and southward extends undulating pasture sheltered by fine oaks and beeches. These enclosed grounds, evidently formed in early times a portion of the park property, and exhibit every characteristic of the neighbourhood, being broken into hill and valley and well wooded, and abounding in wild flowers, and ferns during the summer months. Beyond, the Priory is observed, with its lawns, gardens, and shrubberies. Glancing backward as a slight eminence is approached, a pretty view in miniature is afforded, with the chalk downs and Gatton Park as a background. Here a path leads northward, opening up a delightful vista, and presenting a new view of the Priory and its surroundings; another on the left conducts to the village of South Park. Both, however, are to be avoided on the present occasion.

Photograph. ***View of Reigate Priory from the Park.*** *[Robinson & Son*

The North Downs in the back-ground.

Directing our way through a group of lofty chestnuts and pines, and diverging slightly to the right, we ascend a sharp rise and emerging upon the crest, find ourselves at the eastern termination of a ridge, extending for upwards of half a mile, and carpeted with beautiful soft, yielding turf. On the northern side are a succession of glens studded with oaks, beeches, birches, and other trees. The valley beneath is bounded by the grounds of the Priory estate, which materially contribute to its beauty. To the south, the more abrupt slopes of the ridge are clothed with gorse and ferns, interspersed with clumps of trees, and terminate westward in a copse of sturdy oaks.

Here charming prospects are presented in all directions. Southward, we are afforded a magnificent view over the Weald extending in all its varying beauty and changing hues to the distant South Downs, bounded on the east by the uplands of Kent, and spreading westward to the spur which terminates conspicuously in Leith Hill. On the east, over Redhill, we see the outline of the north downs extending into the adjoining county. Turning northward, looking over the trees in the Priory grounds, we have the historic Vale of Holmesdale in the immediate foreground, and Reigate and its suburbs appear amidst a wealth of fine timber, eminently suggestive of a new town arising out of some ancient forest. The alternating shades, mingled hues, and endless contrasts of wall, gable, and roof, reflecting the glistening rays of a brilliant noonday sun, combine to form a lovely picture, in which the green of the castle mound, the clear outline of the spire of St. Mark's Church, and the tower of the parish church form prominent features. Beyond the valley, and bounding our horizon, is the ridge of the downs, clothed with a network of plantations and woods, reaching to, and extending along, the summit. Directing our attention westward, over Reigate Heath to the valley, where Dorking—the next important town of the district—stands, we lose sight of the extension of the North Downs over the crests of intervening wooded heights.

The fragmentary facts of the early history of our

immediate surroundings, as derived from the few records available, require but a brief recital. In the survey of 1622 it is said that "the Old Park is well stored with timber trees, and well replenished with deer." Some vestiges of the former still remain; but, as may be expected, no trace whatever of the latter. About 1635 it was disparked by Lord Monson, who then held possession of the manor, and the trees were cut down. Lord

Reigate Heath.

Monson is supposed to have at the same time denuded Earlswood Common, the Wray, and Peteridge Wood of their abundant timber;* and we are told that "instead of trees, he filled them with rabbits, to the great annoyance and damage of the commoners." The latter united for

* This supposition is a doubtful one, as the wastes referred to have every appearance of having always been such. Wood = wold.

the purpose of offering effective resistance, but we are not informed of the result of their combined action; however, warrens have not existed in recent years. Apparently, Australia has not been the first country to experience a plague of rabbits, nor Ireland the only place where agrarian difficulties occur; moreover, there were no enlightened statesmen prepared to introduce Ground Game Acts in those days.

As we proceed westward over the ridge, the scene in that direction expands and increases in variety and interest; whilst the view on the opposite side becomes obstructed by the intervention of our former point of observation. A seat has been placed at the eastern extremity, under a group of old sycamores, and another at the western, under a corresponding cluster of chestnuts; and, from the latter position, a path conducts the pedestrian into Park Lane, which enters the town close by the modern entrance to the Priory.

CHAPTER V.

A Perambulation of Reigate, with Notes upon the Parish Church.

THE town of Reigate consists of two principal streets, High Street, extending due west from the old Town Hall, and Bell Street, proceeding almost directly south. They unite at the Market Place, which occupies a rectangular space, having the old Town Hall on the west, and the White Hart Hotel in Bell Street on the opposite side. On the south, in High Street, is the Swan Inn, records relating to which as remote as 1542 are in existence; and on the north side is situated the handsome modern building occupied conjointly by the Capital and Counties Bank and the Reigate Constitutional Club. The latter contains an excellent reading-room, spacious billiard and card-rooms, and library. Of the many caves excavated in the sandrock beneath the dwellings in this locality, the largest and most interesting, extending to upwards of 100 feet in length, and lighted by gas, may be entered from the basement of the club premises.

The ancient Market Place was at the west end of the town, where Nutley Lane joins High Street at the entrance of the old London Road. The site, beneath which exists a vault or crypt ribbed with freestone, is still recognised as the "Owlde Market Place." About the time of the Reformation the market was removed to its present position at the opposite end of the town, and a chapel, which had been dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and frequented by pilgrims travelling by the

adjacent route over the downs, was then used as a market house; and, moreover, as the assizes were formerly held in the borough, this chapel was also used as a court of justice.

The old Town Hall, a plain red brick building, was erected about the year 1708; and in 1801, on the removal of an old structure which stood on the east side, the workmen came upon some remains of the original foundation of the chapel, which were removed; at the same time a clock was placed in the turret of the Town Hall. A short distance southward from the White Hart Hotel in Bell Street stood a chapel, dedicated to St. Lawrence, the walls and roof of which were entire in 1804, having been converted into a dwelling-house, and a portion still remains. On the north side of High Street, towards the west, was a third chapel, dedicated to the Holy Cross.

Proceeding westward, through High Street, our attention is at first arrested by the handsome façade of the building occupied by the London and County Bank, on the south side. Situated a short distance beyond is the Public Hall, erected in 1861. The principal hall will accommodate 500 persons, and the basement comprises the reading and other rooms of the Literary Society, which was established in 1837, and possesses a large library. Close by stands the Congregational Church, erected in 1831, enlarged and added to in 1869. The Wesleyan Chapel, a few yards farther on, on the same side, is in the Romanesque style, and was built in 1884.

Approaching the site of the original Market Place, we arrive at a point where West Street, Nutley Lane, Park Lane, and the London Road converge with High Street. At the termination of the narrow streets proceeding westward we remark some ancient timbered houses, and looking southward down Park Lane, the handsome lodge buildings and entrance gates of the Priory are seen. Turning to the north, and following the curved course of the old London Road, we pass the National Schools on the left, and soon after arrive, on our right, at the entrance to the Castle grounds, and of the adjoining residence known as Castle Keep. Continuing

Photograph] **Municipal Buildings, Reigate.** [*Frith & Co.*

northward, over the level crossing at the railway station, we approach a growing residential district. The road in front is bordered on each side by a succession of villas and mansions, surrounded by gardens and ornamental grounds. Several somewhat similar highways branch off in easterly and westerly directions, the former leading to Wray Park and Common, and the most prominent of those diverging westward is Somers Road, where the High School for Girls, in connection with the Church Schools Company, is situated.

An avenue on our right leads to St. Mark's Church, erected by subscription in 1860. It consists of a chancel, nave of five bays, aisles, transepts, a north porch, and a tower, surmounted by a spire, and containing a clock and three bells. The living is a vicarage, in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester. This ecclesiastical parish was constituted at the time of building the church from outlying portions of the civil parishes of Reigate and Buckland.

Returning to the Market Place from the railway station by the direct road, we pass the Moat House on the right, and can then visit the new Municipal Buildings, of which the foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Francis Edward Barnes, J.P., C.C., the Mayor of the town, on 19th September, 1900. They occupy a position in a wide road, cut at the time of their erection, across the meadow known as Castle Fields to the east of the tunnel, and which connects Church Street and the London Road by a double curve.

The Buildings are of red brick with stone dressings, and consist of a well appointed Fire Station, the Offices of the various Municipal Departments, the Police Station, and Justice Rooms. There is ample facility for extension should such be necessary. The present building cost, complete, more than £25,000.

We can now either proceed directly into Church Street by the new road, or pass through the tunnel by the direct Coach Road, and turn eastward, and arriving at the end of the Croydon Road on the left, Chart Lane on the other side of the way, conducts us to the parish church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, which, dating

from the twelfth century, is built of the native firestone, and consists of a chancel with north and south chapels, a nave of five bays, aisles, a south porch, and an embattled western tower containing a fine peal of ten bells, the largest of which (E flat) weighs over a ton. The peal has a chiming attachment. The pillars of the nave belong to the Transition-Norman period, but the greater portion of the present edifice is in the Perpendicular style. When the chancel and chapels were restored in 1845, an interesting reredos of the Late Decorated period was discovered on removing some woodwork behind the altar. The vestry, built about the same time as the chancel, probably between 1450 and 1500, was added to in the early part of the sixteenth century. The nave, renovated and reseated in 1858, was further restored with the aisles and tower in 1874-78, under the direction of Sir G. Gilbert Scott, at a cost of nearly £8,000. On the south side of the sanctuary are three sedilia, and adjoining them is a piscina, another being in the south chancel chapel. There are several beautiful painted windows, chiefly erected as memorials.

The vestry referred to is a monument of bad taste in every way. We gather from an inscription in Latin appearing over the door that one John Skinner expended monies on its erection amounting in all to less than £20, which in pre-Reformation days would have been devoted to payment for masses for the souls of his parents and four other persons.

The Parochial Library was founded in 1701 by the Rev. Andrew Cranston, the then vicar, with the assistance of Mr. John Evelyn, Sir John Parsons, Mr. Speaker Onslow, Sir John Thurland, and other donors. It contains more than 1,700 volumes, with some MSS. and specimens of early printing, and is housed in a room over the vestry, having been removed there from its former position in the tower. The first vicar of whom any records are preserved was Edward de Dorking, appointed in 1311. The register dates from 1546.

Charles, second Lord Howard of Effingham, of Armada fame, who subsequently became Earl of

Nottingham, lies buried in the vault of the Howard family on the south side of the chancel. One of the most prominent figures in the eventful period in which he lived, he entered the service of the state in the year following Queen Elizabeth's accession, at the age of 23, being sent to Paris as ambassador. In twenty-six years he was Chamberlain of the Royal Household and Lord High Admiral of England. He presided over the court which tried and condemned Mary Queen of Scots, and in 1588 led the English fleet in the dispersal of the great Armada. He captured Cadiz in 1596, and three years later was entrusted with the supreme command both on land and sea. His was the ear that received his queen's last wishes as to the succession, and at the accession of James of Scotland to the English throne he held the office of High Constable of England. It may perhaps be considered that one of his bravest acts was his resistance to Elizabeth's wishes to disband the fleet after the first departure from Lisbon of the Spanish expedition, and its dispersal by tempest. He stubbornly resisted her wishes, and asked leave to keep them in commission at his own expense. Events justified his action. Until 1888, the tercentenary of the defeat of the Armada, no record or monument existed in the church recording that the great sailor rested in the vault. In that year a brass was placed in the chancel. The lead coffin beneath bears the following inscription: "Heare lyeth the body of Charles Howarde, Earl of Nottinghame, Lorde High Admyrall of Englande, Generall of Queene Elizabethe's Navy Royall att Sea agaynst the Spanyard's invinsable Navy, in the year of our Lord 1588; who departed this life att Haling Howse, the 14 daye of December, in ye yeare of our Lorde 1624, Ætatis sve 87."

The elaborate memorial in the north chancel to Richard Ladbroke, of Frenches, who died in 1730, which was erected at a cost of £1,500, is hidden by the organ, and must be sought after. The taste of former generations, as here extravagantly displayed, may fail to be appreciated. The monument at the east end, with a pillared canopy, contains recumbent figures in white

marble of Sir Thomas Bludder, of Flanchford Place, and his wife, who died within a week of each other in 1618. The effigies of Richard Elyot and his son, who lived at the Lodge, and died respectively in 1609 and 1612, are also in the north chancel, and a kneeling figure of Katherine, the daughter, who died in 1623, occupies a niche in the south chancel; whilst a brass to the memory of Elizabeth Thurland, sister and co-heiress of the first named, is placed in the centre of the chancel floor. A brass tablet on the south pier of the chancel arch commemorates the late vicar, the Rev. J. N. Harrison, who died in 1901. In the churchyard, to which the cemetery is attached, an obelisk has been erected to Baron Maseres, who formerly resided at the Barons, and died in 1824; and a large monument of excellent design and skilful workmanship, denotes the resting-place of Rebecca, wife of Mr. Walter Blanford Waterloo, of High Trees.

Mr. Ridgway, the historian of the locality, relates one curious and, to us, scandalous occurrence which took place about the middle of the 18th century, and which will serve to show the condition of church life in many of our country parishes at that period.

A certain Canon Poole, of St. Paul's Cathedral, held office in Reigate for two years (1738-40), and, being "very fond of company and drinking. One *Sunday*, after Divine service in the afternoon, he came to the Swan Inn, with his black gown on, and got quite tipsy. He quarrelled with one of the company, and went out into the street, and, stripping off his gown, threw it down and said, 'Lay thou there, Divinity, till I have beat this man!'"

A walk or lane leading westward from the approach to the church tower, between the boundaries of Cherchefelle and Sunnyside, enters Church Street near the Barons, and a branch path on the left conducts to the southern extremity of Bell Street. Following the continuation of Chart Lane, we soon reach the Drill Hall and Armoury of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment. From this point westward to Cockshot Hill, in a district known as Lesbourne Lands, an assemblage of comfortable dwellings, chiefly occupied

by tradesmen and artisans, line several parallel and transverse streets. Selecting Glover's Road as our line of route, we enter Parkgate Street at its termination, and follow a direct course until we reach the entrance to Reigate Park, in the London and Brighton road, and on the northern incline of Cockshot Hill. Turning towards the town we have the grounds of the Priory on our left, and we enter Bell Street, observing on the west side the General Post Office, a handsome modern building, and arrive at the White Hart Hotel in the market place, concluding our tour of inspection.

CHAPTER VI.

Describes the Town of Redhill.

THE town of Redhill evidently derived its name from the ridge of red-tinted sand, partly comprised in the Common. The earliest recorded reference to Redhill, as applied to this eminence, appears to be in connection with a Royalist insurrectionary movement headed by the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Peterborough, in 1648. The insurgents marched from Kingston, in Surrey, to Reigate, and obtained possession of the town and castle, but were defeated by a detachment of Parliamentary cavalry, under the command of Major Audeley, which had been stationed at Redhill. There are extant two letters of instruction, dated 1659, and addressed by Lieutenant-General Fleetwood to Major Audeley, relative to some apprehended Royalist disturbances in the vicinity of Redhill, at the time when the waning influence and declining power of the Commonwealth revived the aspirations of the monarchical party, and favoured restoration enterprises.

The urban district includes portions of the old Reigate manors of Redstone, Frenches, Linkfield and Howleigh, or, as now rendered, Hooley. Apart from the farmhouse, inn, and adjacent cottages, which constituted the diminutive hamlet of Linkfield Street, the manor houses of the estates mentioned, some small cottages in Linkfield Lane, a few others adjoining Earlswood Common, the old farmhouse at High Trees, and another near Wray Common, were the only residences in the locality within

a comparatively recent space of time. The London and Brighton Railway, with local stations at Hooley, and at Battlebridge, near Merstham, was opened in 1841; and the subsequent extensions eastward to Dover and westward to Reading, of the South Eastern Company, necessitated a railway junction at Redhill, and the construction of a new highway communication. In 1846 building enterprises were manifestly stimulated by the conversion of a considerable quantity of land, belonging to Lady Warwick into suitable residential sections, and houses began to be erected in Warwick Road, Station Road, High Street, and Grove Road. The first dwellings of any importance on these several sites were built in Station Road, opposite where St. Matthew's Church is now situated and the newly populated district was for some time designated Warwick Town; but in process of time local association so influenced popular methods of nomenclature that the rapidly developed and increasing town became known as Redhill; and we may conclude that the choice, accorded general favour, in this respect exemplified an application of the law governing "the survival of the fittest."

The Market or Town Hall of Redhill occupies a position in close proximity to the railway junction, where Station Road, proceeding due westward, is intersected at right angles by the new London and Brighton coach road, constructed in 1817 as a direct line of communication between Gatton Corner and Peteridge Common, and now termed London Road in its northern extension, and High Street and Brighton Road, successively, in the continuation southward from this central point. The edifice was erected in 1860, of Bath and local stone combined, and in imitation of the Elizabethan style. An assembly room, with an orchestra at the eastern end and a gallery at the opposite extremity, occupies the first floor, and affords accommodation for about 800 persons. The ground floors are utilised as offices. In 1891 extensive additions were made, and the west wing was built in 1903. These new buildings include a second hall, used for meetings and for sittings of the County Court; the library, reading, and billiard

rooms of the Literary Institution; a Post Office and offices of the local authorities. The Redhill Literary Institute, here alluded to, has a membership of over 600, and possesses a library of 5,000 volumes, in connection with a reading room amply provided with newspapers and periodicals, and a commodious billiard room. The Capital and Counties Bank, which occupied part of the ground floor, has now erected a very handsome suite of offices immediately opposite on the west side of the London Road.

Photograph] **The Market Hall, Redhill.** *[Frith & Co.*

That portion of the Station Road which lies between the Market Hall and the railway is bordered by business premises. The Technical Institute and the Schools of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society are adjacent to the railway-station, on the eastern side. The railway-bridge has been rebuilt and a great improvement effected in the widening of the road opposite the former building. The latter is a handsome red brick structure, and was erected in 1884. It provides accommodation for 400 children, and the grounds extend to upwards of twenty

acres. The society is now over 200 years old, and owes its origin to the citizens of London. It was first established in Aldersgate, and clothed, educated, and maintained twelve boys, the sons of parents in reduced circumstances. Its growth after its removal to Streatham resulted in the bold step taken in the purchase of the land and the creation of the present building, which contains every necessary accommodation for a school of such size. There are a detached chapel, separate infirmaries, covered playgrounds, a gymnasium, swimming-bath, and cricket field.

The London Road, extending northward to Gatton, contains numerous shops in that part nearest to the Market Hall. On the eastern side stands the Colman Institute, a handsome building recently erected at the expense of Mr. Jeremiah Colman, of Gatton. It provides for all the necessary accommodation requisite for a working men's club, including a library, reading-room and billiard room for the Institute in another part of the building. The scheme was originated by a mayor of Reigate (Mr. Conolly), and upon Mr. Colman being applied to for his support, the suggestion appealed so much to him that he offered to carry out the scheme at his own cost. The Institute was opened by Lord Rosebery in 1904. The continuation of the London Road southward in High Street, from the point of intersection with Station Road, and in Brighton Road, after passing under the railway-arch, is almost exclusively occupied by premises devoted to business purposes. The Roman Catholic Chapel is situated in Brighton Road, as is also a Primitive Methodist Chapel, and, close to the former, in Chapel Street, stands the Congregational Church, erected in 1862.

Proceeding westward, through Station Road from the Market Hall, we pass many of the principal houses of business. The Conservative Club and the offices of the East Surrey Waterworks are in Warwick Road, and immediately opposite its entrance into Station Road is a Wesleyan Chapel, erected in 1867; another occupies a suburban site in Earlswood Road. A Baptist Chapel, built in 1858, is situated on the opposite side of the

street, not far from our starting-point: others are in the London Road, and at Shaw's Corner.

A short distance beyond the junction of Warwick Road, and on our right, stands St. Matthew's Church. An ecclesiastical parish for the district was constituted

Photograph] [*Robinson & Son.*

St. Matthew's Church, Redhill.

in 1867, when the church was erected of Reigate and Bath stone, in the Decorated style; it is intended to seat about 900 persons, and consists of a chancel, nave, aisles, transepts, and a north-western tower, with a lofty spire. The stained glass east window was presented by

Mr. H. Webb in 1880. The living, a perpetual curacy, is in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester.

As we continue our walk westward, the railway bridge is approached. Here Linkfield Lane branches off in a north-easterly direction to join Warwick Road, and afterwards proceeds past Battlebridge to Merstham: and, on the opposite side, Cromwell Road proceeds eastward to its junction with High Street, and Linkfield Street curves southward up an incline to White Post Hill. We enter Hatchlands Road beyond the railway bridge, and pass in succession the three parallel thoroughfares known as Ranelagh, Shrewsbury, and Brownlow Roads, all leading to White Post Hill. When Shaw's Corner is reached we turn to the left, and at the south-western extremity of Redhill Common follow the trend of the highway eastward, which conducts us past the Reigate and Redhill Cottage Hospital, at the junction of Ranelagh and Elms Roads, and thence leads up White Post Hill.

Redhill Common may be conveniently explored from this point, but on the present occasion we direct our course by the road called Sandpit Road forming its eastern boundary, and pass the recreation grounds, occupying the site of former extensive sand excavations where the characteristic colour of the strata is abundantly displayed. Before reaching St. John's Church, our objective point, we observe the large buildings of the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, which are situated in the valley beneath. This institution, founded in 1847, and incorporated by royal charter in 1862, was considerably enlarged in 1870, since which date a detached infirmary has been erected. It has now about 650 inmates under treatment, and provides private accommodation of a superior kind for those patients who can afford to pay remunerative charges. To the east, towards Nutfield, is the Farm School of the Philanthropic Society, for the reformation and training of juvenile offenders. This society, instituted in 1788, and incorporated in 1806, founded its establishment here in 1849; and it is the parent of the numerous reformatories which have since arisen in

various parts of the kingdom. The buildings are attached to a farm of about 300 acres, and 300 boys receive industrial instruction of various kinds. As we descend to a lower level, the National Schools are perceived on our right opposite the church of St. John.

The ecclesiastical parish of St. John the Evangelist was formed in 1844, and the church, erected in the previous year, is a fine building. It consists of a chancel, nave, aisles, west porch, and a handsome western tower, with a spire. Material alterations were

Photograph] **St. John's Church, Redhill.** *[Flint.*

made in 1889, under the direction of Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., which included the erection of a new chancel and new roof to the nave, and the restoration of the west front; and the church at present affords accommodation for 760 persons. The living is in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester. Ascending Redhill Common by means of a pathway from the church, and thence by Ridgeway Road, Grove Hill Road, and High Street, we reach the central point at the Market Hall, where our journey commenced.

CHAPTER VII.

Describes Gatton Park and Merstham.

THE commencement of the Croydon Road may be reached from the White Hart Hotel, in Reigate Market Place, by Church Street, and is approached in a reverse direction from Redhill Market Hall, by the Station, Hatchlands, and Reigate Roads. This highway proceeds northward through the suburbs of the town to Wray Common, the high ground of which is intersected by roads and footways and bounded by neatly-kept hedgerows. The Borough Electric Lighting works are situate next the line of railway between Wray Common and the Redhill and Reigate road. Proceeding by the route towards Gatton and Merstham, as directed by a guide-post, we pursue the Reigate and Croydon road and are afforded views extending eastward between the chalk downs by Merstham and the greensand ridge stretching forward towards Nutfield and Bletchingley. We enter Gatton Park by the Nutwood or western gate, where a stately row of beeches and chestnuts line the opposite side of the highway, and soon after pass Nutwood Lodge on our right.

Gatton estate was purchased by the fifth Lord Monson for the sum of £100,000 two years before the introduction of the Reform Bill, at a time when it returned two members to Parliament. Mr. Palgrave records that on this occasion the noted George Robins prefaced his announcement of the sale by a local adaptation of a well-known passage, "Throw wide the gates of Paradise, and enter Gatton Park." The park, without being quite

paradisiacal, is very beautiful. The chalk subsoil produces a singular effect upon the foliage, and in the early summer months the leafage assumes a golden appearance. The higher elevations command fine prospects into the richly wooded valley eastward towards the uplands of Kent; and the broad expanse of water forming the ornamental lake is a prominent feature, imparting an additional charm to the inherent natural beauties of the scene around.

Domesday states that the manor of Gatton was held by "Herfrid, of the Bishop (of Baieux)." This cleric having aided Robert of Normandy against his brother Rufus, in consequence forfeited the manor; and we find Hamo de Gatton. son of Herfrid, holding it of the king by knight service and cognate feudal obligations. John Tymperly obtained a license from Henry VI. in 1449, to "impark the manor of Gatton with pales and ditches," and two years afterwards the privilege to return two members to Parliament was conceded to it. The estate appears to have again reverted to the Crown, and is referred to in a deed of Henry VIII. bearing date 1540. It was subsequently held by the Copley family for upwards of a century, and after sundry changes of ownership came into the possession of Sir Mark Wood. This gentleman, forecasting, probably, the political changes then imminent, sold the estate to the Trustees of the fifth Baron Monson, of whom Lord Eldon, who could not see reform as within the range of practical politics, was one, for a price which included the political privileges, and which was, of course, greatly in excess of the value when shorn of these. The fifth Baron Monson, who died in 1841, left the estate to his mother, who had married the Earl of Warwick, for her life, and upon her death it passed to the sixth Baron Monson, whose son, having been made Viscount Oxenbridge, disposed of the demesne to Mr. Jeremiah Colman, J.P., D.L., M.A.

Camden says that "A little from the Fountaines where the Mole springeth, standeth Gatton, which now is scarce a small Village, though in Times past it hath been a famous Towne. To prove the Antiquitie thereof,

it sheweth Roman Coynes digged forth of the Ground, and sendeth unto Parliament two Burgesses." It appears extremely improbable that an important town ever existed here, although some evidence may be adduced to support the claims to antiquity. The derivation of the name, implies the existence of an enclosed place at a remote period, and this, united with the fact of the discovery mentioned, may indicate the establishment of a Roman fortified settlement at a point which commanded the valley and protected the adjacent causeway; but the only reference to the position of such a fort is the vague one contained in Aubrey's statement that "where the fine Manour House now stands was formerly a Castle."

The privilege accorded to Gatton in 1451 of sending two burgesses to Parliament continued until 1832, when the Reform Bill terminated its franchise existence. The entire number of burgesses in this constituency rarely, if ever, exceeded twenty, and the lord of the manor so influenced and directed the elections that it is certain that on no occasion were these few electors permitted to make a free choice of their representatives. We indeed hear of a contested election in 1749, when the successful candidate obtained seven votes against six recorded for his opponent. In an extant document of the time of Henry VIII., mention is made of Sir Richard Copley, as the burgess and only inhabitant of the borough and town of Gatton, who freely elected and chose its two parliamentary members. When Sir Mark Wood was proprietor in the early part of the last century, five of the six burgage dwellings were occupied by weekly tenants; and, consequently, he possessed the sole right to select the borough representatives to the House of Commons. The Town Hall of Gatton is a diminutive and rather ugly structure of classic design, situated under a group of trees in close proximity to the Hall and church, and which bears as it were in mockery the motto "*Salus populi suprema lex.*"

Gatton Hall, a stately edifice in the Italian style, was considerably enlarged and improved by the fifth Lord Monson; and Mr. Colman has erected a handsome

By permission of Mr. J. Colman **Gatton Hall.** *Photograph, Robinson & Son.*

portico and otherwise altered and beautified the mansion in accordance with Lord Monson's original but unfulfilled designs. The principal feature of the house is the magnificent hall, with its pavement of antique marbles. This pavement was designed for Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and purchased by Lord Monson at Rome in 1830 for £10,000. As to the hall itself, we give Mr. Palgrave's graphic description :—

"In plan the hall follows the line of the Greek or equal-armed cross. The form and general arrangement resembles the Corsini Chapel, in the Church of San Giovanni in Laterano at Rome; and it vies with this splendid mausoleum in the decorative effect of costly marbles. The design, however, is incomplete, the central dome being wanting. The height of the building is about ninety feet, and the extreme width about fifty feet. In the absence of the dome, a massy cornice from which it was to spring, fluted pilasters, and arched recesses, worked in Carrara marble with exquisite care, are the chief architectural points of the interior.

"But it is to the effect of colour, not of structure, that the hall owes its peculiar charm. Every part of the surface not decorated by carving is enriched by colour derived either from the tones of foreign marble or from the artist's skill. Arabesques, adapted from Raphael's designs in the Loggias of the Vatican, cover the flat spaces between the pilasters. On the lunettes, between the principal arches, are painted four colossal figures, historical personages, typifying the following virtues—namely, Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., representing Fortitude: Esther, Prudence; Ruth, Meekness; and Penelope, Patience; below are infant genii playing with animals emblematical of these attributes. The wall over the entrance is covered with an architectural picture. It is a façade and balcony of Italian design, in which the painter Raphael is introduced holding a sketch of his fresco, 'The School of Athens.' Above is represented the scene in Sir Walter Scott's 'Talisman,' where Lady Edith drops the rose at Sir Kenneth's foot in the chapel of the Carmelite nuns at Engaddi.

"These works were executed by Mr. Severn shortly

after his return from Italy. The figures in the lunettes are wrought with much elegance and individuality of motive; and the groups of children show a tender and varied invention. The colouring is sweet and transparent, and exhibits the special advantages of fresco painting in breadth of shadow and luminous effect."

This hall, entered through handsome bronze gates constructed by Bramah, contains some excellent sculptures by Gott, Dunbar, Croft, and others, in addition to a magnificent specimen of ancient Japanese bronze; and in the vestibule are a series of fine terra-cotta reliefs representing the "Labours of Hercules," discovered, with three similar designs, adorning the sides of a room in a villa at Roma Vecchia. The Vatican contains one of the remaining sets, another is in the house of Thorwaldsen, and the third, purchased by the King of Bavaria, is at Munich.

The Marble Hall may be viewed on almost any week-day between the hours of ten and twelve or two and four, written application being previously made and permission obtained from Mr. Anthony R. Cragg, the Estate Office, Gatton Park.

The library, tastefully furnished with choice ebony and ivory fittings, and containing a pair of very beautiful Japanese bronzes, has a chimney-piece that formerly belonged to Eugene de Beauharnais, stepson of the Emperor Napoleon I., surmounted by a glass, the frame of which, covered with exquisite carvings of fruit, flowers, and fish, forms an excellent specimen of Grinling Gibbons' unrivalled workmanship.

Gatton Church, closely surrounded and partially concealed by trees, occupies a position in the park near the Hall, with which it has private communication by a covered way. Dedicated to St. Andrew, it is a stuccoed stone edifice, dating from the Transition-Norman or Early English period, and consists of a nave, chancel with two transept recesses, a north porch, and a western tower. The interior was completely renovated by Lord Monson in 1834, and its present appearance, with canopied stalls in the nave and richly carved fittings throughout, is eminently suggestive of a college chapel.

By permission of Mr. J. Colman — **The Marble Hall, Gatton.** — *Photograph, Robinson & Son.*

The pavement was purchased by Lord Monson for £10,000.

Photograph] **Gatton Church.** [*Flint.*

The canopies and wainscotting of the nave, bearing date of 1515, were brought from Aürschot Cathedral in Louvain, the stalls from a Benedictine monastery at Ghent, and the carved seats from Rouen. The panelling of the chancel came from Burgundy, the altar rails were supplied by Tongres in Flanders; and the communion table and pulpit, of fine design and exquisite workmanship, obtained from Nuremberg, are attributed to Albert Durer. The west end screen was abstracted from some English church, and all the coloured glass, with the exception of a tower window containing the arms of Henry VII., and a modern one inserted by Mr. Colman, were transferred hither from Aürschot Cathedral.

In the churchyard, embowered in trees, and getting out of repair, is an octagonal mausoleum containing the remains of the fifth Lord Monson and his mother, Lady Warwick; and a handsome monument to a member of Mr. Colman's family.

From the park lodge and entrance adjacent to the church a footpath leads to Merstham, over the ridge eastward, and affords lovely views of valley and uplands. Entering the village, we turn northwards toward the escutcheoned and ivy-covered gates of Merstham House, the seat of Lord Hylton, and opposite the lodge, where an ancient timbered house stands (now the property of Mr. Seymour Hicks, the well-known actor-dramatist), a pretty pathway conducts us past the beautiful grounds of the mansion to the ideal village church of Merstham, standing on rising ground with a background of fine old elms.

The manor and church of Merstham were granted in 1018 by Athelstan, a younger son of the Saxon King Ethelred II., to the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, and remained for many centuries attached to the cathedral. A lease drawn up in 1396, conveying the tenancy to John atte Dene and others, contain many interesting details, and a curious inventory, with the current prices of farm stock and implements specified. From it we learn, among various other particulars, that the Manor House had a chapel attached, in which the court rolls

Photograph] **Merstham Church.** [*Flint.*

were kept in a chest, that the hall contained one chair, that the rent of land was about three shillings an acre, and the cost of making a plough sixpence; furthermore, it may be remarked that mention is made of iron having been procured at Charlwood. Henry VIII. diverted the estate from the monastic foundation, to which it still belonged at the time of the dissolution of religious houses, and assigned it to Sir Robert Southwell, sheriff of Surrey and Master of the Rolls. Sundry changes succeeded a brief tenure of the Southwell family, until the property was acquired by purchase in 1788 by William Jolliffe, ancester of Lord Hylton, the present owner and lord of the manor.

The church, dedicated to St. Katherine, consists of a nave, aisles, chancel with north and south chapels, south porch, and western tower, surrounded by a spire, containing a clock and five bells. The earlier portions of the edifice probably date from the middle of the twelfth century. The font, a massive square block of Sussex marble, bears distinct characteristics of a period anterior to 1150, and the classic tendency that influenced the style which prevailed towards the close of the twelth century is visible in the acanthus foliage displayed upon the capitals of the chancel arch. The chancel contains a double piscina, formed in the shape of acorn cups set among leaves. The lancet-windowed tower and the chancel are Early English, and the west door arch, a good specimen of the Early Decorated style, has the peculiar star flower ornament of the period. In common with much of the exterior stonework, this arch has undergone recent renovation, although at the date of writing the door is used merely as that of a cupboard in which the sexton and gardener's tools are kept. The chancel, north chapel, and porch were, in all probability added in the latter part of the fifteenth century, when Perpendicular tracery was introduced into the windows throughout the church. About the same time the aisle roofs were raised, and thus the clerestory windows were brought within the church; but recent restorations have remedied this defect by readjusting them to a lower level and proper incline.

The porch, decorated with quatrefoiled apertures, has a niche over the doorway and shows considerable settlement.

The most ancient of the monuments is a mutilated stone effigy placed in the north chapel, which was discovered a century ago, in a reversed position, forming a part of the chancel pavement. It is supposed to represent Nicholas Jamys, who was alderman and lord mayor of London at the commencement of the fifteenth century. The north chapel contains an altar tomb commemorative of John Elmebrygge, with brasses to his two wives and seven daughters; those to himself and his four sons are gone. He was lord of Albury Manor, in Merstham parish, is presumed to have founded this chancel chapel, and his death occurred in 1473. A fine brass with an armed figure, dated 1498, and recently removed from within the altar rails to the chancel floor, memorialises Sir John Newdegate, of an old Surrey family, who long held possession of Newdegate Place, in the parish of that name, some six miles south-east of Reigate. Near this are inserted in the pavement brasses to Thomas Elmebrygge and Joanna his wife, who died in the beginning of the sixteenth century; as also one with the earlier date of 1463 to John Ballard and his wife. A brass, placed in the south chapel and dated 1585, records the memory of Peter Best, one of the two children of Nicholas Best, of Aldersted, formerly so commemorated.

A shield, bearing three royal leopards, inserted in the wall over the tower arch, originally formed one of the bosses in the groining work of old London Bridge, and is of Merstham stone. The south aisle wall was formerly covered with frescoes, but these were almost entirely obliterated during the progress of restorations in 1861, when several old seats were cleared away and some good Perpendicular screenwork removed, a portion of the latter, however, may be seen surrounding the door at the side of the organ.

Of several excellent stained glass windows erected as memorials, the best undoubtedly is that placed in the north chapel to a member of Lord Hylton's family;

but the most notable feature in this respect is the interesting remains of a beautiful old painted window in the south chapel. We must not omit to mention that the ancient west door in the tower exhibits some exceptionally choice specimens of wrought iron workmanship. The parish register, recording many details of local and general interest, dates from 1539.

Retracing our steps to the village, we proceed southward; and, arriving near the railway station, follow the curve of the main road to the right. Thenceforward our route for some distance adjoins the boundary of Gatton Park. Nearly opposite a lodge entrance to the park, and in the vicinity of the railway line, is Battlebridge Farm, the traditional scene of the reputed annihilation of fugitive Danish forces by the Amazonian inhabitants of the neighbourhood, as earlier related. At Gatton Corner we turn to the left, and proceeding due south, soon reach that portion of London Road which terminates at Redhill Market Hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

Rambles around Reigate and Redhill.

FIRST ROUTE—From Redhill to Reigate.

DISTANCE ABOUT 4½ MILES.

A Rural Path.

FROM the Redhill Market Hall we proceed southward by High Street to the Pavement, and then turning to the right ascend the steep incline of Grove Hill Road until we reach Ridgeway Road on our left, which conducts us to the north-eastern extremity of the Common. We here enter a prepared pathway leading westward over the green-sand ridge. As we gradually attain higher elevations, fine views are afforded eastward, over the railway junction and Redstone Hill towards Nutfield, and into the valley at the foot of the downs also beyond the town, in a northerly direction, to Merstham, Gatton Park, and the chalk range. Keeping for a short distance

to the left by a group of trees on the summit, the prospect commanded extends eastward by Tilburstow Hill into the uplands of Kent; and southwards over St. John's Church and Earlswood Asylum and Common, embraces a wide area of the Weald of Surrey and Sussex, as far as the South Downs.

We are admitted at High Trees by a swing-gate into an avenue, known as High Trees Road, which leads past an old ivy-covered farmhouse and the entrance to the present mansion, beyond which Ringley Park Road descends to the Reigate Road. This charming route through beautiful park land affords delightful views of the scenery of the Holmesdale Valley, in which the massive tower of the parish church and the graceful spire of St. Mark's appear prominent, with the wooded contour of the chalk down range from Gatton Park to Pebblescombe Valley as a background.

The avenue conducts us to the summit of Cronk's Hill, and the road entered leads northward to Chart Lane and Reigate parish church, and southward to a place which figures in all maps and documents down to quite a recent date as Mead Hole, an ancient designation, which modern affectation has changed to Mead Vale. Proceeding a few yards in the latter direction, we obtain a glance into the valley beneath, and at this place turn to the right near the Knowle into a pathway leading past a larch plantation carpeted with bracken. Emerging into the open along the crest of the ridge, views are to be had towards the downs on one side and over the Weald district on the other. Arriving at a point where a fieldpath to the left proceeds to Woodhatch, and a flagstaff crowns an eminence in the grounds of Woodhatch Lodge, we cross Smoke Lane in its descent to the southern slope of Cockshot Hill; and, after surmounting a stile, follow the continuation of the pathway between the grounds of Woodhatch Lodge and Isbells, on the south side, and those of the Woodlands, on the opposite side. Passing a pretty cottage, and subsequently the entrance lodge of Isbells, where our route curves northward, a charming vista of

Photograph] ***Redhill Common.*** [*Flint.*

Looking towards the North Downs.

wooded highway and chalk range background is presented as we enter the London and Brighton old coach road on the crest of Cockshot Hill. In our descent we pass the entrance to Reigate Park, and the Priory demesne, and proceed by Bell Street to the Market Place, where we direct our course eastward through Church Street by a route already described.

We pass the Croydon Road, branching off to the north to Gatton and Merstham through Wray Common, and immediately afterwards reach Chart Lane on the opposite

The Grammar School, Reigate.

side, leading to the parish church of St. Mary Magdalene; and here we enter the Reigate Road, with the Grammar School on our right. This endowed establishment was founded in 1675 by subscription, augmented by bequests, and was re-organised in 1862, when the parochial charities of Robert Bishopp and Magdalene Cade were appropriated for its benefit. Two years later the Martin Exhibitions of the annual value of £30 were instituted, and in 1871 a master's residence, with school and class-

rooms, were erected at an expenditure of about £3,000; a further class-room being added subsequently by Mr. Hesketh in memory of his father. A splendid lecture hall and well-furnished laboratory were built in 1895 at a considerable outlay, and in the following year the internal arrangements and sanitation system were readjusted and remodelled in accordance with modern ideas and latest improvements. The new scheme, sanctioned by the Endowed Schools Commission in 1875, provides for thirteen foundation scholarships; and the school, now under the management of eighteen governors, has about 127 pupils, and derives an income of £340 yearly from its endowments. The school has more than doubled itself during the past three years, and considerable additions to the buildings are being made. Adjoining the Grammar School is the Meeting House of the Society of Friends, whose existence here dates from the time of George Fox. His journal relates the circumstances of a visit to Reigate in 1655, and records are preserved of meetings held in the town as early as 1669. The present building, erected in 1856, replaced the original edifice dating from 1688.

Proceeding westward, our route lies between the grounds of a succession of modern residences; one of the most considerable being distinguished as the Hatch. Some pretty suburban roads and avenues on our left join the Croydon Road in the direction of Wray Park and Common, and one southward conducts to High Trees. At Shaw's Corner we enter Hatchlands Road, and following it into Station Road pass St. Matthew's Church, and soon after regain our starting point at the Market Hall.

SECOND ROUTE.—From Reigate to Mead Vale and South Park.

DISTANCE ABOUT 4½ MILES.

From the White Hart Hotel in the Market Place, we proceed by Bell Street to the ascent of Cockshot Hill, and before attaining the summit keep to the left up an incline, where a notice board indicates a public footpath to Mead Vale. We are reversing a portion of a route already described. After having passed through four

swing-gates, in addition to surmounting a stile, whilst walking along the crest of the ridge, we come to a young larch plantation, where the path divides, and our course lies to the right down the incline into the valley. This footpath conducts us past a diminutive Baptist Chapel into the principal street of Meadvale by the Post Office. Following the curves of the main road, we emerge on Earlswood Common close to some pretty cottages and opposite the embanked reservoirs or ponds, usually dignified by the appellation of lakes.

Turning westward along a pathway conterminous with the traffic highway, we pass Clarence Lodge and Meadvale House, and a little distance beyond the more imposing mansion of Kingsholme. Hence, a walk of half-a-mile brings us to Woodhatch, one of the old Reigate boroughs, at present represented by an ancient inn and a few modern cottages.

Crossing here the London and Brighton road at the foot of Cockshot Hill, and with Woodhatch Place to the right, we enter a charming country road, with meadow land on either side, and arriving at a point where a road leads south to Horley and another westward to Leigh, we pursue a northward curve of the highway, and pass some recently constructed parallel roads, extensions of the regularly planned modern village of South Park, which lies eastward.

St. Luke's, South Park, was constituted an ecclesiastical parish in 1871; and the church, erected at that time, is a handsome Gothic stone edifice. It consists of a nave, aisles, chancel, porch, an organ chamber, and a vestry. The north aisle was added in 1884, and further extensions, with a tower and spire, are contemplated. At present accommodation is afforded for 400 persons, and all the sittings are free. The living, a vicarage with a gross yearly income of £156 and residence, is in the gift of the Bishop of Rochester.

Continuing en route, the interesting old Whitehall farmhouse appears on the left, with St. Luke's Vicarage nearly opposite, and immediately afterwards we follow the westward bend of the road, leaving South Park behind; and, again entering a pretty highway, wend our

way past a picturesque cottage residence surrounded by flowers and shrubs, fruit gardens and orchards; and then direct our steps due north by a lane on the right, overshadowed by oaks, elms, and beeches growing on each bank. This conducts us past Sandfels to a small gate at the western extremity of Reigate Park, by which we enter a path leading up the slope of the ridge. Having attained the summit we find ourselves on familiar ground, and can reach Cockshot Hill eastward over the crest of the ridge, and thence return to our starting point through Bell Street; or, if preferred, enter Reigate at the western termination of High Street by Park Lane.

THIRD ROUTE.—Reigate to Leigh and Reigate Heath.

DISTANCE ABOUT 7½ MILES.

SELECTING the White Hart Hotel or old Town Hall in the Market Place as our point of departure, we proceed to the western termination of High Street, and turning southward, in the direction of Park Lodge near the principal entrance to the Priory, follow the windings of Park Lane, here constituting the boundary of its beautiful grounds. Presently we pass the slopes of Reigate Park, and, before reaching Fernside, turn into a field path leading down towards some cottages in the valley. Pretty views of the surrounding country are here obtained; and, after wending our way through the cottage gardens, the route lies over a fertile arable tract of country. This path, proceeding in a direct line for upwards of half-a-mile, conducts us into a typical Surrey highway, which connects Cockshot Hill, Woodhatch, and South Park with Leigh. Shortly after entering this road, another branches off to the left, winding in a south-easterly direction to Woodhatch and Doversgreen. Proceeding under the outstretched branches of a succession of fine old oaks, we soon reach Flanchford Place, the ancient seat of the Bludders, and at a more remote period of Hugh de Flenesford, the earliest recorded proprietor of the manor. Immediately opposite, a pleasant road, overshadowed by rows of tall trees on either side, leads to Reigate Heath and Betchworth.

When we arrive at a narrow bridge erected about 1854 in lieu of the ford by which the river had until that time been crossed, and which spans the Mole, Flanchford water-mill is observed nestled amidst willows and orchard trees, and on the opposite side is Little Flanchford Farm. Having crossed the river and gained the crest of a gentle ascent, a singularly inviting meadow path proceeds southward by a row of giant oaks and elms. This leads close by Bury's Court, in the direction of Swain's Farm and into the bridle way along the valley between it and Leigh Church. We pass the lodge entrance of Little Flanchford farmhouse, and nearly opposite that to Bury's Court. Immediately beyond, at the entrance to Denshott, a swing-gate admits to a public pathway, running parallel with the avenue, and past a pretty residence. When we have passed over a footbridge, with the plantations of Bury's Court on our left, a private path in that direction leads up an incline to some farm buildings, amid a profusion of fruit trees, and under the shade of some ancient elms; but we continue our course in a direct line across a meadow, and, after surmounting a stile, follow close by a winding stream. Having attained higher and more open ground, the footway conducts us sometimes by hedgerows and then across fields, affording charming views. If we have already traversed a typical Surrey highway, we are now enjoying a walk by a truly representative field-path. Our further advance is made in an approximately direct course, and we soon see the spire of Leigh Church after having travelled about half-a-mile, and we presently enter the churchyard by a swing gate.

The church of St. Bartholomew the Great at Leigh is of stone in the Perpendicular style, restored and lengthened with a new tower in 1860, by Mrs. Charrington, of Bury's Court. Within the altar rails is a stone slab with very fine brasses to John and Elizabeth Arderne (1440), formerly of Leigh Place; and a corresponding slab on the south side to the memory of Richard Arderne and his wife Joan (1499) retains the inscriptions, but the effigies are gone. In the centre of the chancel floor a small brass is inserted in commemoration of Susanna, daughter of

Photograph] **Leigh Church.** [*Flint.*

the first named. The church has some beautiful stained glass windows, of which the eastern one was given by Mrs. J. Watney, and three others by Mr. W. D. Freshfield; and its register dates from 1579. Leigh is a small but exceedingly pretty village.

Leigh Place, the ancient residence of the great Norman family of Braose, and subsequently the abode of the Ardernes, is now a farmhouse, and may be easily reached from the church. The house is of considerable antiquity, but somewhat transformed by later alterations and additions, and its old walls and massive chimney buttresses, once covered with ivy, now bear testimony to a liberal application of lime solution. The moat remains in a perfect condition, and the original drawbridge was in existence during the early years of the last century. Some gigantic oaks in adjoining meadows are prominent amongst its surroundings. Mr. Dendy, a recent proprietor, compiled a brief statement of the early possessors of the estate, from which we make an extract:—"The first inhabitants of this place which I can trace were the great family of Brewse, or Brewose, who followed the fortunes of the Conquerer from Normandy in 1066. They were possessed of many lordships in Surrey, and of forty-two manors in Sussex. Jno. de Brewse, having escaped from the tyrant King John, who starved two of his brothers to death in Windsor Castle, married a daughter of Llewellyan, Prince of Wales, and died in 1232. Lord William, his son, was of Findon, in Sussex. Sir Peter de Brewse, third son of this William, had a younger son, Sir John, who resided here. The next who succeeded was Sir George, his son, who died in 1419." The name of this family is, except in spelling, identical with that of Bruce, so prominent in Scottish annals.

It appears that about 1420 the estate was acquired by John de Arderne, who became sheriff of Surrey and Sussex in 1432, and whose son rose to some distinction as a friend of Henry VII. and an officer of his household.

We leave the village proceeding northward, by the Betchworth road, which affords a pleasing view of the old gabled manor-house. At the point where a continu-

ation of the road previously traversed unites with our present route, the highway trends westward to Dawesgreen; and here, again, close by an inn, we direct our course in a northerly direction towards Betchworth, as indicated by a guide post. After walking upwards of a mile from Leigh, along a pleasant country road with good views of the chalk range in front, we pass the antiquated farmhouse of Little Abbots, and at the northern hedgerow of an adjoining field enter a footpath, over a stile, which conducts us eastward through a plantation, abounding in summer with wild flowers. Emerging on open fields, and following the almost direct course of the route here marked out, we cross the Mole by a narrow bridge, known as Rice Bridge, and enter a bridle-road known as Ricebridge Lane, which conducts us past Ricebridge farmhouse, and directly afterwards leads into a highway at a point where a fieldpath is observed opposite, proceeding in the direction of a windmill northward. As we traverse this pathway, pretty views are afforded to the south and west, and at a short distance beyond the crest a field gate opens on the road connecting Flanchford Place with Betchworth. We here ascend the steep gradient of Trumpet's Hill by a highway branching to the left, and gain the summit of a ridge which commands an excellent prospect westward, with Leith Hill a prominent feature.

At a position immediately opposite the windmill crowning the neighbouring eminence, a path is entered by a stile on the right bank of the road, which leads by the ground of Heathfield to the south-western termination of Reigate Heath, where the golf club-house is seen in close proximity to a second windmill, now utilised as a chapel. From this favourable point of observation fine views are obtained of the chalk downs and Gatton Park rising beyond Reigate. Directing our course across the golf ground, with the woods of Gatton Park in front as a landmark, we enter the Dorking road at the eastern extremity of the Heath; and, proceeding through West Street, enter the town.

FOURTH ROUTE.—Reigate to Suspension Bridge, Reigate Hill, Pilgrim's Way, Lower Kingswood, and Colley Hill.

DISTANCE, ABOUT 6¾ MILES.

COMMENCING our walk at the old Town Hall and Market Place, we proceed due north by the London road, and, passing over the level crossing near the South-Eastern Railway station, we leave St. Mark's Church on the right, and as we follow Reigate Hill Road in the direction of the Downs, the ascent becomes more noticeable. Passing a few cottages and an inn at an eastern curve of the road we are confronted by an enormous chalk pit, which considerably detracts from the beauties of the scene. Ascending a more steep incline in an easterly direction, we see a path leading up the escarpment of the ridge to the summit of Reigate Hill. We, however, keep to the road, and, duly arriving at the Suspension Bridge, note that chalk workings abound in all directions. Here a magnificent view is afforded over Redhill and Reigate in the picturesque valley beneath, and the greensand ridge beyond, far away into the Weald of Kent and Sussex to the distant line of the South Downs.

Crossing the Suspension Bridge and proceeding westward through a country lane, in the line of the old Pilgrim's Way, which is here reached, on the crest of the chalk range, we direct our course by a pathway across the beech wood, leaving the fort, one of the chain recently constructed for the defence of London, to the left, and presently emerge on the beautiful turf covering the brow of Reigate Hill. The landscape comprises the greater part of the counties of Surrey and Sussex, from the borders of Hampshire far into the Weald of Kent. The distant outlines of the South Downs are visible on a clear day, and the clump of trees in Chanctonbury Ring, near Worthing, is specially conspicuous. Leith Hill stands prominently to the south-west, and beyond the heights of Hindhead appear. To the east Tilburstow Hill, near Godstone, and Crowborough Beacon, the culminating point of the Sussex forest ridge, constitute the leading landmarks. In the valley beneath lies the town of Reigate, with the beautiful Priory demesne to the south.

Retracing our steps to the Suspension Bridge, we regain the London road by a pathway northward down the embankment, and immediately turn to the right, following the highway into the depression eastward, indicated by a direction-post as leading to Lower Gatton, with Gatton Park on one side, and pasture with wood and plantation, on the other. The route we now traverse coincides with the ancient Pilgrim's Way, already described in our opening chapter. A pleasant walk of three-quarters of a mile brings us to

Photograph. **Suspension Bridge, Reigate Hill.** *Flint.*
This marks the Old Rei-gate or Ridgeway.

a lodge entrance to Gatton Park, beyond which a fine house, known as The Tower, and occupied by the rector of Gatton, is situated. Here we turn due north by a road leading over the chalk ridge, and backward glances disclose pretty views of the Park, the villages of Nutfield and Bletchingly, and of Tilburstow Hill Shortly after surmounting the crest of the hill we pass the fine old farmhouse of Crossways and an intersecting road, and here gain an open, level country. The invigorating

atmosphere renders exercise enjoyable, and after proceeding about three-quarters of a mile further, we cross the London and Brighton main road obliquely at a point south of Lower Kingswood village, where some comfortable country houses are situated, and enter a more rural highway, leading to Betchworth and Dorking.

The church of Lower Kingswood may be reached by the London road, or approached from the point arrived at in our route where a few cottages and an inn, surrounded by fruit trees, constitute an outlying portion of the straggling village. This church or chapel-of-ease, erected in 1892 by Mr. H. C. O. Bonsor, M.P., and Mr. E. Freshfield, is built of Ham Hill stone in the Romanesque style, and has a detached oak bell-tower on a base of Ham stone. The pulpit, reading-desk, and lectern are made of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the font, given by Mrs. Bonsor, is composed of alabaster; and the walls and floor of the chancel are of fine marbles.

The church of Upper Kingswood, with the woods of the Warren on one side, and Banstead Downs on the other, forms a prominent landmark northward from the position above indicated, and here we turn into a bridle-road leading in a southerly direction to Margery Wood. Altering our course slightly to the left to avoid entering the plantations we are afforded some beautiful views. This route terminates on Colley Hill, where the Downs attain an elevation of upwards of 700 feet, and which is connected with Reigate Hill by a path eastward through the intervening beech wood. The view here presented coincides approximately with that obtained from the neighbouring height, but the greater diversity of hill and dale opened out westward, adds materially to the beauty and charm of the scene.*

Should we be induced to extend our walk along the crest of the ridge, following the route of the pilgrims in olden time, it will be advisable on the present occasion to retrace our steps so as to avail ourselves of the pathway into the valley by the eastern margin of the

* Further particulars of the Downs Country in this direction will be found in the Homeland Handbook No. 17 "A Guide to Epsom and the Epsom District, by Gordon Home.

chalk excavation beneath us. Directing our course thence due south down a somewhat steep declivity known as Pilgrim's Hill, we proceed across a field, and enter a grass-grown lane, a continuation of Nutley Lane, and locally designated the Pilgrim's Way. This conducts up to the western extremity of Somers Road, by which we regain the London road, near the railway-station, and, finally, reaching the central point from which we set out.

FIFTH ROUTE—Reigate to Colley Hill, Walton Heath, Pebblecombe Valley, Betchworth, and Buckland.

DISTANCE, ABOUT TEN MILES.

STARTING from our usual point in the Market Place, we proceed westward by High Street and its continuation in West Street, and immediately after passing Duncroft Lodge and Wallfield House, at a point where a group of fine old oaks overspreads the highway, we turn northward by a field path, entered by a gate, and leading up a gentle incline. As higher ground is attained, choice views are obtained to the south, with the ridge of Reigate Park and its picturesque surroundings in the central foreground. When Colley Manor House is reached, a lane is entered which passes over a railway-bridge and conducts us to the foot of the Downs in the vicinity of some disused workings. The ascent of the ridge can be made by a choice of pathways. We direct our course westward along the crest of Colley Hill, and are afforded grand views to the south and west.

When we arrive at the line of yews which indicate the locality of the pilgrims' way the path curves northward, and we reach the open common by a short bridleway to the left, at the south-western extremity of Margery Wood. Thence we proceed in a direct line by the central turf ride across Walton Heath, with the spire of Headley Church a prominent landmark. Our immediate surroundings consist of gorse and hawthorn, and as we travel westward heather abounds. To the north over the broad surface of Banstead Heath, Upper

Kingswood Church is seen to the east of it, and the church of Walton-on-the-Hill is conspicuous to the west.

Close by the lodge entrance to the Hermitage, we pass a group of tall firs, and directly afterwards reach Walton Oaks, an old country mansion surrounded by ornamental shrubberies and fine timber. Here we enter the public highway, and follow its course southward. Arriving at Pebble Coombe where a road branches off to Betchworth Clump and Box Hill, we proceed by an exceedingly steep descent into the valley.

At a point of our route beyond a few cottages, a pathway up a steep incline to the right leads to Betchworth Clump, distinguished by a group of lofty beech trees. From the summit, a magnificent landscape lies before us. To the north, extending to the Berkshire hills, the view embraces Windsor Castle and the Crystal Palace, and southward over the Weald country, with the forest ridge and the line of the South Down range near Shoreham.

Regaining the highway, we follow its course by some extensive chalk works, and over a level crossing at the Betchworth railway station, after which a tree-shaded road is entered, having on one side the plantations of Broome Park, and on the other hand several pretty residences. This highway joins the main road from Reigate to Dorking at the south-western extremity of Broome Park, and here we turn to the right close by Morden Grange. When the termination of the grounds of this mansion is reached opposite the Vicarage, a field path southward conducts us past the Old House to Betchworth Church and village, Brockham Church spire appearing to the west.

Betchworth Church, dedicated to St. Michael, contains some interesting portions dating from the Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular periods; but during the restorations of 1850 and succeeding years the edifice was spoiled, and its ancient character much interfered with. At that time the tower was transferred from its original position above the intersection of the nave and chancel to the present site. The church is a handsome stone structure, consisting of a nave, aisles, a chancel with aisle, south and west porches, and a south-eastern tower.

Photograph. **Betchworth Church and Village.** [*Flint.*

In the south chancel may be seen a capacious iron-bound chest hewn out of the trunk of an oak tree. A beautiful pulpit of marble and mosaic, the gift of Mr. Joseph Maynard, was erected in 1885. All the church windows are of stained glass, and a fine brass attached to the chancel north wall, dated 1533, commemorates William Wardysworth, a former vicar of the parish.

The manor of East Betchworth formerly belonged to the Earls of Warren and Surrey, and was held by service of the manor of Reigate. In 1347 it was in the possession of the Earl of Arundel, and was purchased in 1632 by Mr. George Ralph Freeman, who erected the present manor-house known as Betchworth Place. Subsequently it became the seat of the Bouveries for a considerable period, and from them the estate passed in 1817 to the Rt. Hon. Henry Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose descendant is now owner and lord of the manor.

Directly opposite Betchworth Place a road branches eastward close by the commodious village inn. Pursuing this exceedingly pleasant route near the River Mole, and under the branches of a succession of gigantic oaks and elms, a highway bordered on both sides by rows of lofty trees proceeds northward to unite with the direct Reigate and Dorking road, and immediately afterwards we reach the venerable manor-house of More Place. This interesting edifice, dating probably from the time of Henry VI., is the oldest example of domestic architecture in the neighbourhood; but it has been considerably modernised. A short distance beyond, and also on the banks of the Mole, is Wonham Manor, the seat of the late eminent antiquary Mr. Albert Way. In olden time the demesne belonged to the De Wonhams, and at a comparatively recent date to the Earl of Romney.

Nearly opposite the park entrance of Wonham Manor a path, through a plantation of noble beeches, leads up an incline to the left, and when we gain an eminence to the east of Sandhills the views presented are picturesque in the highest degree. Passing through two swing-gates in quick succession, we keep the footway to our right, and by a third gate enter a direct field-path, which conducts us to the public highway.

Photograph] **Buckland Church.** [*Flint.*

Buckland Church, in a pleasant situation adjoining the village green, is soon reached. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, was almost entirely rebuilt in 1860 with native ironstone in the Decorated style, and consists of a nave, chancel, south porch, and a small western tower. The interior is richly ornamented in excellent taste, and all the windows are of stained glass by Hardman; but some fragments of old painted glass have been carefully preserved. The earliest records in the parish register date from 1560.

The manor of Buckland was held in 1291 of Guido de Terre, and subsequently came into the possession of the Earls of Warren and Surrey, from whom it descended to the Earls of Arundel. After sundry changes of ownership it was acquired in 1733 by Thomas Jordan of Gatwick, and soon afterwards by the Beaumont family.

Hence our homeward route to Reigate at first adjoins the park of Beaumont Court, and as Reigate Heath is approached some mounds, covered by groups of fir-trees, mark the position of several tumuli. Beads, ashes, and other traces of ancient sepulture, were disclosed when the trees were planted. Passing Colley Manor and Colley Lodge, in near proximity to the Common, we enter West Street, and continue through High Street, to the Market Place.

CHAPTER IX.

Describes Nutfield, Bletchingley, Tilburstow Hill, Godstone, and Pendell Court.

Proceeding from Redhill Market Hall by Station Road, and under the railway arch, we leave St. Anne's Royal Asylum and the adjacent Technical Institute on our left, and commence the ascent of Redstone Hill, having Redstone Manor on one side, and the grounds of Oakwood on the other. Redstone Hall, a new and most artistic half timbered home will attract instant attention. Before reaching the Manor a lane to the right leads down a most picturesque gorge towards Earlswood; and as we attain the crest of the ridge admirable views are obtained of Gatton Park and the neighbouring district, and a little further on glimpses are to be had of the Weald scenery southward through the plantations of old elms and beeches.

Pattison Court is soon after passed; and immediately beyond, where an intersecting road leads in a northerly direction to Merstham and southward to Outwood, we arrive at the lodge entrance to Nutfield Priory. The highway here assumes a more decidedly rural appearance. the landscape unfolds, and various points command pleasing prospects over the northern valley to the Downs range. Before entering the village of Nutfield, we pass Holmesdale House, and at its further extremity the road is crossed at a point known as Nutfield Cross by a road leading from Nutfield March on the north to

Outwood towards the south. Taking the road down the hill to the north, we arrive at the church, situated among some fine old trees.

Just beyond the cross road above mentioned and on the south side of the main road, a good drinking trough has been erected bearing the inscription: "To the Memory of the Horses killed during the war in South Africa."

The manor of Nutfield formerly held a court-leet and a court-baron, and the parish also includes the reputed manors of Wolfborough and Harrietsham.

The church, dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, consists of a nave, aisles, chancel, southern transept, a south porch, and a western embattled tower, with a short octagonal shingled spire. The low, square tower is of Perpendicular date, and on one of its buttresses are incised the names William Gawton, of London, Thomas Bristow, Henry, William, and John Best, with the date of 1594. The north aisle is also in the Perpendicular style, the south aisle restored, but the remainder of the building belongs to the Decorated period, the older portions of the roof being covered with Horsham stone. In the chancel, under a Decorated canopy, is a slab having an almost obliterated Norman-French inscription in Lombardic characters, which reads as follows: "Sire Thomas de Roldham gist. ici; Deu de sa alme eyt merci." The handsome reredos, of carved oak, has a groined projecting canopy, supported in front by detached and pinnacled buttresses, and is enriched with crocketed niches containing figures of the apostles. The panelled oak pulpit, of the later Tudor period, is well carved with flowing designs and foliage, and the octagonal font has the side faces panelled in quatrefoils. A beautiful Perpendicular screen of carved oak, divides the nave and chancel. The east window, erected in 1892 to the memory of Mrs. Edward Guy, was designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.; and of the four other stained glass windows that inserted in the south aisle transept, as a memorial to Mary French in 1891, deserves particular attention. A few fragments of ancient glass are retained in a window of the north aisle.

Photograph] **Nutfield Church.** [*Flint.*

Brasses of somewhat interesting character, inserted in a modern slab, and recently placed in the south wall of the chancel, have an inscription to William Grayston and Joan his wife, and probably date from the middle of the fifteenth century. The former, who apparently had been a priest, is represented in layman's costume. In the south transept, beneath a stained window, is a brass commemorative of Lady Powerscourt, with date 1780, and adjacent is a handsome brass, with a coronet and crest, to Viscountess Canterbury and her daughter Marguerite, bearing the more recent date of 1845. Over one of the two recesses in this transept a seventeenth century brass contains an inscription to Edward Molyneux. In the south side of the chancel is a piscina with shelf, and an aumbry in its north wall has a door formed by a modern brass. The church was restored and enlarged in 1882 at a cost of £3,400, and its register dates from 1558. Opposite the church a deep pit, from which Fuller's earth is quarried, resembles a railway cutting.

A pathway from the church eastward conducts us into the avenue of Nutfield Court, a modern mansion on the estate which formerly belonged to the Evelyn family. The house is situated in well-wooded grounds. The route thence is continued by a field-path, entered by a swing-gate, where the shrubberies terminate, nad from the position now attained views are had extending from Merstham eastward to the Kent districts. The footpath divides into two branches in the next field, and we keep to the right, proceeding in front of a country rectory, and presently regain the main road between Nutfield and Bletchingley at a point where a highway proceeds north to Brewer Street, White Hill, and Caterham, indicated by a direction-post. Traversing the eastern road, we soon reach Castle Hill, the site of the former castle of Bletchingley. Gilbert de Clare held this castle for the barons in 1263, when it was captured and nearly demolished by the royal forces. Soon afterwards it was rebuilt, but appears to have never attained any importance, although mention is made of Bletchingley Castle. as containing arms and munitions of war in the reign of

Queen Mary. Aubrey, writing in 1673, says:—"This Castle (with great Graffs) is in a coppice and was heretofore a stately fabrick, and pleasantly situated, but shows only now one piece of wall of five foot thick." Bletchingley House is situated on adjoining property, and in closer proximity to the village.

Bletchingley consists of a long, broad, uneven street, composed chiefly of old houses, and still retains many features of antiquity.

The manor was granted by the Conqueror to the Clares, Lords of Tonbridge, and Earls of Gloucester, and in process of time descended to three sisters, one of whom, Margaret de Clare, married Piers Gaveston, favourite of Edward II. It afterwards came into the possession of the Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham, one of whom was beheaded in 1521 by order of Henry VIII., and the estate was conveyed to Sir Nicholas Carew, who shared the fate of his predecessor in 1539, when the manor was settled by Henry on Anne of Cleves. Having been held by the Howard family and others, it was purchased in 1677 by Sir Robert Clayton, a London alderman, frequent changes of ownership have occurred in later times.

As a Parliamentary borough, its first representatives, Richard de Bodekesham and John de Gayhesham, were returned during the reign of Edward I. in 1294. The number of electors, said to have been originally about 130, gradually dwindled down to ten or twelve; Bletchingley was Lord Palmerston's first constituency, and Mr. Hyde Villiers was at one time member for the borough before its disfranchisement by the Reform Bill of 1832.

Bletchingley Church, dedicated to St. Mary, presents a somewhat quaint but interesting external appearance, with its low massive tower and embattled stuccoed walls. It consists of a nave, aisles, a chancel with south aisle, transept, south porch, and an embattled western tower. The south chancel aisle is known as the Clayton chapel, and the north transept is usually designated the Ham chapel, from Ham, a detached hamlet surrounded by Nutfield parish, and now absorbed by Nutfield. The

lower portion of the tower is Norman, and the chancel exhibits Early English features, but the chief part of the edifice belongs to the Perpendicular period. The tower was formerly surmounted by a timber spire 160 feet high, and the parish register records that "the Stepell was burned the xvii. day of November, 1606"; but a contemporary account of its destruction more explicitly relates that the lightning "did in a very short Time burn up the Spire Steeple of Bletchingley in Surry, at the same time melt into infinite Fragments a goodly Ring of Bells."

Photograph **Bletchingley Church.** *Flint.*

In 1864 the church was partially restored, when a new north aisle and an east window were added, and further alterations were effected in 1872. Several memorial windows were inserted at this time, and a well-designed reredos by Pearson has been erected. The Clayton chapel has an interesting piscina, and over the porch is a parvise chamber, which appears to have been entered by means of an external staircase, the mullions of the

window to this chamber are gone, and it is left unglazed. A bricked-up pointed lowside window or small priests' door, it is difficult to gather which, may be seen in the south chancel wall.

The most conspicuous of the many monuments in the church is the elaborately inartistic one in the chancel chapel, typical of the early part of the 18th century, and called by Jennings a nightmare, erected to Sir Robert Clayton, of Marden, and his lady. Sir Robert, the Ishban of "glorious" John Dryden's creation, is here represented under a canopy, with Lady Clayton, in his robes as lord mayor of London. He was born in 1629, and his death occurred in 1707, but the memorial was prepared during his lifetime. Between the sanctuary and the Clayton chapel is a sculptured altar tomb, which was formerly under a canopy, with a modern inscription commemorative of Sir Thomas Cawarden, who had been "bowbender" to Henry VIII. and lord of the manor of Bletchingley, and who died in 1559.

A good brass within the altar rails, without inscription, represents an ecclesiastic in full clerical vestments, and a very fine brass in the transept chapel memorialises Thomas Warde, who died in 1541, and his wife Jane. The south aisle contains a brass to a lady with inscription missing (*c.* 1470); and adjacent to this is a more modern slab, in which brasses representing three groups of children and two shields have been inserted. Of the several stained glass windows in the church, especial mention must be made of that in the south aisle, erected in 1880 to the memory of Miss Clara Kenrick, daughter of a former incumbent, in which exquisite design and most delicate colouring are very happily united.

The popular tradition that Bletchingley was formerly a considerable town and possessed seven churches is not supported by any existing records, and is opposed to the evidence of external appearances. The earliest entry in the parish register occurs under date of 1538, and is preceded by the following interesting statement:—

This is the bowke or Regystre of the parishe churche of Blechyngligh in the Cowntie of Surrey in the dyocesse off Wyn-

chestr for the Regystreng off all such names as shall be chrystyned, buryed, and wedded, within the said paryshe according to the commandement and injunctyons off our most noble and excellent prynce Henry by the grace of God Kyng of England and Frawnce defendour of the faythe, lord of Irelande, and in Erthe suvroine hed under Cryste of the Churche of Englande Exibyt to us the XXV. daye of Octobre in the XXX. yere off the raegne off our said soveraigne by Gryffin Leyson Comyssioner under Thomas lorde Crumwell lorde privie seall vycegerent to the King's said hignes for all the Jurysdictions Ecclesiasticall within this Realme.

Resuming our walk, we reach, immediately beyond the village, some cottages occupying an exposed position on rising ground, and here follow the road to the right, indicated by a guide-post as leading to Tilburstow Hill. This meandering highway conducts us through a constant change of scene passing through a dense plantation for some distance before emerging on the main road from Godstone southward over Tilburstow Hill. Pursuing this up the incline to the right for about a hundred yards, we attain the crest of the ridge; and, climbing the eastern bank of the highway, close to where a fault in the greensand strata reveals some interesting geological features, we are afforded a magnificent panoramic view over the Weald country southward, and northward over the wooded valley to the chalk hills.

Beneath our position, in the valley to the south, is Tilburstow Lodge, more to the west, is Underhills, and from this point of observation a path proceeds northward over the common in the direction of Godstone Church. We gain the main thoroughfare in the vicinity of several detached cottages situated in a depression, and crossing it in an oblique line, immediately pass over a small bridge, and enter a pretty lane, bordered by overspreading trees. This conducts us past the grounds of Leigh Place, a former seat of the Evelyns, and the Vicarage, to the church, beautifully situated on a slight elevation away from the village.

Godstone Church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is a stone edifice, with some portions dating from the Early English period; and the west doorway, in Norman style, preserves fragmentary remains of the original stonework. The south aisle was built in 1824, and the church was restored in 1839, and again with extensions in 1872

from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott. The lower portion of the interior of the tower has been converted into a memorial chapel, and contains a recumbent effigy in marble of the late Barbara St. Clair Macleary, wife of the owner of Pendell Court, who died in 1869. The north chancel chapel contains a very fine seventeenth century altar tomb, with beautiful white marble effigies of Sir John Evelyn and his wife Thomasin in a recumbent position. The knight is represented in plate armour, with a griffin at his feet. A tablet inserted in the north wall of the chancel to the memory of Sarah Smith, who died in 1794, contains a pretty wreath of drooping flowers sculptured by Bacon. The stained east window commemorates the Rev. C. J. Hoare, a late rector, who was Canon and Archdeacon of Winchester; but among the various memorial windows erected in the church, that inserted in the Evelyn chapel to Lady Seymour in 1875 stands pre-eminent for design and colouring. The chancel has a handsome reredos, and a modern carved oak pulpit is the work of a former incumbent, as is the lectern of the present rector.

Near the church are some beautiful almshouses designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and erected in 1874 by the late Mrs. Hunt, of Wonham House, in memory of her daughter. A short distance to the north, and connected with the church by a field path, is Rokesnest, or as it is called on the Ordnance Survey Rook's Nest, at one time the residence of Sir Gilbert Scott, and now that of the Hon. Pascoe Glyn.

An avenue from the church, by a large embanked sheet of water, known as Pond Bay, conducts us past Godstone Place to the village in the vicinity of the Clayton Arms Hotel, a very fine old coaching inn, reputed to have existed from the time of Richard II. Topographical writers have sadly ignored this beautiful old house, originally known as the White Hart. The public parlour is redolent of coaching days, and the

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For further particulars of the country to the east of Redhill the reader is referred to *Oxted, Limpsfield, and Edenbridge*, No. 36 of the Homeland Handbooks, and to *Wolfe Land: The Westerham District*, No. 5 of the same series.

Homeland] **The Clayton Arms at Godstone.** [*Copyright.*
Formerly the White Hart.

great beams and low ceilings, the antique furniture, and carefully preserved interior generally, are worthy of thorough investigation by all interested in antiquarian domestic architecture. The beautiful garden and general surroundings render but little imagination necessary to take the visitor back two or three hundred years.

Godstone is a large, pleasant village, encircling an extensive green studded with horse-chestnut and other trees. In its neighbourhood are vestiges of some tumuli, and the remains of a fortification are visible at Castle Hill adjoining Leigh Place. An ancient road, supposed to have been Roman, passed from Sussex to Croydon over Tilburstow Hill, through the village, and probably joined the vicinal way at White Hill, a few miles to the north-east. For centuries the traffic from London to Lewes passed this way, when there was next to none through Reigate and none through Redhill.

The manor was held by the St. John family in the fourteenth century, and in 1589 was acquired by George Evelyn, of Wotton, father of the Sir John already mentioned. The estate was afterwards purchased by Charles Boone, and at a subsequent period came into the possession of the Clayton family, at present represented by Sir William Clayton, of Marden Park.

Proceeding by a pathway westward across the village green, we enter the road to Bletchingley, and on the crest of a slight elevation at a point directly opposite Ivy House, a swing-gate on the right bank admits to a field path leading in a north-westerly direction. We cross a road at the succeeding gate, and following the continuation of the footway over a stile in front of some cottages, are conducted over cultivated fields to a country lane, which proceeds westward in a direct line, and joins the highway known as Brewer Street immediately after passing Place Farm.

Pursuing the southern course of this road for a few hundred yards, we observe on our left the fifteenth-century timbered farmhouse of Bletchingley Place, which formerly constituted the gatehouse of the ancient manor residence, demolished in the seventeenth century. A short distance beyond we follow the road branching to

By permission of Mr. W. A. Bell] **Pendell Court, a Fine Old Manor House.** *Photograph, Flint.*

the right, close to the old Rectory house, and directly afterwards enter a tree-shadowed lane close by a wayside cottage. The path is continued to the fine Elizabethan mansion of Pendell Court standing amidst some magnificent timber. The stately old house is constructed of brick, with stone mullioned windows, and was built by George Holman, about the year 1624. An ancestor, Sir John Holman, is said to have taken part in the battle of Bosworth. This spot may indeed be styled the Garden of Holmesdale.

Emerging on the public highway, we proceed some few yards northward past the Manor House, and before reaching the entrance lodge of Pendell Court, Pendell House is seen in front. This house is said to have been built by Richard Glydd in 1636, from the designs of Inigo Jones.

At this point a swing-gate admits to a field path winding along a wooded depression westward. We keep to the left over a stile near a few cottages, adjoining extensive osier plantations, when Nutfield Rectory comes within observation on the left; and thence following a direct route over cultivated fields reach Nutfield Marsh, close by Mercer's Farm. Directing our course across the common towards some solitary cottages at its south-western extremity, we enter here a rural lane, called Colmonger, that is, Coalmonger, Lane. The name originates from the charcoal which, prepared in the forest of the Weald, and before such fuel had been supplanted by seaborne coal from Newcastle, was conveyed this way to London. Colmonger Lane then passes the late kennels of the Surrey Staghounds and Chilmead Farm, where a road, cutting off a corner, turns northward to the stream bounding the parishes of Nutfield and Merstham at Fordbridge. Directly opposite Chilmeads a footpath commences under the outstretched branches of a row of gigantic elms, and pursuing a meandering course, conducts us to Redhill.

LOCAL NOTANDA.

The Publishers have not felt it necessary to incorporate in this handbook a list of the times of the services in the Churches and Chapels, nor a list of the many local Public Institutions.

Full particulars regarding these matters will be found in the local Directories.

The following Newspaper circulates in Reigate, Redhill, and the surrounding villages:—

The "Surrey Mirror and County Post." One Penny. Friday Morning. Tuesday Edition: One Half-Penny.

For Reader's Notes.

For Reader's Notes.

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SURREY'S CAPITAL.

INTRODUCTORY.

"A LITTLE to the north-west," says Cobbett in one of his "Rural Rides," writing on a Sunday evening in October as long ago as 1825—"a little to the north-west is the town of Guildford, which (taken with its environs) I, who have seen so many, many towns, think the prettiest, and, taken all together, the most agreeable and most happy-looking that I ever saw in my life. Here are hill and dell in endless variety. Here are the chalk and the sand, vying with each other in making beautiful scenes. Here is a navigable river and fine meadows. Here are woods and downs. Here is something of everything but *fat marshes* and their skeleton-making agues. The vale, all the way down to Chilworth from Reigate, is very delightful."

So wrote William Cobbett, now more than seventy years ago; and Cobbett, if anyone, ought to have known. He had travelled, and travelled with an attentive eye, over a very large portion of England, especially in its south-east corner; and clearly it is in its south-east corner, if anywhere, that we must look for a rival to Guildford. There is grander and nobler scenery in the North; there is nothing richer or more beautiful than Surrey. And, lastly, Cobbett's tribute is all the more conclusive because he was very far from being lavish in

his praise or catholic in his admiration. Ashdown Forest was for him a "forest without trees"—"verily the most villainously ugly spot I ever saw in England." Travellers seventy years ago did not judge scenery exactly by modern standards; and whenever Cobbett praises a place, one cannot help suspecting that he has more than half an eye to the richness of its soil and the excellence of its wheat crop. Not always, though; for does he not note at Chilworth, and evidently with sincere appreciation, that the nightingales are to be heard there earlier and later than in any other part of England?

Cobbett's admiration, then, we are much inclined to attribute not only to Guildford's fertility of soil, but to Guildford's own intrinsic beauty. Even now, indeed, it is difficult to find a quainter or a prettier town in England. With some Northern towns, indeed—with Richmond or with Durham—it would be idle to compare it. In the North we find elements of dignity and grandeur which we are not in the habit of expecting in the South. In the South what we look for is a kind of gentle prettiness—fat green water-meadows and Kentish orchards—warm rich colouring and wealth of detail. And in the South there is one town only with which we should ever think of comparing Guildford. It is remarkable, indeed, that the county towns of Sussex and Surrey should present so many features in common. Each is situate in a narrow river passage in the heart of steep chalk downs. Each looks down from a castle tower on a gray and sluggish river. Each boasts a wealth of old red-brick houses, curious back-streets, and odd nooks and corners. Lewes, it must frankly be admitted, possesses its peculiar points of advantage. The South Downs are almost, if not quite, worthy of the extravagant eulogium of honest Gilbert White. They, at any rate, much more than the North Downs, merit to be called a "chain of majestic mountains." Lewes, again, has suffered far less severely from the unlicensed excesses of the modern builder. Guildford, on the contrary, in almost all directions exhibits painful visible traces of an ever-increasing prosperity. Of late years it has thrown up great crops of cottages to the north, and of villas to the east along the road to Leatherhead; new houses are even creeping up

Pewley Hill, and beginning to invade the green bluffs of the downs above the great Quarry Street chalk-pits.

But the heart of Guildford, the unspoilt residuum—to what in the kingdom shall we compare it? Is there anywhere else such another recreation-ground as that which encircles its ancient castle—such a wealth of lawn, and flower-bed, and foliage—such glimpses of distant hillside and woodland—such delightful groupings of old red-brick houses? Or is there any other High Street in the country—always excepting the High Street of Oxford—to vie with the High Street of Guildford? The late Mr. Mortimer Collins, in one of his inimitably chatty papers in *Temple Bar*, entitled "Through Hants," must surely have forgotten or never seen Guildford, when he wrote: "The High Street of Southampton is excelled in picturesqueness only by the High Street of Oxford."

If we seem to have spoken extravagantly of Guildford itself, in what terms are we to speak of the country round it—of the hill and dell in endless variety—of the chalk and sand vying with each other in making beautiful scenes—of its navigable river and fine meadows—which seventy years ago delighted Cobbett? The country to the north of Guildford is interesting; the country to the immediate east and west is beautiful. But the country to the south—the rich vale of Chilworth, stretching away to Albury and Shere, and dominated by St. Martha's Chapel; the heavily-wooded glens of Wonersh and Bramley; the stately lawns of Loseley; the wild commons of Munstead, Thursley, and Elstead; the rural simplicities of Puttenham and Compton—who is to describe, or attempt to describe, these in language restrained within the bounds of moderation? Only those who have wandered over Surrey year after year, in and out of season—in autumn, when the trees are russet gold and yellow, and the cottages are aglow with Virginia creeper; in winter; in summer; and above all in

> "The sweet spring days,
> With whitening hedges and uncrumpling fern,
> And blue-bells trembling by the forest ways,"

—can ever appreciate at its proper value this exceedingly beautiful corner of our always beautiful England.

TO GUILDFORD BY RAIL AND ROAD.

By Rail.

GUILDFORD is exceptionally well off in the matter of railways, being served by no fewer than three separate companies. Of these the South-Western offers the shortest and quickest approach from London (30 miles). There are two main routes from Waterloo, each of which is traversed by expresses—the old main line viâ Surbiton and Woking; and the new, so-called, Guildford direct, which turns away from the old line at a point near Surbiton, and proceeds viâ Cobham and Horsley. Trains also run direct by the slower and more circuitous route through Epsom and Leatherhead. By the *old* main line we can scarcely be said to get into the country till after passing Esher, beyond which we cross "the soft windings of the sullen Mole," and catch on the left a fleeting glimpse of the solitary gatehouse called Wolsey's Tower. Next come Walton and Weybridge in rapid succession, with their ever-growing crops of suburban villas; and then, emerging from the lengthy cutting which skirts the pine-clad upland of St. George's Hill, we cross the waters of the sluggish Wey, turn sharply away from the valley of the Thames, and plunge abruptly into the pine-clad moorlands which occupy so much of Western Surrey. The array of new houses round bustling Woking Junction looks like a slice out of Wimbledon or Clapham. Six miles further, with a pretty view on the distant left of Old Woking Village, we glide into Guildford Station. Very little idea of the picturesqueness of the place is gained from this approach.

Those who travel to Guildford by the new direct line, viâ Effingham Junction, gain a very much better conception of the beauties of rural Surrey. There is nothing to see of particular interest save the woods of Claremont and the church-tower of Stoke d'Abernon, but the countryside is everywhere beautiful with alternate coppice, pasture, and ploughland. In spring the woods which lie thickly along the line are yellow with innumerable primroses.

The approach by the South-Eastern is considerably further (40 miles), but incomparably more beautiful.

Beyond Croydon we traverse the range of the North Downs, which we leave behind us at Merstham, and from Reigate onward we proceed through the heart of the loveliest scenery in Surrey. Every inch of the country between Reigate and Guildford—every farmhouse and cottage by the side of the line—is worthy of the closest attention. Special points are the bold chalk hills in the neighbourhood of Betchworth; the beautiful views on either side of the line on approaching Box Hill Station; the peeps of St. Martha's Chapel about Chilworth; and, lastly, the view of distant Guildford as the train winds round from Shalford.

The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway have a branch from Horsham into Guildford.

By Road.

There are two principal roads from London, with little difference between them in point of length. That by Epsom and Leatherhead, though rather the longer, will perhaps be thought the pleasanter.

1. *By the Portsmouth Road.*—This is the direct road to Guildford (27½ miles). London is quitted by Putney Bridge, and a long hill succeeds to Putney and Wimbledon Commons. Kingston follows in a few more miles—a nucleus of ancient town with a vast environment of modern suburb—and it is only on reaching Esher Green that we really feel in the country. We now skirt the grounds of Claremont Park, and arrive at the hamlet of Cobham Street, just beyond which we cross the Mole, and plunge into the heart of the Surrey moorlands. Stretches of pinewood and moorland give place to a plainer agricultural country just before reaching Ripley, from which it is only another six miles into the heart of Guildford.

2. *By Epsom and Leatherhead.*—London is quitted by Tooting and Merton, and we begin to get into the country at Morden. Epsom succeeds, with its traditions of horse-racing and its curiously old-fashioned High Street. Its mineral spring, despised and neglected, lies not far away from our route, on Epsom Common. At Leatherhead we are tempted to linger on the bridge—one of the prettiest spots in Surrey. The dozen miles from here on to Guildford are among the most charming in the county, leading as they do through a succession of quiet

villages which cluster thickly on the northern dip of the sparsely inhabited downs. From Epsom the road is a perpetual switchback of alternate ups and downs.

BYGONE GUILDFORD.

THE history of Guildford begins with the mention of the town in the will of Alfred the Great, in which that King gives to his nephew Æthelwald his "villæ," or towns, of "Godelming," "Guldeford," and "Stemingham" (? Steyning). Here we find one of the early variations of a name which is otherwise spelt Gildford, Gilford, Gillford, Guldford, Gulford, Gilforde, Gyuldeford, Gilforthe, and even Gywford, apparently at the whim of the writer.

First Mention.

The derivation of the name has been much disputed, and cannot be determined with certainty. A simple explanation lies on the surface—the ford connected with the guild, or the guild connected with the ford. This explanation, however, is full of difficulties. In the first place, a natural suspicion attaches to derivations of place-names which seem to lie on the surface; their very obviousness is their principal drawback. It is very far from certain, for instance, that Oxford is the ford of the oxen. Beddington, again—to take an example in Surrey—is *not* the first stage out of London at which travellers could get a *bed* for the night, notwithstanding the ingenious conjecture of the Rev. Daniel Lysons! It is difficult, again, to understand how a town could have grown to sufficient magnitude to possess an important trade-guild without previously possessing a name, though this, of course, assumes that the place was known by no earlier designation. Complete changes of place-names have undoubtedly occurred—as in Surrey, for instance, the astonishing transition from Churchefelle into Reigate. There is not, however, a grain of evidence for supposing that Guildford was at any time called by any other name.

Derivation.

Other explanations have from time to time been offered—some of them plausible, others merely ludicrous.

"Old Mr. Knight," says Aubrey, "an eminent schoolmaster in Kent, used to say it had its denomination from *Goldford*, *i.e.*, from the finding of gold dropped into the ford." More likely derivations are from *geleht*, wet, or from *geld*, a toll or tax. It is just possible that Guildford conceals in a contracted form the name of an old Saxon "mark," or family. We have two Gillings in

IN THE HIGH STREET GUILDFORD

Yorkshire; a Gillmorton in Leicester; a Gilsland in Cumberland; a Gilston in Hertfordshire; and three Gillinghams, respectively in Dorsetshire, Norfolk and Kent. It is, in short, almost absolutely certain that a family of *Gillingas* actually existed. Further, there are Guildens in Cheshire and Cambridgeshire, and another actual Guldeford in Romney Marsh. The wet situation of the latter place certainly points to the origin from *geleht*.

The history of Guildford begins, as we have said, with its mention in King Alfred's will—that is, in the year A.D. 900. Some, it is true, have identified the place with the Astolat of Arthurian romance, familiar to readers of Mallory and Tennyson as the home of the beautiful Elaine:

> "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
> Elaine the lily maid of Astolat."

But this is to quit the firm ground of historical fact for the quicksands of romantic conjecture.

Not a Roman Station.

Neither is there sufficient reason for believing that Guildford was a Roman station, though a Romano-British camp undoubtedly existed half a dozen miles away on Farley Heath. No Roman road is known to have passed Guildford, and no Roman remains have been discovered in the immediate vicinity. Attempts, however, have been made to connect Guildford with Ardaoneon and Noviomagus. Two other places in Surrey—Woodcote, near Wallington, and Woodcote, near Epsom—have been claimed as the site of this latter city.

Of prehistoric Guildford—at any rate, of prehistoric West Surrey—plenty of evidence, in the shape of palæolithic remains, has from time to time come to light. The visitor should certainly see the fine collection of flint arrow-heads, hatchets, scrapers, and other articles, collected by Mr. Lasham, and now on view at the Museum in Quarry Street. The history of Guildford, however, as already stated, cannot properly be said to begin prior to the year 900 A.D.

Murder of Alfred Ætheling.

The curtain thus momentarily lifted descends again for a period of more than a hundred years, and is then raised only to reveal Guildford as the reputed theatre of a massacre of appalling dimensions. The story is set out at length in Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest" (vol. i., p. 484, 3rd ed.). All that is tolerably certain is this: first, that about the year 1036 one or both of the two Æthelings—Edward, afterwards known as the Confessor, and his luckless brother Alfred—"made an attempt to recover their father's kingdom; secondly, that Alfred

. . . fell into the power of Harold, and was cruelly put to death; thirdly, that Godwin was suspected of being an accomplice. But beyond this there is scarcely a circumstance of the story which can be asserted with any confidence."

So far the verdict of scientific history! Tradition,

OLD HOUSES IN HIGH STREET, GUILDFORD.

however, is ready, as usual, with several unpicturesque details. We give the story as told by Manning and Bray, who have, no doubt, collated the facts as presented by a number of monkish chroniclers. Alfred, with his Norman attendants, being brought to Guildford, "they were, early in the morning, brought forth into the public streets, and appointed unto slaughter. In order to this they underwent a decimation, by which the tenth only

was preserved; and this tenth another of the same kind: so that of 600 Normans who accompanied the Prince on this occasion not more than six escaped the fury of the merciless barbarians. Nor was the death alone of these unhappy victims thought a sufficient atonement for the presumption of their leader. They even sported with their miseries; and by every lingering torment that the very wantonness of cruelty could devise, and the most abandoned ferocity execute, protracted their various agonies to the very last moment." It is satisfactory to find that Freeman is inclined to hold Godwin's complicity at any rate "non proven."

Domesday.

Forty years later we come to Domesday, and stand on firmer historical ground. In what manner the stormy period which succeeded the landing of William at Hastings affected Guildford we have now no means of knowing. The entry in the General Survey under the head of Guildford is interesting, but too long and technical for complete quotation. It throws, however, valuable light on the probable size of the town at that time. "In Guildeford King William possesses 75 tenements, in which reside 175 men." From these data Mr. Manning conjectures that the population then amounted to about 700 souls. He is also inclined strongly to countenance the old tradition that places the bulk of the Guildford of the General Survey, unlike the Guildford of to-day, on the western bank of the river.

Castle.

By whom Guildford Castle was first built, and at what exact period, it is now impossible to discover. The silence of Domesday is sufficient evidence that no regular fortification existed there at the time of the General Survey. It was impossible, however, that the conquerors should long neglect a strategic point of such critical importance; and we are not, accordingly, surprised to find that the earliest parts of the present ruins date back to at least the reign of Henry II. One of the earliest mentions occurs, however, in the Annals of Waverley Abbey, from which we learn that the French Dauphin, having landed in Thanet, and received the homage of the barons in London, afterwards took in succession the castles of Reigate, Gildford, and Fernham. This was in the reign of John, in A.D. 1216. Prob-

ably he marched westward along that great cross-road whose scanty fragments are still known as the Pilgrims' Way, along which bands of pilgrims were already beginning to make their way eastward to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. This is apparently the only event of importance connected with Guildford Castle.

Canterbury Pilgrims.

Guildford lay very nearly, though not quite, on one of the three great pilgrim roads to Canterbury; and we cannot doubt that many pilgrims would diverge for the short half-mile into the town for lodging, food, or amusement. The probable line of the old British track, now known as the Pilgrims' Way, approached Guildford along the south side of the Hog's Back from Compton, crossed the Wey at St. Catherine's Chapel, and so, avoiding the town, continued by Shalford and Chantry Woods to the top of St. Martha's Hill. It is certain, however, that from a very early period there existed also some kind of road from Farnham along the "chine" of the Hog's Back, and it is likely that this, too, would be used by pilgrims, who would thus be brought straight into Guildford. That Guildford, however, was familiar with their presence we cannot for a moment doubt; and no attempt to picture to ourselves the life of the mediæval borough can possibly be complete which fails to take into account the movement and colour thus, for a period of nearly 400 years, imparted to its ancient streets. The principal bustle would undoubtedly occur in the weeks immediately before and after the dates of the two great festivals—the Feast of the Martyrdom, on December 29, and the Feast of the Translation, on July 7. It is safe, however, to assume that there constantly existed a steady stream of pilgrims. Every fifty years, moreover, the Feast of the Translation was celebrated with more than ordinary splendour; and "indulgences were granted to all who came, and the festival lasted for a fortnight." "On one of these occasions, in 1420, no less than 100,000 persons were thus collected; they came from all parts, but chiefly from the British dominions, at that time—immediately after the great battle of Agincourt—extending far over the neighbouring continent. . . . What a sight, too, must have been presented as, all along the various

roads through the long summer day, these heterogeneous bands—some on horseback, some on foot—moved slowly along, with music, and song, and merry tales, so that every town they came through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the sound of their piping, and

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with the jingling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking of the dogs after them, they made more music than if the King came there with all his clarions and many other minstrels. . . . 'And when one of the pilgrims that goeth barefoot striketh his toe upon a stone

and hurteth him sore, and maketh him bleed,' then 'his fellow sings a song, or else takes out of his bosom a bagpipe to drive away with wit and mirth the hurt of his fellow'" (Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury").

Guildford was part of the *terra regis* at the time of the General Survey, and although much of the land was subsequently aliened, much of it remained in the hands of the Crown down to the seventeenth century. Henry II., indeed, enclosed a park on the north side of Guildown soon after his first coronation in 1154, and probably built a mansion on the site; and from that time forward we find succeeding monarchs in frequent residence at Guildford. Whether these visits were paid to park or castle is not, however, always quite clear. One or two interesting anecdotes survive in connection with Henry's sojourn.

Prior and Monks of St. Swithin.

Thus, for instance, a ridiculous incident is related by Giraldus Cambrensis. The Prior of St. Swithin, Winchester, with thirteen of his monks, came before the King at Guildford in 1186, and complained with tears in his eyes that their new Bishop had robbed them of three of the dishes with which they had been wont to fortify themselves for Divine service. The King asked how many they had left, and they answered ten only, although they had been accustomed to thirteen, on festivals, ever since the time of St. Swithin! The King turned to the bystanders. "Look at these monks," said he. "I thought their abbey had been burnt down, or some other dreadful misfortune befallen them. And it turns out that they are merely grumbling because their Bishop has taken away three of their thirteen dishes. May their Bishop perish, unless he further reduces their courses to the number of those in my own household! They call *me* King, yet I am content with three."

The anecdote is quite in keeping with the opponent of the priestly pretensions of Becket, and seems to show that the ecclesiastical storm which arose after the martyr's death, if it had quelled, had certainly not broken, the kingly spirit of Henry. In 1188 the King was again at Guildford, and there one of his chaplains, Walter

Daumartin, saw a vision in the night. Thomas himself stood before Walter in his sleep, holding a fiery sword in his right hand; and brandishing the weapon, and regarding him sternly, the saint thus broke into speech: "Lo," said he, "this sword is but newly fashioned—as yet 'tis barely cool. This sword shall pierce the King thy master, according to the word of the Psalmist."* The priest told the King, who later in the day summoned him again to his presence. "Walter, Walter," said he with a groan, "thy sword has even now begun cruelly to wound me (*secare suscepit*), for we have just lost Radulph's Castle." News had that same hour been brought him from abroad that Chateauroux had been betrayed to the French King.

Vision of Walter Daumartin.

John was at Guildford at least three times: in 1199, in 1201, and in the last year of his reign. His presence in the neighbourhood has been made the subject of much romancing by the late Mr. Martin Tupper, to acquaint himself with which the reader must turn to the pages of "Stephan Langton."† Henry III. seems to have resided here on several different occasions. The latter monarch appears not to have been too proud to add to his income the profits of a wine business. The wines may perhaps have been, as Brayley thinks, the produce of vineyards on the King's own estates in Gascony and Poictou. At any rate, there exists a memorandum of orders given to the Sheriff of Surrey and to Peter, a clerk of London, to sell the King's wines at Guildford, and not to allow any other wine to be sold in the bailiwick of Surrey till the royal stock was disposed of.

Edward I. was certainly at Guildford during the lifetime of his father. The following is freely translated from the chronicles of William Rishanger, a monk of St. Albans. About this time (A.D. 1267) a certain knight, or soldier (*miles*), in the district of Winchester, called Adam Gurdoun, who had been outlawed, with other adherents of Earl Simon, for refusing to come to terms with the King, withdrew with his followers to the

Adam Gurdoun, the Outlaw.

* Psalm vii 12: "If he turn not, he will whet his sword; he hath bent his bow, and made it ready."

† Guildford: Frank Lasham, 61, High Street.

neighbourhood of the road running between Oultone (? Alton) and Fernham Castle, which at this point was forced out of the straight line by a wooded height in the valley, and thus made a convenient place for highwaymen. Here he worried the countryside with his robberies, and especially the lands of those who belonged to the King's faction. Edward, hearing of his strength and courage, and wishing to put them to the test, came on him with a strong body of men, just when he was getting ready for a skirmish, and forbade his own followers to prevent the two of them from engaging in single combat. They attacked one another, raining blow on blow with equal luck; and for a long time continued the struggle, neither of them yielding to the other. At last Edward, delighted with the fellow's pluck and spirit, urged him, whilst still fighting, to yield, promising him both his life and fortune. The knight agreed, laid down his arms, and gave himself up to Edward, who brought him that same night to Guildford, and presented him to the Queen, his mother, with a strong recommendation. The knight was restored to his estate, and Edward ever afterwards found him a faithful and affectionate follower.

This story is the subject of an ancient ballad, whose authorship we have been unable to discover. It is written with much ease and vigour:

> "Prince Edward hath brought him to Guildford tower,
> Ere that summer's day is o'er;
> He hath led him to the sacred bower
> Of his wife, fair Elianore.
> His mother, the 'ladye of gay Provence'!
> And his sire, the King, was there;
> Oh, scarcely the Gordon dared advance
> In a presence so stately and fair!"

Edward IV. visited Guildford in 1479 and 1482. Henry VIII. was constantly here, as well as at his neighbouring park at Woking, or Oking. It is interesting to note that in 1488 Henry VII. appointed Sir Reginald Bray keeper of the park and manor. The Brays have long been an important Surrey family settled at Shere in this neighbourhood, and the present Lord of the Manor of that village is Mr. Reginald Bray, K.C.

Letter of Lord Howard.

An extremely interesting letter from Lord Admiral Howard of Effingham to Queen Elizabeth, dated probably about November, 1592, is preserved among the State Papers. A certain "A. B." had apparently applied to the Queen for a lease of the herbage and pannage of certain royal forests, parks, and chases, and Lord Howard is much exercised lest he should convert them all to farms, and cut down the timber which might be used for the "building and repairing her ships, which are the jewels of her kingdom." The writer "trusts he shall not live to see any such grant." "If the coppices in Clarington, Guildford, the great park of Windsor, Nonsuch, and such like, and the great oaks and beeches that have rotten boughs, etc., on them, should be cut down, they would not please her as now they do, for ten to one in those parks have perished, and yet have mast for the deer. . . . No man that ever lived desires more her profit; has delivered his duty; and if she likes the grant, has done." As epitomized in the Calendar of State Papers, there is a refreshing bluntness about this deliverance which seems quite in keeping with the character of the great Armada hero.

Guildford's long connection with royalty ceased in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., by whom the Guildown estate was given by a series of grants to John Murray, the first Lord Annandale. Henceforth it ceases to share with Windsor the claim to be looked on as a royal borough.

Clothing Trade.

The Guildford of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seems principally to have been noted for its clothing trade and Puritanism. Of the former extent of its woollen industry there still remains plenty of evidence. Two little woolpacks "in fesse of the third paleways" still figure on the borough arms; and of eight tradesmen's tokens engraved by Russell, five, dating between 1656 and 1667, exhibit the same device. At this later period, it must further be remembered, the original clothing trade had largely decayed; yet even then Guildford could produce four tradesmen—and probably a good many more—all of whom were presumably engaged in this business, and all of whom were of sufficient importance to issue tokens

From an] GENERAL VIEW OF GUILDFORD ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO *Old print.*

of their own. Their names were Abdiah Martin, John Brown, John Remnant, and Nicholas Lintott. Aubrey records that many good estates had been made out of this business. In the accounts of one of the King's messengers, William Brereton, in 1530, we find an item of 1½ lb. of wool, bought at Guildford for "trussing the coffers," set down at 6d. On December 8, 1608, we find the Whitehall Commission for examining the supposed invention of dyeing wools desiring the opinion of the clothiers of Surrey and the dyers of Guildford as to the novelty and excellence of this invention. Most curious, however, was the order of Elizabeth, to the effect that every alehouse-keeper was to have a sign-board, with a woolsack painted on it, hung up at his door, under a penalty of 6s. 8d. for neglect. The board was to be delivered from the Hall, on payment to the Hall Wardens of ijs. for the same. Probably the trade extended into several surrounding villages; we have, in fact, the testimony of Aubrey that it flourished exceedingly at Wonersh. Shere, too, he tells us, was in his day "considerable for the Fustian Weavers, and hath been so anciently"; and he records the curious tradition that the old timber parsonage-house there—now, alas! pulled down—was originally "built on wooll-packs, in the same manner as our Lady's Church at Salisbury was; that is, it is likely enough some tax might be laid on wooll-packs towards the building of it." Such rationalism from the usually credulous Aubrey is indeed surprising. To this day there is a Woolpack Inn at Banstead in this county.

Letter of Archbishop Abbot.

Russell prints an extremely interesting letter from Guildford's great benefactor, Archbishop Abbot, dated from Lambeth on December 13, 1614, and addressed to the Mayor and "approved men" of Guildford. It had long been his desire, he says, to do something for his native town, whose clothing trade had of late so grievously decayed, and for which he entertained so lasting an affection. He would have liked, he writes, to have founded there a hospital similar to that erected by his great predecessor, Whitgift, at Croydon. This, however, he could not at present see his way to doing. "The

like whereof would require a full purse and long continuance of time in the place which I holde, whereof no man can take to himself any assurance, since we are dailye in the hand of God, and enjoy our breath but at His pleasure." He thinks, however, that good might be done by giving bounties to everyone in the town who would set up a loom for broadcloths, and for this purpose he sends the Mayor a present sum of £100, not for immediate use, but to be laid by till such time as the Corporation might have decided how far his idea was a useful and practical one. The Archbishop's father, it must be remembered, had himself been a Guildford clothier.

Decay of Clothing Trade.

The scandal-loving Aubrey has a discreditable explanation for the final decay of the Guildford cloth trade. He is writing, it is true, primarily of Wonersh, which, he says, "has been a village of great note for its clothing manufacture," which "chiefly consisted in making blue cloths for the Canary Islands"; but he adds that "the same fraudulent practice caused the decay of the blews at Guildford." This "fraudulent practice" consisted in the clothiers' "avaricious method of stretching their cloth from 18 yards to 22 or 23; which being discovered abroad, they returned their commodity on their hands, and it would sell at no market."

The clothing trade of Guildford, much decayed in Aubrey's time, appears to have been altogether dead in 1755. At any rate, in Emanuel Bowen's map of Surrey, first published at that date, we find it tersely and succinctly stated in a marginal note that "'twas once noted for its clothing trade."

Puritanism.

It does not appear that the Puritanism of Guildford was ever equal to that of Banbury, where "Drunken Barnaby" (Captain Richard Braithwaite) saw

> "A Puritane-one
> Hanging of his cat on Monday
> For killing of a mouse on Sonday!"

But there is, at any rate, some reason for suspecting that Guildford was one of its strongholds. We begin to get

scoffs and gibes at the Puritans in the Elizabethan dramatists. Ben Jonson, indeed, lashes them without mercy. Who has not laughed at Ananias, the Anabaptist deacon, by whose society "casting of dollars is concluded lawful"? Or at Brother Zeal-of-the-Lord Busy, first discovered "fast by the teeth in the cold turkey-pie in the cupboard, with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of malmsey on his right"?

Photo by ARCHBISHOP ABBOT. [*R. W. Fielder, Esq.*
From the painting in the Hospital.

Archbishop Abbot.

The connection with Guildford of Archbishop Abbot, the great Calvinistic prelate so oddly wedged in between Bancroft and Laud as an occupant of the chair of St. Augustine, can scarcely have failed to colour the religious tone of the town of which he was at once the most distinguished native and the principal benefactor. The circumstances of his birth are so quaintly chronicled by Aubrey—who, as a High Churchman, execrated his memory—that we cannot do better than give the story as set out in the latter's pages.

Story of his Birth.

"Of the Archbishop," he says, "a singular benefactor to this place . . . I must be a little more particular. His father was a Cloathworker, and he was born at the first house over the bridge in St. Nicholas' Parish (now, 1692, a public-house, known by the sign of the Three Mariners); and his

From an THE BIRTHPLACE OF ARCHBISHOP ABBOT. *old engraving.*
MRS. ABBOT FINDING THE PIKE IN THE PAIL.

mother, when she was with child of him, dreamt, that if she should eat a *Jack* or *Pike*, her son in her womb would be a great man; upon this she was indefatigable to satisfy her longing, as well as her dream: she first enquired out for the fish; but accidentally taking up some of the river water (that runs close by the house) in a pail, she took

up the much desired banquet, dress'd it, and devour'd it almost all: This odd affair made no small noise in the neighbourhood, and the curiosity of it made several people of quality offer themselves to be sponsors at the baptismal fount when she was delivered; this their poverty accepted joyfully, and three were chosen, who maintained him at school, and at the university afterwards. This dream, etc., was attested to me by the Minister, and several of the most sober inhabitants of the place." Later on Aubrey—who noted with satisfaction at Haslemere that there was not a single Dissenter in the town after setting out, as in duty bound, the laudatory inscriptions on the Archbishop's monument, proceeds, in a very complete manner, to fall foul of his memory!

Aubrey's Indignation.

"Notwithstanding this most noble character, transmitted to posterity on the Archbishop's monument, who (*sic*), though he was a benefactor to this place, was no friend to the Church of England, whereof he was head, but scandalously permitted that poisonous spirit of Puritanism to spread all over the whole nation, by his indolence at least, if not connivance and encouragement, which some years after broke out, and laid a flourishing church and state in the most miserable ruins, and which gave birth to those principles which, unless rooted up, will ever make this nation unhappy." Aubrey, it will be seen, in his indignation, ceases to be even grammatical. Afraid to trust himself further, because of "the offence some might take in these times," he proceeds to insert a long quotation from "that impartial Historian," Clarendon! The latter calls the Archbishop "a man of very morose manners, and a very sour aspect, which in that time was called gravity." He "considered Christian Religion no otherwise, than as it abhor'd and revil'd popery, and valued those men most, who did that most furiously." It is a relief to turn from this acrimonious "impartiality" to the kindly quaintness of Fuller, who styles the Archbishop "a pious man, and most excellent preacher." Fuller, too, it is true, has heard the voice of the detractor, and admits that he finds two things charged to the Archbishop's memory: "First, that in his house he respected his Secretary above his Chaplains, and out of it always

honoured Cloaks above Cassocks, Lay above Clergie-men. Secondly, that he connived at the spreading of non-conformity." "Yet there are some," adds Fuller quaintly, "of Archbishop Abbot his relations, who (as I am informed) will undertake to defend him, that he was in no degree guilty of these crimes laid to his charge."

His Life.

George Abbot was born at Guildford in 1562, the second son of Maurice Abbot and of Alice March, his wife. He was educated at the Free Grammar School in his native town, and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1597 he was elected to the Mastership of University College. "He had inherited from his parents," says Mr. S. L. Lee in the "Dictionary of National Biography," "a strong affection for the reformed faith; Oxford, as he knew it in his undergraduate days, was a Puritan stronghold, and its tutors were steeped in the theology of Calvin and St. Augustine. It was thus that Abbot became 'stiffly principled' in Puritan doctrines, and his views, cast in a dangerously narrow mould, took from his habitually gloomy and morose temperament a fanatical colouring." On May 27, 1609, he was appointed Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield; on February 12, 1609-10, he was enthroned at St. Paul's as Bishop of London. "He did first *creep*, then *run*, then *fly* into preferment," says Fuller; "or rather preferment did fly upon him without his expectation." On March 4, 1610-11, he was nominated to the See of Canterbury. Whether in that great position he wrought good or evil, we are not now called on to decide; we have reason, at any rate, for believing that in all things he acted honestly, according to the best of his light and conscience. Of his acts of positive and unchallenged good we have, happily, plenty of examples. He struggled, as we have seen, to revive the decaying prosperity of his native town; he founded there a noble hospital; he encouraged the transformation of Broadgates Hall into Pembroke College, at Oxford; and last, but not least, he was one of that band of eight scholars who formed the Oxford Committee for the translation of the Authorized Version of the New Testament. The closing years of the old man's life were clouded by a terrible misfortune. On July 24, 1621, when shooting at a buck in Lord

Zouch's Park, at Bramshill, he managed to hit and kill a keeper, by name Peter Hawkins. The man had been twice warned to keep out of the way, and the jury brought in an exculpatory verdict of *Per infortuniam suæ propriæ culpæ*. "News of the accident was sent to the King, who declared that none but a fool or knave would think the worse of a man for such an occurrence, and that the like had often nearly happened to himself. The Archbishop was greatly distressed; he prescribed for himself a monthly fast on Tuesday, the day of the misfortune, and settled £20 a year on Hawkins' widow, 'which,' in Oldys's words, 'soon procured her another husband.'" But the matter was not fated to blow over quite so easily. Certain Bishops-elect — among them Abbot's old opponent, Laud, then newly nominated to the See of St. David's—refused to receive consecration at the Archbishop's hands. To do so, said one of them—John Williams—would be nothing less than sacrilege. A commission was appointed to inquire into the matter, and the opinion of the Sorbonne and other foreign Universities invited on the difficult point. The humiliated Abbot withdrew to Guildford, and lodged for a time in his own almshouse. In England, at any rate, the Archbishop's irregularity was never judicially decreed, but it was thought better to observe the formality of granting him a free pardon. This was signed by the King on December 24, 1621. Three of the recalcitrant Bishops, however, still declined to receive consecration at Abbot's hands, and, in deference to their scruples, he delegated the duty to the Bishop of London. There is much instructive information on this extraordinary affair in the second volume of Cobbett's "State Trials."

That Abbot's influence must have had some effect in moulding the religion of his native town is, one feels, more than probable. That a strong Puritan sentiment already existed there at the time of his birth is indicated by the faith of his parents, who "were staunch protestants," and had suffered persecution "for it in Queen Mary's reign (by Dr. Story, of infamous memory)." We have been able to unearth one or two scraps of evidence which go towards showing the religious disaffection of Guildford at a slightly later period. In 1635 Sir Nathaniel

Brent, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Canterbury, presented to Laud the report of his Metropolitan Visitation through a number of dioceses in the Southern Province. Under date "Guildford, Julie 7," occurs the following entry: "There is much faction in these parts. One Prior, a shoemaker in Guildford, is much suspected to be a conventicler. But he denied it very strongly, and I could prove nothing. Here is much straggling to strange parishes. I have given a strict charge to the churchwardens to present them all for it, and have left order in the office that they shall be severely prosecuted. Much irreverence is used in churches by putting on hats in time of divine service, not kneeling when the Ten Commandments are read, etc., and catechizing is much neglected. I have beaten down these abuses as much as possibly I can." Five years later, in 1640, we find an information laid concerning the conduct of Mr. Wood, Rector of Peperharrow. "Being asked at a visitation held at Guildford, 18 Sept., 1640, by [Dr. Mason] the Chancellor of Winchester diocese, if he read the prayer appointed by his Majesty in the expedition against the Scots in time of Divine Service, he answered: (1) He knew not from what authority it came. (2) Since he heard the Scots were come into England he thought the prayer needless, because he had heard of an accommodation. (3) He prayed for the King in his prayer before the sermon, a copy whereof he said he was ready to show. Being further asked if he were resolved to read the appointed prayer hereafter, he said, as before, he thought it needless as the Scots were come into England for an accommodation." Straws, they say, show which way the wind blows; and in trifles such as these—at once petty and irritating—we seem to hear the premonitory rumblings of the coming revolution.

Visitation of Vicar-General.

Rector of Peperharrow.

In 1623 Prince Charles had returned victorious, having been at sea seventeen days, and ended the fray between the Dunkirkers and Hollanders. On this occasion his journey up from Portsmouth to London had been one long series of revellings and triumphs. "He landed at Portsmouth,"

Prince Charles in Guildford.

writes Chamberlain to Carleton, "on Sunday afternoon, October 8th. That night he slept at Lord Annandale's, near Guildford; the next day he reached York house at 8 o'clock in the morning. There was great joy among all classes. The streets were spread with tables of provisions; hogsheads of wine, butts of sack, and bonfires all along the road. At Blackheath 40 loads of wood were burnt at one fire, and the people were so mad in their joy that if they met a wood cart they took out the horse and set wood and cart on fire. A solemn service was held at St. Paul's, where the 114th Psalm was sung. The Prince reprieved some condemned prisoners whom he met on the way to Tyburn." "It was roses, roses, all the way." Ten years later everything is changed, or fast changing. Even as early as April 18, 1629, we find a letter from Lord President Conway to the Mayor of Guildford, complaining that the latter had arrested Capt. Jo. Burley, Commander of the *Swiftsure*, a Vice-Admiral in the expedition to Rochelle. His entertainment being in arrear, Burley cannot satisfy his creditors, and therefore prays for release. Lord Conway does not doubt that, on knowledge of these circumstances, both the Mayor and the creditor will take order that he may be set at liberty. The Mayor cannot be ignorant of the provision that those whose entertainment is in arrear should not be arrested till the end of July, when His Majesty will be prepared to satisfy them. It was the beginning of the end—with the Government a pitiful lack of money—with its toadies and retainers, privilege and favouritism. It is instructive to trace in the annals of Guildford the gradual growth and progress of an irritation which slowly, over the whole country, was moving on to its climax. On January 24, 1633-34, the officers of the Navy appointed for the purpose had complained to the Admiralty that the population of different parts of Surrey had excused themselves on various pretexts from the land carriage of timber from Alice Holt Forest (near Farnham) to the waterside. The inhabitants of Cheam and Ewell pleaded their service in the King's house at Nonsuch; the borough of Guildford pleaded its charter. Peremptory instructions were issued on May 1 that these excuses were not

The Case of Capt. Burley.

to be accepted. No pretence of privilege could possibly be allowed. Such exceptions would be of evil example, and would cast too heavy a burden upon those who actually contributed. In 1636 we have a letter, dated July 23, from Sir William Morley, Sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, to Lord Treasurer Juxon. On June 21 he had been required to pay to the Treasurer of the Navy, within the month, £1,175, being arrear of £4,000 for ship-money for Surrey, and £23 for Sussex. Sussex had paid all, and Surrey had paid £250, so that the present arrear for Surrey was £925, for which, apparently, the Mayor of Guildford had a special writ for £60. One of the lists for ship-money for the previous year (1635) is so instructive that we reproduce it at some length. It throws a very curious light on the relative wealth and importance of a number of places. Winchester is assessed at £190; Basingstoke at £60; Canterbury at £300; Hythe at £40; Maidstone at £160; Cranbrook at £200 (*sic*); Rochester at £80; Guildford at £53; Southwark at £350; Kingston-on-Thames at £88. On January 28, 1637, an account of ship-money then in arrear was tendered by the late Sheriff, Sir Anthony Vincent. £10 5s. 2d. was then due from Guildford. Among persons in whose case no distress could be found were Lord Monson, at Reigate, Sir William Slingsby, at Addington, and the Earl of Annandale, at Guildford. The sums for which these gentlemen were respectively indebted were £8, £8, and a trifle of fifteen shillings! It was not only to the poor and lowly—with here and there a better-class Hampden—that the burden was becoming intolerable. On May 7, 1638, we have a piteous letter from Nicholas Stoughton, Sheriff of Surrey. He cannot yet send, he complains, the parochial and ecclesiastical rates. Very many in divers parts of the county deny payment, and threaten the collectors with actions if they distrain, whereupon the collectors forbear distraining, and desire to know how they shall be secured harmless from such actions, and are not satisfied when they are answered that their warrant will secure them. The distresses, he adds, cannot be sold, no man being willing to buy them.

Ship-money.

On November 5, 1638, the King issued instructions to

the Sheriffs of Hants, Surrey, and Sussex, and the Corporations of Portsmouth, Southampton, Winchester, Andover, Romsey, Basingstoke, Guildford, Southwark, Kingston-on-Thames, Rye, Winchelsea, Hastings, Pevensey, Shoreham, Arundel, Chichester, Seaford, and the good men of Havant, Fareham, the Isle of Wight, Gatton, Croydon, Reigate, Farnham, Bletchingley, Godalming, Lewes, Brighthelmstone, Midhurst, Horsham, Battle, and Petworth, to have ready a ship of 400 tons at Portsmouth by the following March 15. Again, at the risk of being tedious, we print the list at length. The inclusion of Pevensey, Gatton, Winchelsea, and Bletchingley would alone justify a much greater waste of paper. The climax was very nearly reached in 1640. On May 22 in that year we find Sir William Elyott writing to the following effect. He was to certify that the money for coat and conduct laid upon the five hundreds of the west division of Surrey was by warrant appointed to be paid at Guildford upon the previous Saturday; but on Wednesday he had received a letter from Sir Richard Onslow to the effect that, of the £600 appointed to be brought in, only £3 was paid, and that in some places they refused to make any rates at all, and in others pretended a general decay of trading and want of money, whereby they were disabled to pay. The previous year a particular delinquent, Robert Terry, of Guildford, had been ordered to pay £22 arrears of ship-money, or to appear before the Board within four days to answer his neglect.

Civil War.

The storm, long brewing, burst at last in 1642, when Charles in an unlucky moment set up his standard at Nottingham. It does not appear, however, that Guildford played any part of importance in the great Civil War. That to some considerable extent it was aroused and agitated cannot, it is true, be doubted; especially when we remember that at Farnham, only ten miles away, the ancient castle of the Bishop of Winchester was garrisoned first by Sir John Denham (1642), and afterwards by Sir William Waller (1643). Moreover, there were important powder works in the immediate neighbourhood, at Chilworth. But the old Norman castle at this time, though still inhabited, was

presumably for all warlike purposes a mere dismantled ruin; and there is no reason for supposing that it was ever thought of by King or Parliament as a point of strategic importance. We find, accordingly, during this stormy period only a few very short and rather dull notices in the Calendar of State Papers. On April 3, 1644, it was ordered by the Committee of both kingdoms that Mr. Wallop "do speak with the gentlemen of Surrey for securing the gun-powder mills near Guildford." On January 13, 1644-45, we have an order from the Committee, dated from Derby House, for the removal of the Lord General's and Manchester's horse and foot from Guildford to Farnham or its neighbourhood. On April 15, 1645, we have a letter from the Committee to Colonel Ludlow. The soldiers lately pressed in Kent, it seems, had broken out, and were supposed to be making their way towards Surrey. Ludlow is desired to draw his forces towards Guildford, and wait upon their motions upon the downs; such as he should light upon were to be sent to the Committee, to be dealt with as there might be cause. On June 17 in the same year, Colonel Alexander Popham was ordered to take several forces of horse and dragoons about Guildford into charge, and march them to Romsey, with a view to the relief of Taunton. There are other notices of a similar import, but none of them of sufficient interest to be inflicted on the reader. It is worth noting, however, that the Act for abolishing Kingship was ordered by a warrant from the Council of State, dated August 21, 1649, and addressed to the Mayor of Guildford, to be proclaimed "in such places as the people may best take notice."

How Guildford fared during the Commonwealth does not particularly appear; though if we have been right in assuming that it had been nourished on the Churchmanship of Abbot, and had kicked against the pretensions and ship-money of Charles, it is safe, perhaps, to assume that it was not altogether averse, at any rate for a while, from the rule of Oliver and his Roundheads. Be this as it may, it rose, as did the rest of the country, to a proper sense of its duty on the occasion of the happy restoration of King Charles II., of ever glorious memory; and its Corporation feasted the Merry

Restoration.

Monarch and presented him with a silver plate. That it had to borrow £140 for the purpose is perhaps an insignificant detail.

Once again—and we think once only—was Guildford specially linked with the stirring history of England as a whole. In 1685 the disastrous skirmish or rout of Sedgemoor—it was this rather than a battle—was fought out in the gray light of an early July morning. We know with what result—but Sedgemoor, whatever else its associations, has at least this imperishable glory, that it was the last battle fought on English soil, and the last fight in which the hands of Englishmen were imbued with English blood. The Duke of Monmouth was taken ingloriously in a ditch, and led up captive to London; and one of the halting-places on the journey was Guildford, where the wretched prisoner is said to have been confined for the night in the gateway tower of Abbot's Hospital. A month or so later Chief Justice Jeffreys started forth on that infamous circuit which was destined to turn the south-west corner of England into a butcher's shambles. At Winchester, where the assize commenced, there awaited him only a single prisoner in connection with the recent rising—the aged and unfortunate Alice Lisle; and it was not till he arrived at Dorchester that the game of bloodshed really began. It would thus appear that not even the rumblings of the storm extended as far as Guildford. On the other hand, there is nothing to show that Guildford was not really disaffected, or that it would not have received Monmouth with open arms had he penetrated to it at the head of a victorious army.

Monmouth after Sedgemoor.

Guildford no longer concerns itself in making history. It has long since settled down into the brisk respectability of an enterprising county town.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL STROLL THROUGH GUILDFORD.

IN the present chapter the reader is asked to accompany us on an unconventional stroll through Guildford. The time required will vary, of course, according to the amount of attention bestowed on particular objects of interest. It will thus probably occupy, according to the visitor's tastes, anything from a couple of hours to a long summer day. In the course of it we hope to visit everything really worth seeing in Guildford, and at the same time to bring away a lasting impression of its quaintness and picturesqueness as a whole.

We start from the main railway-station, a rather handsome building of its kind, rebuilt in 1886. Immediately on quitting the station-yard we have a choice of routes up into the town. That on the left, by Bridge Street and Friary Street, is unpicturesque, but rather the shorter. That straight on, by the new Farnham Road, introduces us almost at once to the beauties of picturesque Guildford. Clustered gables and old red-brick houses, crowned by the curiously foreign-looking tower of St. Nicolas' Church, form an unusual and not unfitting prelude to the ancient, and once royal, borough.

St. Nicolas', or Lower, Church.

St. Nicolas' Church—sometimes called Lower Church —is reached in about five minutes. It is, in fact, the lowest, in point of position, of the three churches celebrated in the ancient (?) couplet:

> "Proud Guildford, poor people,
> Three churches, no steeple."

Steeple, we suppose, here means spire. If it mean tower, as in the case of Tenterden Steeple in Kent, the rhyme is an obvious libel. St. Mary's, at any rate, has possessed a tower ever since the time of the Conquest! We seem, however, to have met with this distich applied to some other town, and epigrams of the kind are undoubtedly sometimes pressed into doing double duty. Whether it was originally made of Guildford is, at least, open to question.

Third Church on the Site.

Three churches, it is certain, have stood here in succession on the swampy ground by the river-bank. Of the earliest of these we have, unfortunately, no sufficient description, except that it was a rudely-constructed building of chalk and flint, consisting apparently of chancel, nave, and aisles,

ON THE WAY FROM THE STATION, 1903

and having a tower at the west end supported on circular arches. Luckily, however, we have at least two good engravings—one in Cracklow's "Views of Surrey Churches" (*circa* 1824), and a second by Hill, engraved by Peek, in the supplementary volume to Manning and Bray. Both of these seem to show that the tower was furnished with round-headed windows. It was therefore probably

Norman. It is asserted, indeed, in Russell's "Guildford" (1801) that a new tower was built about 1700 A.D. It is also stated, on the authority of a certain John Apark, "a very old inhabitant," that the original tower was *round*. Round towers are undoubtedly found in districts where building stone is scarce—in Essex, for instance, and in the Ouse Valley below Lewes—and if the engraving in the supplementary volume to Manning and Bray is to be trusted, there was formerly a round tower—one would not like to hazard of what period—at Tooting in this very county. Manning and Bray and Brayley, however, are alike silent as to this extraordinary tradition; and the tower shown in the two engravings is utterly unlike anything one would expect to find built at the end of the seventeenth century. Peek's engraving shows a curious north-west porch surmounted by a crow-stepped gable.

This first church was pulled down, with the exception of the tower and the Perpendicular Loseley Chapel, in 1836; and a new church was erected on the site from the designs of Mr. Robert Ebbels. At the same time, the old tower was "improved and beautified" to bring it into keeping with the new body. There is a good sketch of this improved and beautified tower in the general view of Guildford given at p. 285 of the first volume of Brayley's "Surrey." New church and beautified tower were alike pulled down—the Loseley Chapel again being spared—in 1875, when the present striking building was erected from the plans of Mr. Christian. Its style may, perhaps, be called French "first-pointed," and the windows are filled with plate-tracery. Whatever, however, be its proper description, it is certainly of curiously foreign aspect. The tower, for instance, except for a very slight eastward apsidal projection, is at the east end; and with its immense louvre-boards, unbattlemented parapet, and strange little finger turret, presents an appearance altogether un-English. It must, however, be frankly admitted that this daring experiment has turned out successfully. From many points of view St. Nicolas' tower is one of the most effective features in Guildford.

Present Church.

Outside the church is entirely of stone; inside of yellow brick with stone dressings. The extraordinary arrange-

ment of the roof of the south aisle is eccentric. The west wall of the interior and the whole of the chancel is richly covered with wall-painting. Notice, too, the wall-painting and marble panelling, representing SS. George and Helena, at the west of the north aisle. It is dedicated to the memory of General W. B. Wemyss (d. 1890). There is also a beautiful marble font surmounted by an immense oak canopy. All the lower windows, and some in the clerestory, are filled with coloured glass. Four in the north aisle are in memory of Henry Chester, of Brigg's Park, Herts (d. 1743), and of May, his wife (d. 1752). Three in the south aisle are in memory of William Jebb Few (d. 1879), formerly Rector of the parish. The two windows at the west end of the south aisle are in memory of Dr. Thomas Goodwin Hatchard, Bishop of Mauritius (d. 1880). The west windows of the nave are in memory of Dr. J. S. B. Monsell, formerly Rector, who died from a fracture of the arm sustained in the churchyard during the pulling down of the old church in 1875. His fate is commemorated in the churchyard by an inscription let into a fragment of column. Most of the windows are by Clayton and Bell, and all are exceedingly good.

Loseley Chapel.

A modern arcade, glazed with plain glass, affords a peep into the Loseley Chapel—a building of more than common interest, as containing a finer collection of monuments than any other church in Guildford, and as having been for more than three centuries the burial-place of the Mores of Loseley. The following are the more important memorials: (1) Altar-tomb of Arnold Brocas. The figure is of free-stone, in a long red robe, with a dog at his feet. The inscription on a brass plate, now lost, is given in full by Aubrey. (2) An inscription to Sir Christopher More, Knight, "King's Remembrancer to the Exchequer," who died at Loseley in 1549. (3) Monument to Sir George More and Anne, his wife (d. 1590). Two small figures, in white marble, of the lady and her husband, confront one another in a posture of prayer. (4) A very beautiful and important monument to Sir William More and his wife Margaret. This is an altar-tomb, with two recumbent figures in alabaster, the knight being represented in

armour, his dame in the usual Elizabethan costume. Sir William died at Loseley July 20, 1600. The monument, we read, was partly erected "to stir up those which now live to the following of their vertuous and godlye life; Hee beyng evermore a zelous Professor of true Religion, and a favourer of all those which truly were Religious . . . and shee to him both living and dying, a faithful Wife, careful of her familye, bountifull to the Poore, and religious towards God; was in her life beloved, and at her death lamented of all those which did know her." (5) A small altar-tomb, with kneeling figures in the costume of the period, to Elizabeth and Ann, daughters of the above Sir William. (6) Memorial to Sir Robert More, knight, who died at Loseley, 1625.

Bridge.

Quitting St. Nicholas', and turning towards the steep part of the High Street, we arrive immediately at the river Wey. The old town bridge, which was swept away by the disastrous flood of Friday, February 16, 1900, was, at the date of its destruction, of quite modern appearance, as seen from above; but by leaning over the parapets or descending to the river, it could be seen that it was really a very old building. It had, in fact, been a rude stone structure, not unlike the delightful old bridges still found on the Wey at Tilford, Eashing, and other places; and a plate of it is given, apparently as it stood in its original condition, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1754. At a later period it had been considerably enlarged and extensively patched with red brick, of which material, indeed, on its southern side it seemed entirely rebuilt. It is interesting to observe that the wall pellitory (*Parietaria officinalis*), noted by Salmon as growing on this bridge prior to 1863, still flourished on its northern buttresses at the time of their destruction in really amazing luxuriance. There is an interesting entry relating to this bridge or its predecessor in the Commissioners' Inventory of Church Goods in the sixth year of Edward VI. From this it appears that certain goods of St. Mary's—*i.e.*, "a crosse and chalice weyeng cvij oz." and one bell—had been sold since the taking of the last inventory for liij^{li} xiiij^{s} (£53 14s.), of which sum xxxvj^{li} xix^{s} (£36 19s.) had been bestowed "ffor and towardes the mending of the great bridge which was like to perish and be past mending."

From an old plan of Guildford published in 1737, it would seem that there formerly existed a ford on the south of this bridge, the approach to which on the Farnham side appears still to remain. We do not know why Pope, in his "Windsor Forest," calls this stream the "chalky Wey that rolls a milky wave." As a matter of fact, only very little of its course lies over the chalk at all; and real chalk streams, as the Itchen and the Test, are remarkably pure and clear. The Wey at Guildford, so far from being milky, is generally green or gray.

The Wey.

Leaving the High Street for future inspection, and without crossing the bridge, we next follow up the west bank of the river by the lane known as Mill Mead. Presently there opens out the most characteristic view in Guildford—one of the quaintest and most picturesque views of a town any where obtainable in England. The Wey at this point is broken into two channels, one of which feeds what was once an old corn-mill, a red brick building with a red-tiled roof, mellowed by age into tints of great beauty. When the mill-wheel is at work the dark-green waters rush and swirl out noisily from beneath its revolutions into the brimming mill-pool. Above rises a bluff of steep chalk down, covered thickly with crowding old red-brick houses, among and above which peer the gray towers of St. Mary's Church and the Castle Keep.

Mill Mead.

Somewhere near here, in the garden of a house in Mill Mead, running down to the deepest part of the river, stood the old cucking-stool. Brayley, writing in 1850, says that the custom had then been discontinued many years. He adds that the last time the chair was taken out for use "appears to have been about 1710, when one Margaret ——, servant to Stephen Gould, a butcher, in St. Mary's parish, 'left the town through fear, she having long been a reputed scold.'" In the Guildford Constitution Book, under date Anno 4 Edward VI., is the following curious entry: "At this daye was punnyshed, by carting and duckinge, Johan Wryte, the wyfe of George Wryte, of Guldeford, taylor . . .: By her confession. Idem. At this daye was punyshed Philemon Peyto, the servant of John Peyto his brother, shoemaker, for stelinge of apples at Merrowe—by oppen stockinge." Where the

Old Cucking-stool.

GUILDFORD TOWN AND CASTLE FROM MILL MEAD

stocks formerly stood we have been unable to discover. It appears, however, from an old deed dated 1550, that the pillory was set up in St. Mary's parish; and we shall not, perhaps, be very far wrong in assuming that the stocks were not far away.

As to the cucking-stool, it was, and still is, by the Common Law of England, the recognised punishment for a female "scold" (*communis vixatrix*). A "scold" is indictable as a common nuisance, but the offence seems to have been cognizable only in the old courts-leet, and with the disappearance of those courts the offence itself is, of course, no longer prosecuted.

We must now trespass a little beyond the exact limits of Guildford, in order to visit St. Catherine's Chapel. The way is to follow up the towpath from Mill Mead along the west bank of the river, which here follows a somewhat serpentine course through its narrow defile. In summer it is laden with the big target-shaped leaves and floating blossoms of the beautiful yellow water-lily (*Nuphar lutea*). The ruins of St. Catherine's Chapel are picturesquely perched on a steep sandstone knoll, called in old documents Drake Hill, and rising abruptly above the Wey. Backward, toward Guildford, there is a remarkable view which alone would repay the very slight trouble of paying the place a visit. Over a foreground of shining river and rich emerald water-meadows are seen the roofs and towers of Guildford, embosomed among foliage, and framed in a setting of steep chalk downs. The cardinal points are the Castle Keep, the tower of Holy Trinity Church, and a turret of Abbot's Hospital. Eastward, also embosomed among trees, is the soaring spire of Shalford Church; whilst southward are the heavily wooded uplands which lie around Wonersh, Godalming, and Hascombe. The dedication of this chapel to St. Catherine is interesting as being yet another example of the numerous hill-top shrines in honour of this saint scattered up and down the country. The two St. Catherine's Hills at Winchester and Christ Church are remarkable instances in point; although, of course, in both these cases the chapel itself has long since vanished. The explanation of the circumstance lies probably in the tradition of the translation of

St. Catherine's Chapel.

the martyred virgin's head by angel hands to the top of Mount Sinai.

It is certain that a chapel existed on this site at least as early as 1230; in which year we get a reference to it in the Pipe Rolls, *i.e.*, in the Great Rolls of the Exchequer

THE RUINED CHAPEL ON ST. CATHERINE'S HILL.

containing "the yearly charge against the Sheriffs of the several counties as drawn up and engrossed by the Clerk of the Pipe, and specifying the various rents, farms, and debts due from them to the King in their capacity as Farmers or Collectors of his Revenues." From this entry we learn that the Sheriff of Surrey for that year, John de Gatesden, claimed a deduction of fifty shillings paid

by him to the chaplain of St. Katherine at Guildford. From this it seems safe to conclude that the chapel was at any rate of royal endowment. The present building was apparently erected by Richard de Wauncey, Rector of St. Nicolas, in or just prior to 1317; for on May 19 in that year he obtained from the Bishop of Winchester a license of consecration. Wauncey, it seems, bought the freehold of this site, but neglected to pay the proper fine in mortmain. After his death, accordingly, we find the premises regranted to Thomas le Conestable, Rector of St. Mary's. Wauncey's successor, however, Bernard Brocas, thinking, no doubt, that possession is nine-tenths of the law, stuck to his new property, with the result that there now ensued between the two rival Rectors a hotly-contested lawsuit. From this at length Brocas, on paying the neglected fine, emerged completely victorious.

Brayley gives the dimensions of the existing ruins, which are Decorated in style, as 45½ feet in length by 28½ feet in breadth—almost exactly the size, it will be observed, of the little church at Wanborough.*

Returning from St. Catherine's, we retrace our steps by the river-bank to Guildford, stopping sometimes to admire the ever-changing grouping of shining river, emerald pasture, old red roof, and stately Castle Keep. Crossing the Wey near the old mill already mentioned, we look out on the right for a narrow flight of steps ascending unexpectedly into Quarry Street. Even in Guildford there is nothing else quite so old-fashioned and curious as this. The passage at the bottom is not more than 3 or 4 feet wide, whilst overhead the projecting roofs are within, perhaps, a couple of feet of meeting. Altogether there are twenty-nine steps, broken by landings into four short flights. From the top of the steps we turn northward along Quarry Street, passing on the left a couple of rather good old houses. The iron gateway giving entrance to St. Mary's churchyard is on the same side of the road.

St. Mary's, or Middle, Church.

St. Mary's, or Middle, Church is the only mediæval church now left in Guildford. It is not, indeed, on a very big scale, and it may perhaps be regretted that the county town has nothing to show in the way of ecclesiastical

* See Appendix A.

"ROSEMARY ALLEY."

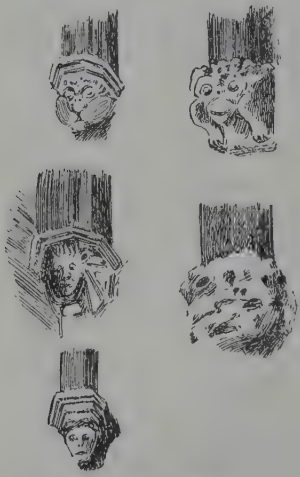
architecture comparable in mere bulk and first-sight impressiveness with the churches of Reigate, Farnham and Croydon. Yet in special points of interest, and in curious little archæological problems, St. Mary's certainly need not fear comparison with the best of them. The core of the church is late Norman throughout; but on to this have been grafted additions and alterations from time to time, representative of all the later styles. The north doorway, for instance, by which we enter, is very beautiful Early English, consisting of a richly-moulded arch supported on

SAXON ARCHITECTURE IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH

either side by a couple of slender marble detached shafts. There are also a number of Perpendicular windows. The arcades between the nave and its aisles, with the single exception of an obviously altered pillar on the north, are Transition Norman throughout. The columns are circular, with circular bases, scalloped capitals, and square abaci. Under the window at the west end of the north aisle is a little square window of a single light. This, we suppose, is a "low side" window, though we do not remember to have noticed one before in this extraordinary position. Most of the other Surrey "low side" windows with which we are acquainted—at Addington, for instance, at Tatsfield, at Limpsfield, and at Warlingham—are found in the normal position at the west end of the south wall of the chancel. There is, however, what Mr. J. Lewis André believes to be a "low side" window in the south side of the south nave aisle at Compton; while at Stamford-le-Hope, in Essex, there is said to be one at the west end, exactly as here. The meaning of these windows has given rise to voluminous discussion, and the question will be found threshed out at length in the pages of the Cambridge *Ecclesiologist*. Sometimes they are called "leper-windows," from the belief that they were intended for the use of lepers, who were thus enabled to participate in the Mass without contaminating those inside. Other theories are that they were employed for the confession of all comers, or for burning a candle to be seen outside, or in order to allow the ringing of the sanctus bell—marking the elevation of the Host—to be heard by the labourers in the fields. "Low side" window is, at any rate, preferable, as being a purely descriptive and quite safe term, which, unlike the more usual "leper-window," does not commit one to a theory. Till comparatively recently this window was not glazed, but provided with a shutter and iron grating. At Warlingham, where one of the old hinges had been preserved, the shutter was replaced at the recent restoration. Notice the roofs of the north and south aisles, with their series of interesting corbels. One or two of these are extravagant gro-

"Low Side" Window.

tesques—the second from the west on the south of the north aisle, for example, and the sadly mutilated head in the south-west angle of the south aisle. This latter is now very far from distinct, but it appears to represent a monster chewing something in his mouth—a not uncommon device. It has been suggested that this convention represents an idea which is embodied in Dante's "Inferno" (Canto xxxiv.)—Judas in the mouth of Satan:



Judas in the Mouth of Satan.

CARVED CORBELS IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH

"At every mouth he with his teeth was crunching
A sinner, in the manner of a brake,
So that he three of them tormented thus.

* * * * *

"'That soul up there which has the greatest pain,'
The Master said, 'is Judas Iscariot;
With head inside, he plies his legs without.'"

Longfellow's Translation.

ANCIENT PISCINA, ST MARY'S

Observe, also, the curious piscina in the south wall of the south aisle. Evidently it has had a projecting bowl, and probably a projecting canopy. We know that two guilds or fraternities—respectively of Jesus and

Corpus Christi—were connected with St. Mary's, but where exactly were the sites of their altars cannot be now discovered.

Owing to the slope on which it is built, the floor of the church is on three different levels. The effect is singular, but far from displeasing. Ascending to the space beneath the central tower, we stand in the oldest

OLD PULPIT, FORMERLY IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH
From a water-colour drawing.

part of the building. Above the east and west tower arches, though apparently without reference to them, the wall is pierced by two small circular-headed openings, deeply splayed on either side. Outside are a number of curious pilaster strips, running up from the floor of the church to a considerable height on the exterior of the tower. All this, we believe, is not only very early work, but is actually Anglo-Saxon; and forms not only

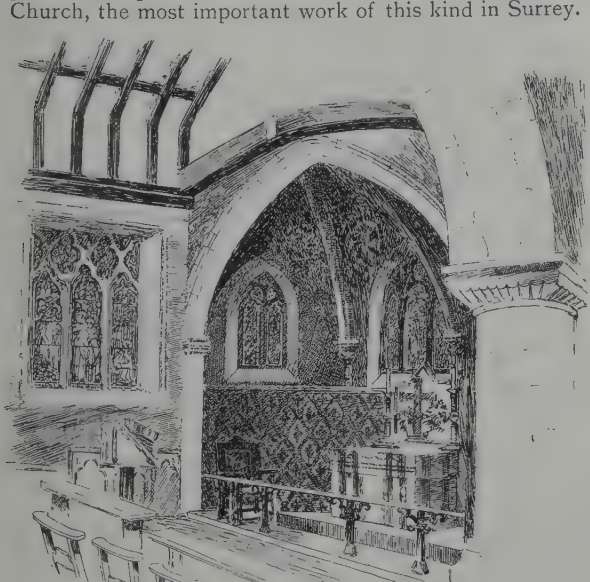
the oldest existing work in Guildford, but probably the oldest in the county. The late Mr. J. H. Parker, in a paper on this church in the *Archæological Journal* for 1872 (vol. xxxix., p. 170), assigns these walls and windows to about 1050, and the arches to about 1100. "I am aware," he adds, "that many well-informed persons consider the tower as of the time of Alfred, and this involves the whole question, whether the English people were in the habit of building in stone before the eleventh century. I have long since come to the conclusion that they were *not*, and I see no reason to change my opinion. The Anglo-Saxon word for to build is *tymberen*, which implies that they were accustomed to build in wood only. I have never been able to find any remains that I could fairly place earlier than the first half of the eleventh century (with a very few exceptions, and excepting the remains of Roman work). . . . This tower at Guildford is so very rude that it *may* be of any period, but that arises from the building materials being chalk and flint."

Originally St. Mary's is said to have terminated in three eastward apses, though only those of the north and south aisles now remain. The chancel has been shortened on several occasions, to the total extent, it is said, of 20 feet, the last alteration being made at the expense of the parishioners in 1825. On this occasion the curtailment amounted to 12 feet, the object having been in this, and in all other cases, to widen the roadway outside. George IV. is said to have fallen foul of the narrowness of the street at this point when driving through to Brighton; and certainly, unless Quarry Street in old days took a very awkward turn, the passage must have been most impossibly narrow. There is some reason for suspecting that the original entrance into Guildford from the direction of Horsham was on the west side of St. Mary's Church, perhaps by the present Mill Lane.

The chancel possesses in its vaulted roof a feature very uncommon in Surrey churches. Similarly, the apses of the north and south aisles are completed by very beautiful Early English vaulting, divided by ribs into three compartments. In the case of the north apse — which terminates the Chapel of St. John—these three compartments and the spandrels of the arch marking the com-

mencement of the apse are covered with now almost obliterated and scarcely decipherable wall-paintings.* They constitute, however, with the possible exception of the "Ladder of Salvation" in Chaldon Church, the most important work of this kind in Surrey.

Wall-Paintings.



THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN, ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Surrey, it is true, is not particularly rich in this sort of mediæval art; and since the destruction of the wall-paintings of St. Christopher at Newdigate and Croydon, we can think of no other examples in the county, except the St. Christopher still in existence at Warlingham, and

* See Appendix B.

the rather insignificant fragments at Charlwood. These Guildford wall-paintings are conjecturally assigned to a certain William of Florence, who is known to have been employed about 44 Henry III. on paintings in the King's Palace at Guildford. The connection is certainly shadowy; and Mr. C. R. B. Barrett, in his book on Surrey,* is inclined to date them rather earlier—at the beginning of the thirteenth century. They were discovered in 1825, and the wildest theories prevailed for a time as to their subject-matter. Thus medallions V. and II. in the subjoined list were put down as two symbolical subjects, "Earthly Judgment" and "Heavenly Judgment"; whilst III. and IV. were labelled respectively "The Death of the Good" and "The Death of the Wicked." All this, of course, was the merest guesswork. Their probable explanation was first suggested by Mr. J. G. Waller, F.S.A., in a paper printed in vol. xlix. of *Archæologia*, and reprinted in vol. x. of the *Surrey Archæological Collections*. The whole paper is extremely interesting; but here, unfortunately, we are only able to summarize it briefly. Medallion I. is the conventional representation of our Lord "in Majesty"; II. represents St. John the Evangelist in the vat of boiling oil, from which he emerged unhurt, in front of the Porta Latina at Rome; III., like IV. and V., is a double picture, showing the same Evangelist engaged, on the left, in raising to life the dead Drusiana; on the right, in changing sticks and stones into gold and gems, according to the ancient legend. In IV. the Evangelist is depicted drinking, without any hurt, from a poisoned chalice. V. shows us, first, John the Baptist brought into the presence of Herod; secondly, his execution. VI. is exceedingly obscure; but Mr. Waller is inclined to believe that it has reference to the baptism of a Jew frightened into Christianity by the occurrence of a wonderful miracle. A Christian had left behind him, on leaving his house, a statue of Christ believed to have been made by Nicodemus; and on discovering this the unbelieving Jew had derisively stabbed it. On this there had issued from the stricken side a torrent of blood and water. VII. is supposed to represent our Lord casting out devils. At his feet is the Syrophœnician woman.

* "Surrey: Highways, Byways, and Waterways." 1895

It will be observed that of these seven subjects three may be referred to the life of St. John the Evangelist—only one to that of the Baptist. Now, a certain John Jefferson, who died in 1547, directed in his will that his body should be buried in St. John's Chapel in St. Mary's Church. That this is the chapel embellished with the wall-paintings is tolerably certain; but hitherto it had been the custom to regard it as dedicated to St. John the Baptist. Mr. Waller, however, suggests, with much show of reason, that the true dedication is to St. John the Evangelist, having reference to the fact that the latter is allotted the more prominent place in these paintings.

From either chapel large openings, coming down to the level of the floor, command a view of the high altar. Whether these large arches were simply "hagioscopes" we are not prepared to say; but certainly there is a genuine "squint" through the south-east pier of the tower. The south-east chapel, now used as a vestry, is dedicated to St. Mary, and is separated from the south aisle by a fragment of screen now used for supporting the organ. In Mr. Hussey's "Notes on the Churches of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey" (1852), the writer observes: "The side-chancels are rounded at the ends externally, but the southern is rendered square within by a Perpendicular wooden screen on a stone substructure, still remaining in good condition, *and presenting a rare example of the ancient reredos.*" We have added the italics. A picture of this reredos is given on his frontispiece. It is difficult to believe that the organ-screen already alluded to is really a fragment of this ancient reredos, which as late as 1852 remained *in situ*, and was then in "good condition."*

Quitting St. Mary's and proceeding along Quarry Street, we should presently reach the junction with High Street, at the point anciently known as Star Corner. For the present, however, we will retrace our steps past the flight of steps already mentioned, and almost immediately we arrive on our left at one of the entrances to the Castle. It is well worth while, moreover, even for those who are rather in a hurry, to proceed still further down Quarry Street, in the direction of Shalford, not only for the sake of the many old houses with which the thoroughfare is

* See Appendix C.

ornamented, but especially for the beautiful views over the defile of the Wey—forward towards St. Catherine's, backward to St. Nicolas'—which are obtainable over a low wall on the right, shortly after passing a conspicuous new house on the same side of the road.

Castle Archway.

Having explored Quarry Street just as far as we fancy, we retrace our steps to the Castle Arch, passing on the right, just by the postern tower which marks the south-west angle of the Castle enceinte, a doorway enriched with very beautiful modern iron scrollwork. The Castle Arch is attributed by Mr. G. T. Clark to about the time of Henry III., but is probably cut through a Norman curtain; indeed, there still exists, outside and to the south of it, what seems to be a Norman buttress. A similar buttress on the other side has apparently been replaced in red brick. The present arch is almost certainly only the outer face of what was once, perhaps, a vaulted gateway; and the presence of the portcullis grooves points to the existence of a chamber above into which the portcullis could be drawn up. There formerly existed, inside and above this arch, a stone tablet, now in the Museum, bearing the date 1699, and the initials J. C. (John Carter). It is possible that the original gateway was remodelled, and that the picturesque old house just inside to the left was erected, at this date.

Museum.

This house is now used for housing the collection of the Surrey Archæological Society. The Museum at present consists of three rooms, the lowest of which contains a magnificent chalk mantelpiece of an exceedingly beautiful and elaborate design. Parts of it, apparently, were originally coloured. The date 1898, somewhat stupidly carved on a modern insertion, refers of course to that portion only. In the fireplace are a very fine fire-back and a pair of "dogs"—presumably of Surrey iron—which are said to have come from near Dorking. The back is dated 1700, and exhibits the initials G. K.

Those who are interested in Surrey antiquities will find this collection, meagre as it is, thoroughly worthy of a visit. There is at present no catalogue, but the

From a painting. THE CASTLE GATEWAY. *[by R. W. Fielder, Esq.*

following short list of the more noteworthy objects will perhaps, in its absence, be found useful :

ROOM I.

Case I. (*from left to right*).—Seals. Among them : Hospital of the Holy Trinity, Croydon ; Lingfield College ; Waverley Abbey ; Merton Priory ; Sheen Priory ; Hospital of St. Mary Bethlehem ; Chertsey Abbey ; old seal of Godalming (1746) ; seal of Guildford Mayor and Corporation ; seal of Kingston-upon-Thames. Hospital

of the Blessed Trinity, Guildford; common seal of Priory of St. Mary Overy.

Case II. (*wall*).—Deeds relating to parish of Chiddingfold.

Shelves.—Two vessels of gray pottery supposed to have been used as wine-measures, found to the west of the Angel Inn; Bellarmin jug from old lodging-house in Mill Lane; ale measure, *temp.* William and Mary, found in Mill Lane.

Case III. (*wall*).—Tiles from Waverley Abbey.

Case IV.—Pottery found in kitchen-midden at 60, High Street.

Case V.—Tiles from Chertsey Abbey.

ROOM II.

Case I.—Pottery from Limpsfield. Neolithic flint implements from Redhill. Tiles from Chertsey and Waverley. Iron axe found in Walnut-Tree Close, Guildford. Fifteenth-century spur. Key from Chertsey. Stirrup of Marlborough's cavalry, 1708.

Case II.—Pottery, glass, bronze, etc., from Roman Villa at Chiddingfold.

Case III.—Coarse pottery from same.

Case IV.—Fragments of glass and pottery from site of glass houses, Chiddingfold. Tradesmen's tokens from Chiddingfold (1655) and Guildford (1667).

Case V.—Coarse pottery from Roman Villa, Chiddingfold.

On Stool.—Fragments of glass crucible from site of thirteenth-century glass house at Chiddingfold.

Case VI. (*centre*).—Palæolithic implements from Farnham and Neolithic implements (together with Roman urns) from Merrow (Collected and exhibited by Mr. Lasham.)

Elsewhere is a rubbing of the famous Stoke d'Abernon brass. There is also a small library.

A few yards on the left, continuing up the lane, is the entrance to the Castle Recreation-ground. The Castle appears to have continued in the Crown till 1612, at which date it was sold to the Carter family by James I. In 1885 the then owner, Lord Grantley, announced it as again for sale, and it was then, to the thorough credit of Guildford public spirit, purchased by the Corporation. It is questionable whether there exists in England another recreation-ground of such interest and beauty.

Castle.

Perhaps, to the majority of those who visit it, Guildford Castle seems a rather featureless ruin, however much they may admire the beautiful gardens by which it is now surrounded. Nor is it, of course, so striking and important as the great Norman castles at Rochester and Dover. Even Guildford, however, on closer examination, turns out to be full of interest; and anyone who will be at the trouble to

examine its keep in the light of Mr. G. T. Clark's exhaustive description in his "Mediæval Fortification of England" will be surprised at the mass of pleasant information to be gleaned from these ragged walls. To Mr. Clark's paper, supplemented in almost every detail by careful personal examination, we are indebted for many of the following facts. In particular, the various measurements are, without exception, borrowed from his book.

A word of warning to begin with. In order to read rightly the architectural history of Guildford Castle, it is necessary to keep in mind, and duly allow for, the havoc wrought by its adaptation to the purposes of a dwelling-house during the seventeenth century. With this object four of the windows of its keep have been altered with modern brickwork, and its walls have been ruthlessly cut about for the insertion of flues and fire-places. One of the Carters is described as living in the Castle (? Keep) in 1623.

The castle originally consisted of three wards;* of which the inner, now comprising the keep and a few small fragments of curtain wall, alone calls for special attention. The keep has the very unusual distinction of being placed on an artificial mound, a characteristic which occurs elsewhere in England only at Clun and Christchurch. This mound is placed on the slope of a hill dropping easily from east to west, and is in form of a flattened cone. On the east it is separated from the natural hill by a ditch, whose depth is at present from 12 to 20 feet; and this ditch is continued on the north and south till it thins away to a natural vanishing-point owing to the drop of the ground. These earth-works are supposed to be very much older than the Norman keep they support, and are assigned by Mr. Clark to the earlier part of the tenth century.

Earthworks.

The keep itself, and the Castle as a whole, were apparently erected at a single period some time about the reign of Henry II. The keep is built, not on the top of the mound, but on its eastward slope; so that whilst its eastern, and from its position considerably loftier, wall rests on the natural ground, the western and shorter wall rises from the eastward edge of

Keep.

* See Appendix D.

VIEW OF GUILDFORD AND THE VALLEY OF THE WEY, FROM ST CATHERINE'S HILL

the truncated summit. The level top of the mound, thus left free from building, has been surrounded by a curtain wall, running, according to Mr. Clark, from the south-east to the north-east corner of the keep, at a height almost halfway up the mound. The area thus enclosed constituted the inner ward. Fragments of this curtain still remain. A causeway also runs in a south-westerly direction over the ditch to the junction of the curtain with the north-east angle; and Mr. Clark conjectures that at this junction there existed some kind of doorway into the inner ward. He also thinks it probable that the other end of the causeway was defended by a barbican.

We should naturally expect a heavy building thus placed on the sharp slope of an artificial mound to exhibit a constant tendency towards slipping, and we accordingly find the eastern wall strengthened by additional thickness, by being made to rest on the natural ground, and by possessing none of those intramural chambers which are common in the other walls. As a matter of fact, though it has now stood for more than seven centuries, the keep nowhere exhibits any symptoms of settlement or cracking. The walls were originally about 11 feet thick—the eastern wall 14 feet—and are of rubble, faced in places with herring-bone work, in places with ashlar, and in places with bands of dressed flint. The angles have buttresses of squared stone, which originally ran up into corner turrets, as is still the case at Rochester. Pilaster strips also ran up from top to bottom in the middle of each face.

Interior.

The interior consisted of three stories, separated by wooden floors, and crowned by a wooden roof. The "set-offs" in the walls to receive the floor-beams are still plainly visible. The lowest story, or basement, is entered on the west, from the level of the mound, by a slightly pointed door. This, however, though ancient, certainly formed no part of the original design, according to which this chamber could only be entered from above from the first floor, probably by a trap-door and wooden staircase. Its height is 12 feet. The first floor is by far the most interesting, by reason of its oratory and other mural chambers. Its north, east, and south walls are pierced by openings, each of which has

originally been filled by two round-headed windows. The divisions of the windows are gone, but in two cases the heads remain. In the case of the opening in the east wall, the old windows have been replaced by more modern cut brickwork, probably of the time of the Carters. The original entrance to the keep is on this floor, according to common custom. It is on the west side, exactly in the middle of the central pilaster. Externally it is circular-headed, internally slightly pointed. How this elevated doorway was reached from the ground outside is, of course, merely matter of conjecture. At any rate, it possessed no external covered staircase, such as we find at London and Dover; nor is there any portcullis groove. Probably it was reached by a ladder, or perhaps, as Mr. Clark suggests, by some kind of light drawbridge. All the walls, except that to the east, are penetrated at this level by intramural chambers. Two of these, in the north and west walls, are of no particular interest. A third, running through the thickness, partly of the west wall, partly of the south, is the most interesting spot in the Castle. In plan it resembles the letter L; and at the east end of its southern limb is what appears to be the base of an altar. On its west side is a Norman arcade recessed into the thickness of the wall. Here and there the guide will point out a number of rude carvings.

Oratory.

These latter are of considerable interest. Excluding what Brayley contemptuously dismissed as "Catherine-wheels and other objects scarcely deserving notice," we have a St. Christopher, a Crucifixion, and, apparently, the effigy of a Bishop lying under a crown, and a King on his throne. The Crucifixion shows our Lord on the cross, and the soldier piercing His side; on the right is a man praying (? St. John); on the left a female figure—presumably the Virgin—is fainting away into the arms of two attendant women. Brayley calls this latter group the "three Marys." The St. Christopher is interesting as affording yet another instance of the extraordinary popularity of this subject in the Middle Ages. The reason is not far to seek. Whoever looked on St. Christopher—for that day, at any rate—was protected from accident and sudden death:

Rude Carvings.

"Christophori sancti speciem quicunque tuetur,
Ista nempe die non morte mala morietur."

St. Christopher is here represented leaning with his right hand on his staff, and with his left supporting on his shoulder the infant Christ. Another infant Christ, the head encircled by a halo, has been scratched, apparently at later date, lower down the figure on its left side. Several of these carvings were engraved in a miscellaneous plate in the *Antiquarian Repertory* prior to 1797 (p. 253, ed. 1808), where they are mysteriously attributed, according to tradition, to "a great personage" confined in the Castle, "who used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment by amusing himself with their delineation. Who this great personage was, and at what time he was confined there, is not known." As a matter of fact they were probably the work of ordinary prisoners.

The figures engraved in the *Antiquarian Repertory* are the St. Christopher, the Bishop, the pilaster, the Crucifixion, and the King. Two other figures, as well as a general view of the oratory, are given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1797.

The upper story, reached by a well staircase in the north-west angle, contains four windows patched with red brick. Three of these are precisely in the middle of the wall; in the fourth (north) side the centre of the wall is occupied by a fireplace, and the window is elbowed to one side.

There are no mural chambers in this upper story, with the exception of an apparent garderobe, with a "double corbelled vent," near the south-east corner. The visitor should ascend to the summit of the keep for the sake of the beautiful view. The cage on the top is no doubt useful, but it is far from ornamental.

Castle Enceinte.

The Castle enceinte is supposed to have contained about 6 acres, and is thus sketched out by Mr. Clark. Commencing at the north-west at the corner of Castle and Quarry Streets — where the King's Head Inn is said still to contain some old masonry in its cellars — the outer wall followed the line of Quarry Street to the postern-tower yet in existence near the entrance to Rack Close. Hence the wall turned sharply to the left, and apparently followed a sweeping curve

in a north-easterly direction to the point, at the beginning of the causeway to the keep, which is the site of Mr. Clark's supposed barbican. Hence, turning west, it perhaps followed the outside line of the original ditch, and so came at last to its starting-point. There is, however, some reason for supposing that the enceinte extended further to the north, and we are told that traces of its boundary wall have recently been discovered in the premises at the back of Mr. Mason's shop in High Street. On this side, at any rate, it can scarcely be pretended that its boundaries have been definitely settled.

Quitting the Recreation-ground by the upper Castle Street entrance, we turn to the right up the thoroughfare formerly called "Upper Back Side," in distinction from "Lower Back Side"—now known as North Street—on the opposite side of the town. We are told that both these old names have been used within living memory. On the left is a narrow lane or alley—Tunsgate by name—running down towards High Street. "Gate," we fancy, in the sense of street, is unusual in the South of England. It appears, however, from an old plan published in 1739, and entitled the "Ichnography or Ground Plan of Guildford," that there formerly existed quite a number of these "gates" in different parts of the town. Those on the south of the High Street—six in number—were Rats, Bookers, Tun, Saddlers, Bakers, and Ship Gates; those on the north—three in number—were Swan, Bull's Head, and Coffee-House Gates. All of these "gates" were mere narrow passages, and many of them, apparently, were called after inns. Most of them have now disappeared, though Tunsgate and Milkhouse-gate—which must be added to the list—are happily still in existence.

Pewley Hill.

Hereabouts a lane on the right—formerly a passage between high brick walls—turns up to Pewley Hill, and those who can spare an odd twenty minutes may ascend to the site of the ancient semaphore and of the modern fort. The semaphore itself has long since vanished, but the semaphore house remains. Once it formed a link in a long line of similar structures stretching from Portsmouth to the Metropolis, and was used before the advent of the electric telegraph for signalling

between the two towns. But, after all, the principal object in ascending Pewley Hill will be to enjoy the view. This is very extensive, stretching from the hills beyond Godalming in the south, far away in the north beyond the desolate moorlands of Bisley and the Chobham Ridges. Guildford lies immediately below. Returning to Castle Street, a narrow passage on the left admits us to Holy Trinity Churchyard, a quaint and retired burial-ground, surrounded on its east and south sides by rows of ancient tenements.

Holy Trinity, or Upper, Church.

Holy Trinity, or Upper, Church, like its sister, St. Nicolas, has suffered many vicissitudes. An engraving in the supplementary volume to Manning and Bray shows the old church as it stood prior to 1740, the year of its untimely destruction. From this it appears to have possessed two features of great interest—a low squat spire, not unlike that at Limpsfield; and an apsidal termination to its northern aisle, similar to what we still have at St. Mary's. The west end, however, had apparently been tampered with in orthodox pseudo-classic style. Fragments of this old structure—some of them Norman—are preserved under the tower of the present church. Its fate is thus commemorated by Russell: "On the same spot as the present building stood the old church, which the inhabitants, *desirous of improving*, repaired at the expense of £750. *As the arches and pillars which supported the steeple were then taken away, it was soon after supposed to be in a very ruinous condition*" (we have added the italics).

Fate of Old Church.

"Accordingly, April 18, 1740, an order in vestry was given, that the defects and great decay of the arches and pillars of the steeple should be viewed and report to the parish the cost (*sic*). The next day Messrs. —— and —— surveyed the steeple, and pronounced it very unsafe: service was therefore performed on Sunday the 20th for the last time. Wednesday the 23rd the steeple of this ancient church fell down, and beat in the roof with such violnece that by the concussion of the air all the glass windows were blown out, as if it had been done by a blast of gunpowder. The workmen had quitted the spot about a

quarter of an hour. Three of the bells had been taken down, the other fell with the steeple."

Present Church.

The present brick church was begun in 1749, but was not opened for Divine service till 1763; an Act of Parliament having been passed in 1755 to enable the parish to dispose of part of its estate in order to complete the new edifice. The style of the building may be inferred from its date, and is certainly

Photo by] HOLY TRINITY CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD. [*Robinson and Son.*

far from beautiful; it has now, however, for a century and a half been a familiar landmark in the High Street, and one would regret its disappearance. It is therefore matter for profound congratulation that the tower was not remodelled in accordance with a plan proposed some few years ago. The same objection does not apply to the east end, which was rebuilt and enlarged in harmony with the body of the church in 1888. It is now the handsomest part of the building. The only part remain-

ing of the old church is the Weston Chantry, at present used as a vestry. Inside it has been entirely modernized; outside it is a very common-place building of alternate squares of chalk and dressed flint work. This Chantry was founded by Sir Richard Weston—a member of a very important Guildford family once settled at Sutton Place—in 1540.

Weston Chantry.

The interior of the church contains a good deal of interest. The gallery at the west end and the pulpit and sounding-board –all in black oak—are more than commonly beautiful. The new, windowless apse is richly painted, the vaulting being to the memory of Mrs. Valpy, wife of Canon Valpy, Rector 1885-1895, and the three small figures to the south, representing St. Paul, St. Stephen, and St. Augustine of Hippo, being to the respective memories of the Rev. F. E. Tower, Rector 1880-1885; Colonel Firebrace, R.A.; and the Right Rev. Harold Browne, Bishop of Winchester. These three figures were selected as typical of Christian Apostles, Martyrs, and Bishops. The east windows of the two aisles are filled with very good glass.

Of the monuments, that of Archbishop Abbot (d. 1633), Guildford's great benefactor, will naturally demand the first attention. It is fitting that he should lie buried here, almost in the shadow of his noble hospital—fitting that his monument completely escaped destruction in the catastrophe of 1740. Of his life and character enough has already been said in our chapter on "Bygone Guildford" (pp. 24-28). Those who are familiar with the beautiful restored Whitgift monument at Croydon will perhaps be a little disappointed here; and certainly there are many more graceful and striking instances of Renaissance monuments than this erected to the memory of his brother by Sir Maurice Abbot, once Lord Mayor of London. The Archbishop's monument shows a recumbent figure under a marble canopy supported on columns of black marble, the latter springing in their turn from bizarre pedestals composed of stacks of books. The volumes are furnished with gilded clasps, and book-markers come out from their pages. The Archbishop himself is represented in his robes and a skull-cap. Notice

Archbishop Abbot's Monument.

the grating at the end of the tomb, revealing inside a charnel-house of bones carved with delicate minuteness. The monument is adorned with a profusion of statuary. There hardly seems occasion to set out here the long and laudatory epitaphs which were the occasion, as was seen, of an irritable outburst on the part of the hot-headed Aubrey.

Photo by] THE LOWER PART OF THE HIGH STREET. *[Robinson and Son.*

Other Monuments.

Other monuments are worthy of attention—(1) On the north of the vestibule under the tower: Sir Robert Parkhurst (d. 1636), and his wife Dame Eleanor (d. 1638). Sir Robert, who was Lord Mayor of London, is represented on an altar-tomb, with his cheek propped on his hand, and attired, as Brayley quaintly puts it, "in the costume appropriate

to his civic dignity." At his feet is the now decapitated figure of Lady Parkhurst "in a kneeling posture." Traces of colour still remain on both effigies. The attitude of the principal figure on this monument recalls the quaint sarcasm of John Webster in his "Duchess of Malfi" (1640): "Princes' images on their tombes do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheekes (as if they died of the tooth-ache)." (2) On the south of the vestibule under the tower: Recumbent figure of a woman in a ruff. (3) In the north aisle: Arthur Onslow (1691-1768), "the third member of his family who had been Speaker of the House of Commons. No Speaker has ever supported the privileges of the House with more firmness, or sustained the dignity of his office with greater authority." ("Dictionary of National Biography"). His monument consists of an "altar-tomb of freestone, considerably elevated." On this reclines "the figure of the deceased in a Roman habit; his right arm extended, and his left resting on divers volumes of the Votes and Journals of the House of Commons"! The reader has now been warned what to expect. (4) A brass, with inscription to Maurice Abbot (father of the Archbishop), and Alice his wife. By a touching coincidence husband and wife died within a few days of each other, in 1606. (5) An early brass to Henry Norbrige: "Of your Charite p'y for the Sowlis of Henry Norbrige and Ales his Wyfe, chefe foūders of the Chauntereye in this our Lady Chapell: whych Henry decesyd the viii day of Decēber, in the yere of our Lord MV^{c}XII. On whos Soules J'hu have mercy."

Grammar School.

Quitting Holy Trinity Church, we emerge into High Street immediately opposite Abbot's Hospital. Leaving this for a moment, we turn to our right, and follow up High Street till we come to the Royal Free Grammar School. The stone front to the street, with its mullioned windows and three little gables—the latter surmounted by terra-cotta balls—is remarkably picturesque. We enter through an oak doorway, with a wicket-gate and fine old knocker, into a very small quadrangle—so small, indeed, that it would

certainly have met with the disapproval of Dr. Caius, founder of the Cambridge college, whose theory it was that these closed-up quadrangles were traps for stagnant and malignant air. It is due to his influence that so many of the Cambridge colleges are built with an open side. An inscription in gold letters over the gateway facing the street attributes the foundation to Edward VI. This is only partly correct. The date assigned is 1552. As a matter of fact, Edward merely augmented and encouraged an earlier and very insufficiently endowed institution; and even this he did, not on his own initiative, but on the urgent representations of Lord Northampton, then Warden of the Manor, and of Sir William More of Loseley. The original foundation was due, on the contrary, to the generosity of Robert Beckingham, who gave a tenement and house for the purpose during his life, and bequeathed certain funds on his death (d. 1509). Of these latter, a yearly rent-charge of £6 is still received from lands at Bromley in Kent. Beckingham's benefaction is duly recognised in a verse of the very curious old poem said to have been written by "John Studley, Bachelor of Divinitie, and Person (parson) of Ockham," and printed at length by Russell:

> "And benefactor principall
> Or more was Beckingham:
> For first in Guildford by his gyft
> The name of free-school came."

Edward's charter was granted to the school on January 27, 1552-53. This, therefore, is the date only of *royal* foundation. Edward merely added to the original endowment the revenues of three suppressed chantries—one of them at Stoke d'Abernon. The present buildings appear to have been begun in 1557. They are described in the curious manuscript diary of John Austen as "healed (roofed) with Horsham stone," and as having "varie faier windows of free-stone, all glazed, the walls of which school-house are all of brick and stone, of a very stronge, statelie, and faire building. The charge was about 400 marks."

The principal schoolrooms are on the side opposite to that by which we enter. In the lower and smaller are

fine old seats—one might almost call them thrones—for the headmaster and two assistant ushers. The room above runs through the length of the building, and contains three rather handsome fireplaces. On the beams of the roof are painted the names of former

THE OLD CHAIR FORMERLY USED BY THE HEADMASTER, GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

scholars — among them Fuller's "happy ternion of brothers," Robert, George, and Maurice Abbot. In this room and elsewhere in the school are some very old dated names—C. R., 1614; R. Q., 1614; R. Q., 1619; De Courcy, 1641. In the master's house the date 1597 is carved on one of the panels.

Library.

The library is now a room in the north-east angle, panelled to the ceiling. In it are eighty-five chained volumes, but the bookcases are modern. The nucleus of this collection was a gift of his Latin books and £20 by Bishop Parkhurst (d. 1574). Other volumes have been subsequently added by members of the Austen, More, and Onslow families. It is scarcely likely that these ponderous volumes—tomes of Calvin, and Beza, and Zuinglius—are much resorted to by the "tender ympes" who are now "trayned upp" at the Grammar School. The original statutes are printed at length in Russell. They contain very little of particular interest, except that by Statute XVIII. it was decreed that "every scholar of the sayd schole shall pay eightpence yearly," including a quarterly charge of a penny "towards the provision of brooms and rodds to be used in the said schole"! This was indeed to seethe the kid in its own mother's milk.

Spital Street.

Continuing up Spital Street, we arrive very shortly at the site of the ancient "Spital," or Hospital, of St. Thomas, from which the street takes its name. As all traces of the building itself have long since vanished, and as absolutely nothing certain is known of its history or constitution, it does not seem worth while troubling the reader with mere unverified conjectures. Here the street forks into two branches, leading respectively to London and Leatherhead; and here the ancient and interesting part of Guildford comes abruptly to an end.

We will now, accordingly, retrace our steps down Spital Street, keeping this time on the north of that thoroughfare, and passing for some little distance nothing of particular interest except the entrance to Chertsey Street and one or two old houses. Presently we come to Abbot's Hospital, still on the same side of the road.

Abbot's Hospital.

What Whitgift's Hospital is to Croydon, Abbot's Hospital is to Guildford. Both are dedicated to the Holy Trinity; both are the gifts of great Calvinistic prelates, who once sat on the chair of St. Augustine; both are exceedingly picturesque old structures, which rank among the principal ornaments of the towns to which they respectively belong. We have

seen, moreover, that Abbot's generosity was directly inspired by the example of his predecessor, and that the idea of founding a hospital in his native town was germinating

ABBOT'S HOSPITAL AND THE HIGH STREET.
From a painting by R. W. Fielder, Esq.

in his mind at least as early as December, 1614. "My affection leading me," the old man tells us in the preface to the statutes of his own composition, "to the town of Guildford, where I was born, and where my aged parents

lived many years with good report, I thought upon the erection of an hospital there, which I have dedicated to the blessed Trinity." The foundation-stone was at length laid by Sir Nicholas Kempe on April 6, 1619.

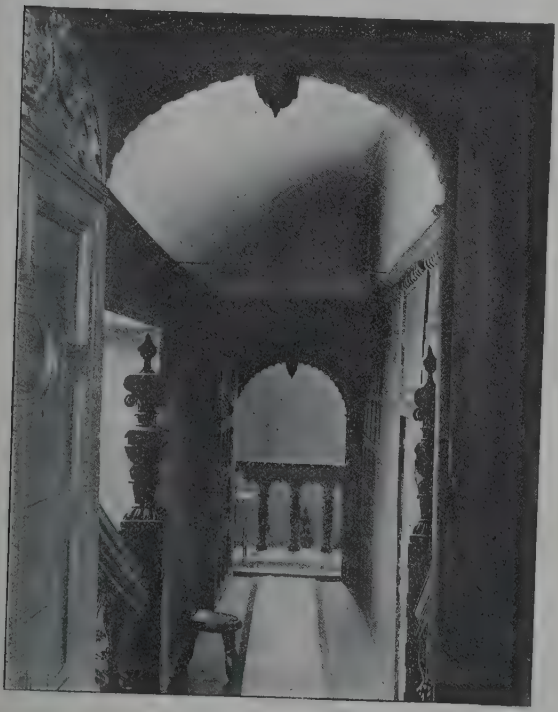
The hospital is undoubtedly a statelier, more beautiful structure than its elder sister at Croydon. The gateway tower, facing the street, is not unlike some at Cambridge —at Trinity College, for instance, at St. John's, or at Queens'—but it also possesses an individuality entirely its own. Notice on the great oak doors the arms of Abbot—three gold pears—and the arms of the See of Canterbury. Notice, also, above the gateway the appropriate Virgilian inscription; "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit." The quadrangle is prettily laid out with flower-beds and walks. On the left, as the visitor goes in, are the apartments of the brethren; on the right those of the sisters; in the south-east corner is the Master's house. Opposite, to the right of the central doorway, are the entrances to the hall and chapel. The windows are filled with diamond leaded panes, and divided by stone mullions. Above all, the visitor should not fail to notice the elaborate and exceedingly beautiful chimney-stacks. The separate shafts are of every kind of shape—octagonal, polygonal, and roughly square—and these at the top are collected into clusters by bands of heavily moulded brickwork. In a county which is peculiarly distinguished for the richness and beauty of its chimneys there is nowhere, perhaps, another collection so rich and beautiful as this. At the moment I can think only of one other Surrey building —Pendell Court, near Bletchingley—which is conspicuous by reason of its chimney-stacks; but the chimneys at Pendell lack the variety which distinguishes these at Guildford. Other Surrey chimneys, beautiful as they are, are single and scattered specimens.

Chimney Stacks.

The dining-hall is a beautiful room, entered through a door with a head of fan tracery, and panelled almost to the ceiling. This, like all the rest of the hospital, retains its original fittings—tables, benches and stools; there is an open fireplace, with an old oak settle and iron dogs; and the pavement is of old red tiles. In the *centre* lights of the two north windows are single

Dining Hall.

diamonds of coloured glass, displaying under a mitre the arms of Abbot quartered with those of Canterbury. On the other side, in the two south windows, are similar



STAIRCASE, ABBOT'S HOSPITAL.
Photo by Robinson and Son.

diamonds in the four *side* lights, whilst the *centre* lights in this case are occupied with scrolls bearing the coloured legend, "Clamamus Abba Pater" (Rom. viii. 15). The kindly jest of the grim old Puritan points to a gentler side

of his character. Notice the old lock on one of the doors. There are paintings in this room, and elsewhere in the hospital, of Fox, the martyrologist, Wycliffe, Calvin, and other great Protestant doctors.

Chapel Windows.

The chapel is still more interesting, though, apart from its alms-box and "Vinegar" Bible, it would, perhaps, attract little attention were it not for the exceeding beauty of the glass in its two windows. The history of this is not known with certainty, and tradition has been busy with idle conjectures. "Dr. Ducarel tells us," says Russell, "that 'these windows, which are exquisitely fine, consisting of the most ancient and beautiful colours, were taken by Archbishop Abbot from the old monastery at Guildford.' But the doctor is entirely mistaken, as they were most undoubtedly painted for this place, and supposed by the same painter as of the windows at Lincoln College chapel, given by the Archbishop's friend, the lord keeper Williams. The designs after Albert Durer." One wishes that Russell had himself condescended to give his authority for this last statement! The windows at Lincoln College are said by some authorities to have been brought from Italy. The five lights of these two Guildford windows, going from north-west to south-east, form a pretty complete epitome of the history of the patriarch Jacob.

(1) Isaac sends Esau hunting, whilst Rebecca looks on from behind. Notice the bow and sheaf of arrows hanging on Esau's back. "From a window at a distance, Esau is discovered hunting." Below is a Latin inscription:

"Natu priorem præferens
Paterni amoris impetu,
Cæca errat indulgentia.
Natura non dat gratiam."

The longing of a father's love
The firstborn to exalt
Fails blindly in its fond design,
And Nature cries him, Halt!

(2) Rebecca urges Jacob to forestall the blessing. Jacob is represented with a shepherd's staff, and in the background is a flock of sheep.

Photo by] COURTYARD, ABBOT'S HOSPITAL. *[Robinson and Son.*

"Utero gemellos dum tulit
Edocta mater cœlitus,
Docet minorem ut occupet
Natale privilegium."

The Heav'n-taught mother, who has borne
Two children, twins in age,
Inspires the younger how to seize
The elder's heritage.

(3) Isaac, in a canopied bed, is giving Jacob his blessing. Notice the latter's hairy gloves, and the empty cup and platter from which Isaac has just eaten the "savoury meat . . . such as he loveth." Rebecca is again seen behind.

"Benedictionis præmium
Pascentium haud captantium est
Subestque, decreto Dei,
Non ordini natalium."

To shepherd, not to hunter, falls
The boon of father's blessing;
For such was Heaven's fixed decree,
All claims of birth repressing.

(4) Esau returns from the chase with his venison, and threatens Jacob with his fist. Two quaint dogs are barking vigorously. "In the centre opening at the top is the date 1621, and the initials A. B." Here, perhaps, is the clue to the history of these windows.

"Major minori irascitur,
Sibi præreptum dolet,
Quod poscit ortu debitum.
Hinc odia fratrum maxima."

The elder 'gainst the younger raves,
And grieves that by another
His rights of birth are snatched away:
Hence brother's hate of brother.

(5) Jacob's dream. Angels in the background are ascending and descending the ladder let down from heaven.

"Saxum reclinatorio,
Cœlumque pro tentorio est:
Hic scala cœli cernitur.
Pia sunt piorum et somnia."

A stone for pillow, for a tent
The sky alone is given;
But pious dreams of pious sleep
Reveal a stair to heaven.

(6) The meeting of Jacob and Laban at the well of Haran. Rachel and her flock in the distance.

"Primo receptus comiter,
Pascit peregrinos greges,
Sub lege dura serviens,
Patiensque longi temporis."

Greeted at first with welcome kind,
A stranger's flocks he feeds:
Then finds in length of service hard
What patience 'tis he needs.

(7) Jacob surrounded by his wives and children. The perspective of this window is very remarkable, giving it an effect of immense depth and distance.

"Felix frequenti conjuge
Fit Patriarcharum pater;
Prolemque numerosam videt,
Semem futuræ Ecclesiæ."

Blessed in his many wives, he founds
A mighty patriarch's line,
And his great progeny becomes
Seed of the Church Divine.

(8) Laban's covenant with Jacob on Mount Gilead.

"Domum remigrans, invidum
Socerum insequentem mitigat:
Coitque fœdus mutuum,
Monente per somnum Deo."

Returning home, and hard pursued
By his wives' envious sire,
He, warned of God, a compact makes,
And peace replaces ire.

(9) Jacob in prayer, waiting for the arrival of his brother Esau. On a scroll proceeding from his mouth is the legend, "Minor sum cunctis miserationibus tuis et veritate tua quam explevisti servo tuo."

"Baculo levique sarcina,
Qui pauper olim transiit,
Plenus bonorum jam redit.
His se minorem prædicat."

Who once with staff and bundle light
Fared forth in poor man's guise,
Now rich returns, and of such wealth
*His worthiness denies.**

* For the verse translation of these Latin epigrams we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. J. M. Lainé, M.A.

The visitor should make a point of seeing as much of the hospital as possible—the kitchen with its buttery hatch; the strip of garden at the back of the building, with its old summer-house over a well; and the beautiful room above the dining-hall, embellished, as is, indeed, the whole of the hospital, with magnificent old black oak. He should also endeavour to persuade the Master to allow him a glimpse of the Master's house, and of the so-called "board room" over the gateway, with its remarkably beautiful chimney-piece.

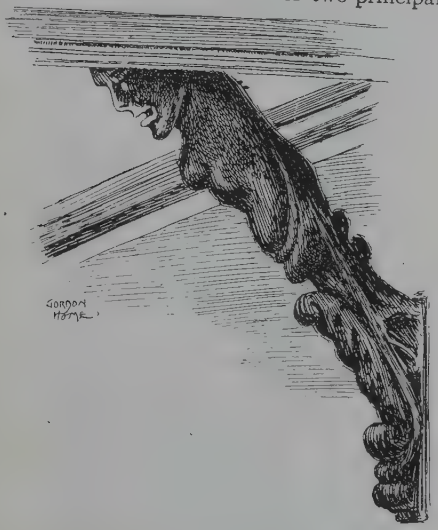
The statutes composed by the Archbishop for the government of his hospital are, according to Russell, "universally admired." "I cannot help taking notice," says Speaker Onslow, "that the body of statutes drawn by himself for the government of his hospital is one of the most judicious works of that kind I ever saw, and under which, for nearly a hundred years, it has maintained the best credit of any that I know in England." Abbot evidently, like Sir Matthew Hale at a later period—great representatives respectively of Church and Law—was a staunch believer in witchcraft. If any brother or sister should be convicted of any kind of incontinency, prying, forgery, obstinacy in heresy, sorcery, or any sort of charming or witchcraft, he or she was to be displaced and expelled out of the house, and never received thither again.

Town Hall.

Leaving Abbot's Hospital, and still descending the High Street, we pass on the right the picturesque front, with its overhanging balcony and huge projecting clock, of the seventeenth-century Town Hall. This clock is dated 1683, and is said to have been given by a certain John Aylward in return for his freedom of the borough. Perhaps no other building in Guildford—not even excepting Abbot's Hospital—is quite so striking and beautiful a feature as this very fine old Guildhall. Few other towns in England—at the time of writing we can think only of Exeter—have anything to equal it. It figures, it will be noticed, as the prominent feature in almost every view of the High Street. The lower story is open in front to the roadway. Above, and supported by huge grotesque brackets—monsters of perverted ingenuity—is the slightly projecting Council Chamber,

conspicuous with its overhanging balcony and large, square-leaded windows. Above this rises a gable, and the whole is surmounted by a cupola-crowned bell-turret, whose bell is said to have been brought from St. Martha's Chapel. Russell says this building was erected in 1683, at which time the old market-house, that "stood across the street," was pulled down.

Inside, the Town Hall consists of two principal apart-



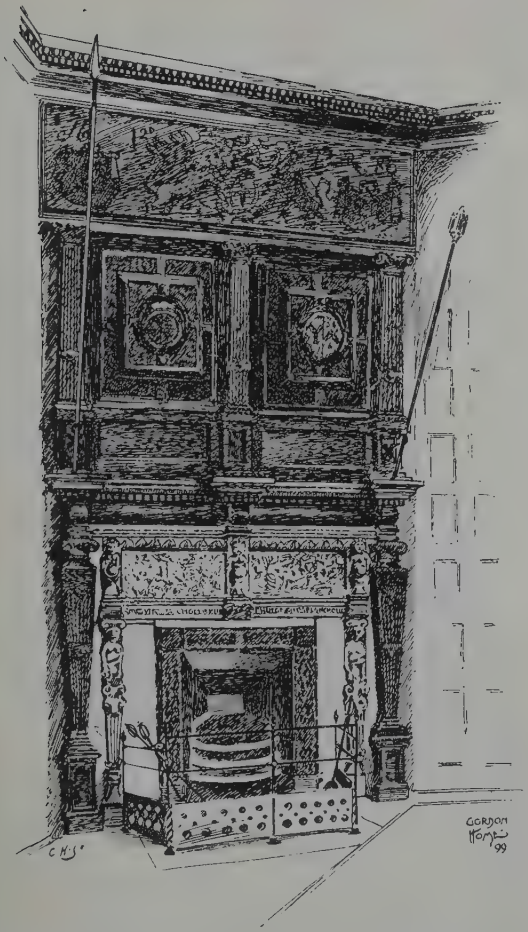
Carved Bracket at Town Hall, Guildford.

ments—the Court Room underneath, and the Council Chamber above. The former is panelled for two-thirds of its height, and possesses an open timber roof. The windows at the side have curious wooden mullions and square-leaded panes. Here are a couple of very fine portraits, by Lely, of Charles II. and James II. Mr. T. Whitburn conjectures that they were given by the Duke of Lauderdale, but their history is not known. Neither at Hampton Court nor at Windsor, he adds, are there

Lelys of such size and importance as these. Both portraits are full-lengths. Here, too, are a couple of full-length pictures of William III. and his consort, Mary. The little parlour at the back of the Court Room—otherwise quite devoid of interest—contains an exceedingly curious collection of standard measures, for a bushel, a quart, a peck, and a pint, dating from the commencement of the seventeenth century. All are apparently of bell-metal; all bear the date 1601, and a large E. R. (Elizabeth Regina) under a crown; and all of them exhibit the inscription, "Elizabeth Dei Gracia Angliæ Franciæ et Hibernicæ Regina." The bushel measure is further ornamented with the Tudor rose, the Tudor portcullis, and the fleur-de-lis.

The Council Chamber is a handsome room, panelled to the ceiling, and containing an exceedingly beautiful fireplace. Some of the window-fasteners, at once handsome and ingenious, merit more than a casual glance. The mantelpiece, said to have been brought from Stoughton Place, the ancient seat of the Stoughton family, is exceedingly noteworthy, even in this neighbourhood of beautiful chimney-pieces, and may be compared with those at Loseley and in the Carter house in the Castle precincts. It contains four panels emblematic of the four temperaments. "The Sanguine is represented by a lover vowing eternal fidelity to his mistress, and the compartment is inscribed Sanguineus; the Bilious or Choleric (Cholericus) by a warrior, surrounded by martial weapons and devices; the Phlegmatic (Phlegmaticus) by a heavy, unintellectual being, who is ensconced in a boat, taking in a lading of fish; and the Nervous or Melancholy (Melancholicus) by a solitary figure musing all alone and exhibiting the characteristics of the fearful malady propounded by *Democritus Junior*."

The room contains three portraits—of James I.; of the Right Hon. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons; and of Admiral Sir Richard Onslow. The latter is shown in the act of receiving the Dutch flag after the victory of Camperdown (1797). The portrait of James is of more than common interest; for, unlike the Vandyck at Windsor, which is supposed to be post-mortem, it exhibits "every indication of being painted



THE FIREPLACE IN GUILDFORD TOWN HALL.

from the King himself." Mr. Whitburn thinks it probable that the picture was given by James's protégé, Archbishop Abbot.

No. 25, HIGH STREET.

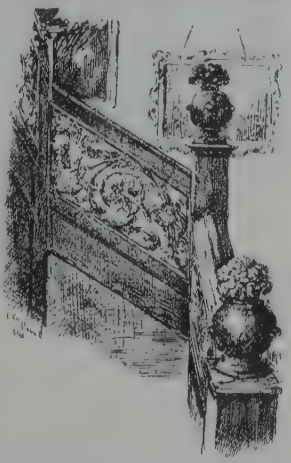
The portrait of Sir Richard Onslow is by John Russell, R.A., and was presented by a former Mayor, his father. There is an interesting chapter on the

Russell family in "In and Around Guildford"—an illustrated volume published at the *Surrey Times* office in 1895. Old John Russell, father of the artist, was a bookseller in the High Street, and four times Mayor of Guildford.

On the wall of the Council Chamber is hung up a list of Guildford Mayors down to the present time. The first Mayor is given as Wattaus Wodeland (1362-1365), the second Petrus Serna (1367-1369). Early lists of officials are generally interesting for the light they throw on the origin of surnames; but this Guildford catalogue contains but few that are clearly referable to places. In 1417, 1422 and 1425 we find a certain Ricardus, whose surname is variously spelt Okking, Wokynge, and Okynge. This is easy of identification—Richard who came from Woking. Only one or two others are of interest — Thomas Stoughton, in 1421; Ricardus Eton, in 1424; Thomas Kyngstone, in 1484; and John Dorking, in 1547.

Old Houses.

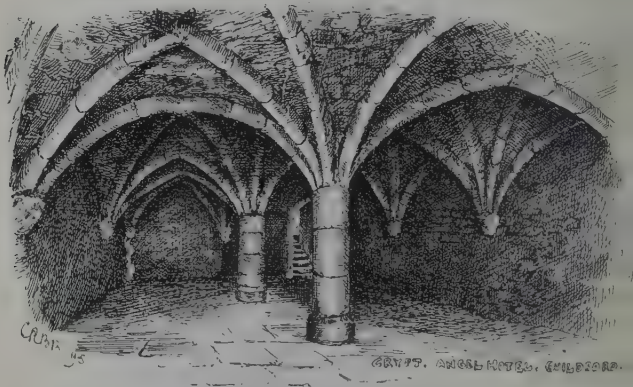
The number of old houses in the High Street is remarkable, and almost all are worthy of inspection. No written description, however, can possibly hope to afford so just an idea of their beauties as is easily conveyed by the charming sketches of Mr. Gordon Home. Of most of them, accordingly, we propose to say no more; but there remains one which, even in Guildford, challenges individual attention. This is the building No. 25, High Street, formerly in the occupation of Mr. Bull. Mr. Barrett, who assigns it without hesitation to Dutch influence, boldly calls it, in his book



THE OLD STAIRCASE, 25, HIGH STREET.
By permission of the "Surrey Times."

on Surrey, one of the most remarkable houses in England. Certainly, in completeness of beautiful details there can be few of its kind to rival it. The wonderful old staircase, part of which has been copied in the staircase at Farnham Castle, can generally be seen, on application, by courtesy of the occupier. But all the features of the house are interesting—its elaborate plaster ceilings, its marble mantelpieces, and its marvellously rich and delicate window-fasteners.

The Angel Inn must not be overlooked. Outside, like



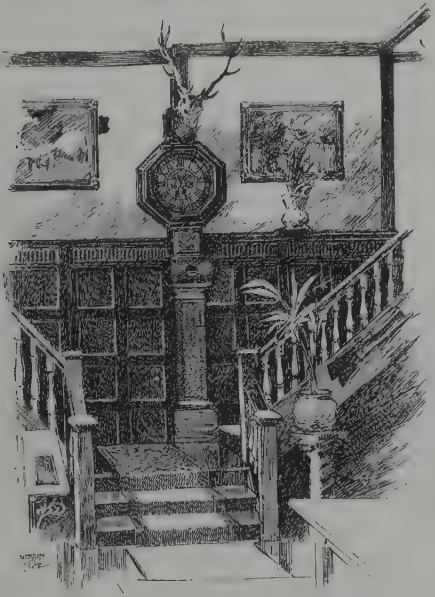
By permission of the "Surrey Times."

many other ancient houses in Guildford, it is commonplace enough; inside it reveals a delightful old hall, surrounded by a gallery and ornamented by a dated clock (1658). Underneath the Angel, and underneath a house on the opposite side of the way, are two thirteenth-century vaults, whose origin has from time to time been the subject of much conjecture. The most plausible, and at the same time the simplest, explanation is that they served no more dignified purpose than that of cellars to ancient inns. Guild-

Angel Crypt.

ford in the Middle Ages, as one of the principal halting-places on the Pilgrims' Way, must always, to some extent, have laid itself out for the entertainment of travellers. It has, we know, in more recent times enjoyed a constant reputation for the excellence of its inns. Camden calls it "a handsome and

Inns.



AT THE ANGEL HOTEL, GUILDFORD.

considerable market town with several inns." Aubrey is absolutely enthusiastic. "It has," he declares, "been always most famous for its Inns, and excellent Accommodation for Passengers, the best perhaps in *England*: the Red Lion particularly can make fifty Beds, the White Hart is not quite so big, but has more noble rooms." There is in the British Museum a very rare tract, dated

1636, and written by John Taylor (apparently the "Water Poet"). It is dedicated "To all the Good Fellowes in General, and particular, that do keep, inhabit, allow or maintaine the Wine Tavernes or Inne Tavernes in the Ten Shires and Counties" round London. The author thus eulogizes Guildford: "This town hath very faire Innes, and good entertainment, at the Tavernes, the Angell, the Crowne, the White Hart and the Lyon."

With the exploration of the High Street the visitor may fitly conclude his examination of Guildford, for he has now seen everything—or almost everything—that is really worth seeing. He should, however, on his way back to the station, turn to the right into Friary Street, and so return by the new girder bridge over the Wey, built at the expense of Lord Onslow. Friary Street, like Spital Street, preserves the name of a long-since-vanished foundation. Very little is known—not even the date of institution—about the original Friary.

The Friary. It was, however, a house of Dominicans, or Black Friars, of which body there were fifty-eight houses in England at the time of the Dissolution. "They were called Dominicans from their founder (St. Dominic), Preaching Friars from their office to preach and convert heretics, Black Friars from their garments." The Guildford house was established by Eleanor, wife of Henry III. Edward II. had evidently some notion of converting it into a nunnery, and a number of letters on this point from the King to the Pope, the Cardinals, the Master of the Order, and the Pope's Notary, are printed in Dugdale's "Monasticon" (ed. 1830). Those to the Pope have the formal beginning "Papæ rex devota pedum oscula beatorum" (The King devoutly kisses the blessed feet of the Pope). Nothing seems to have come of this design. Manning gives a fragmentary list of Priors, some of whose surnames are interesting. Thus we have a Thomas Wocking in 1425; John de Wonersh, William de Fernham, and John de Godelming (all of unknown date). Among benefactors we notice Peter de Fernham, Richard de Tangley, and Alice de Burgham (Burpham). All of these bear the names of places in the neighbourhood. Another benefactor deserves notice for quite another reason. By his will

dated August 4, 1503, Sir Reginald Bray gave £200 to be paid at £10 a year for twenty years for a trental of Masses to be said in the year in which he should die, and the year following, for the souls of himself and of Richard and Joan his father and mother. "Trentals," or "trigintals," are defined by Dr. Johnson as "a number of Masses to the tale of thirty, said on the same account, according to a certain order instituted by St. Gregory."

From an] THE FRIARY GUILDFORD. *[old print.*

It would scarcely interest the reader to trace the vicissitudes of the property from the time of the Dissolution. Sufficient that several houses have stood upon the site, and have been the property of several owners. The quaint old structure a view of which we are able to reproduce, was built by Lord Annandale some time after 1630. It was pulled down, probably without sufficient reason, in 1818.

ROUTES FOR RAMBLERS.

Many of the places mentioned, when within about six miles of Guildford, are shortly described in "Pleasant Spots round Guildford." In many cases portions of the routes here described are mere tracks or field-paths.

Divergences and alternative routes are enclosed in square brackets. Routes are measured, approximately only, on the one-inch Ordnance Map, from the junction of Quarry and High Streets.

The distance at the beginning of each route is the total distance exclusive of divergences.

ROUTE I.—**To Leatherhead,** 12⅜ m. 2¼ m. Merrow; 1⅛ l. W. Clandon [⅛ m. l. Ch.]; 1 m. E. Clandon; 2 m. W. Horsley Ch.; ½ m. entrance to Horsley Towers [⅛ m. l. E. Horsley Ch.]; 1⅝ m. Effingham [¼ m. l. Ch.]; 1⅜ m. Great Bookham [¼ m. l. Ch.]; 2½ m. Leatherhead. [*Or* from Effingham: ¾ m. (footpath) Little Bookham. Ch.; ¾ m. (footpath) Great Bookham Ch.; 1¼ m. Fetcham; 1¼ m. Leatherhead.]

ROUTE II.—**To Dorking.** (*a*) HIGH ROAD, 12⅛ m. 2¼ m. Merrow; 1⅜ m. Newland's Corner; 1⅛ m. l. Silent Pool [¼ m. r. Irvingite Cathedral, whence *footpath* into Shere through Albury Park is about 1 m.]; 1 m. Shere; 1 m. Gomshall Rly. Stat.; ½ m. Abinger Hammer; 2 m. Wotton Hatch; ⅝ m. Rookery Bridge; ½ m. Westgate St.; 1¾ m. Dorking. [*Or* to Shere, 7¼ m. Go down Quarry St. to 1 m. Shalford Ch.; ½ m. Shalford Rly. Bridge; 2¼ m. Chilworth Stat.; 1½ m. Albury; 2 m. Shere.]

(*b*) BY DOWNS, 11½ m. Go up Pewley Hill, and continue eastward over Merrow Downs to 3 m. Newland's Corner; 2½ m. Netley Heath; 1 m. Hackhurst Downs; 1½ m. Pickett's Hole; 1½ m. Ranmore Ch.; 2 m. Dorking.

This is a very beautiful ramble through a wooded and uninhabited country. See Mr. L. J. Jenning's "Field-Paths and Green Lanes," p. 184. For most of the distance there is no proper road.

(*c*) BY ST. MARTHA'S HILL, 12⅝ m. 2½ m. St. Martha's

Chapel; 1¾ m. Albury. Thence to 8⅜ m. Dorking as in (*a*). This is the best route for pedestrians.

ROUTE III.—**To Godalming.** (*a*) HIGH ROAD, 4 m. 1 m. St. Catherine's Chapel; ¾ m. Peasemarsh Rly. Bridge; 2¼ m. Godalming Market House.

(*b*) BY ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL, CHILWORTH AND WONERSH, 8½ m. 2½ m. St. Martha's Chapel; ½ m. Chilworth; 1 m. Great Tangley; 1 m. Wonersh; ½ m. Bramley; 3 m. Godalming Market House.

(*c*) BY LOSELEY AND COMPTON, 7 m. 1 m. St. Catherine's Chapel; 1½ m. Loseley; 1½ m. Compton Ch.; 2 m. Farncombe Ch.; 1 m. Godalming.

ROUTE IV.—**To Farnham.** (*a*) BY HOG'S BACK, 10¾ m. 5¼ m. [½ m. r. Wanborough], 5½ m. Farnham. [*Or* by taking the old road out of Guildford up the Hog's Back the *pedestrian* may save about ¼ m.]

(*b*) BY PILGRIMS' WAY AND WAVERLEY ABBEY, 14⅝ m. 1 m. St. Catherine's Chapel; 2½ m. Compton [¼ m. l. Ch.]; 1½ m. Puttenham Ch.; 2¼ m. Seale Ch.; 2 m. top of Crooksbury Hill; 1 m. Waverley Abbey; 2⅜ m. Farnham.

This, on the whole, is a more interesting route than (*a*).

(*c*) BY GODALMING, PEPERHAROW AND ELSTEAD, 14½ m. 4 m. Godalming (Route III. *a*); 1¾ m. Eashing; ¾ m. Peperharow Ch.; 2¼ m. Elstead [¼ m. l. Ch.]; 2½ m. Tilford Bridge; 3¼ m. Farnham. [*Or* Tilford Bridge to Farnham (by *path*): 1½ m. Waverley Abbey; 2⅜ m. Farnham.]

A roundabout but very enjoyable route.

ROUTE V.—**To Cranley.** (*a*) HIGH ROAD, 8 m. 1 m. Shalford Ch.; ½ m. Shalford Rly. Bridge; 1½ m. Bramley; 5 m. Cranley.

(*b*) BY SHERE AND EWHURST, 13½ m. 5¾ m. Shere (Route II., *a* or *c*); 3½ m. Ewhurst Hill; 1½ m. Ewhurst Ch.; 2¾ m. Cranley Stat.

ROUTE VI.—**To Haslemere.** (*a*) HIGH ROAD, 12 m. 4 m. Godalming (Route III.); 1½ m. Milford; 3 m. Brook St.; 3½ m. Haslemere. [*Or* from Milford to 3½ m. Brook St., *viâ* Witley.

(*b*) OVER THE HINDHEAD, 15 m. 5½ m. Milford (Routes III. *a*, VI. *a*); 3 m. [½ m. r. Thursley]; 3½ m. Hindhead (Huts Hotel); 3 m. Haslemere. [*Or* by *pedestrian* route

from Thursley: $\frac{1}{4}$ m. Thursley Ch.; $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. Cross on Hindhead; 2 m. Haslemere.]

(*c*) By Highdown Ball, Chiddingfold, etc., $17\frac{1}{2}$ m. 4 m. Godalming (Route III. *a*); $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. Highdown Ball; $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. Hascombe Ch. [*or* Guildford to $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. Hascombe, *viâ* 3 m. Bramley; 2 m. Thorncombe St.; $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. Hascombe]; 2 m. Dunsfold Ch.; $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. Chiddingfold; $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. Haslemere. [*Or* Hascombe to 6 m. Chiddingfold, *viâ* $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. Burghgate Chestnuts; $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. Hambledon Ch.; $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. Chiddingfold.]

A roundabout route through a beautiful and out-of-the-way country.

Route VII.—**To Leith Hill,** $11\frac{1}{4}$ m. $5\frac{3}{4}$ Shere (Route II., *a* or *c*); $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. Sutton (*viâ* Wolvin's Farm); $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. Holmbury St. Mary; $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. Leith Hill. [*Or* from Sutton: $\frac{3}{4}$ m. Abinger Ch.; $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. Leith Hill; *or* from Abinger Ch.: 1 m. Friday St.; $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. Leith Hill.]

These are the shortest pedestrian routes from Guildford to Leith Hill. That by Friday St. is perhaps the most beautiful.

Route VIII.—**To Kingston,** $16\frac{3}{4}$ m. $5\frac{3}{4}$ m. Ripley; $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. Wisley Pond; $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. Cobham St.; $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. Esher; 4 m. Kingston. [*Or* from Ripley: 1 m. Ockham; $3\frac{1}{4}$ m. Church Cobham [2 m. r. Stoke D'Abernon Ch.]; $\frac{1}{2}$ m. Cobham St.]

Route IX.—**To Weybridge,** $13\frac{3}{4}$ m. $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. Stoke Mill 2 m. [$\frac{3}{4}$ m. l. Sutton Place]; 2 m. Woking; 2 m. Pyrford Ch.; $\frac{1}{2}$ m. Newark Abbey; $\frac{1}{4}$ m. Newark Mill; $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. Wisley Ch.; $\frac{3}{4}$ m. Byfleet Ch.; $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. Weybridge Stat.; $\frac{3}{4}$ m. Weybridge Ch.

This is a very pleasant *pedestrian* route, largely along the towpath of the Wey.

Route X.—**To Bagshot,** $14\frac{1}{2}$ m. 3 m. Worplesdon Ch.; $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. Pirbright [$\frac{1}{2}$ m. l. Ch.]; 3 m. Bisley Ch.; $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. Chobham; $4\frac{1}{4}$ m. Bagshot.

Route XI.—**To Chertsey,** $15\frac{3}{4}$ m. $10\frac{1}{4}$ m. Chobham (Route X.); 5 m. Chertsey Stat.; $\frac{1}{2}$ m. Chertsey Ch.

This and the preceding are very roundabout but not uninteresting routes.

Route XII. **St. Martha's Chapel,** 5 m. there and back. Go up Pewley Hill, and follow footpath to $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. St. Martha's Chapel. Return *viâ* Chantry Woods.

This is the prettiest short walk near Guildford.

PRACTICAL NOTES FOR CYCLISTS.

ROUTES ROUND ABOUT GUILDFORD.

MAIN ROUTES.

(1) **London** 28. *Viâ* Ripley 6, Esher 13, Kingston-on-Thames 18. From Kingston either by turning off to Putney Bridge and Fulham, or through Wandsworth and Clapham.

(2) **London** 29. *Viâ* Leatherhead 11, Epsom 15, Ewell 16, Merton 22, and Balham 25.

(3) **Portsmouth** 42. Godalming 4, Hindhead 12, Liphook 16, Petersfield 25.

(4) **Brighton** 40. Horsham 19, Henfield 30.

(5) **Windsor** 22. Woking 7, Chertsey 12, Egham 16.

(6) **Dorking** 12. Shalford 2, Shere 6, Wotton 10.

(7) **Winchester** 38. Farnham 10, Alton 20, Chawton 21, Alresford 30.

(8) **Reading** 29. Normandy 5, Ash 7, Frimley 12, Blackwater 14, Wokingham 21.

(9) **Aldershot** 10. Normandy 5, Ash Church 7. *Or viâ* Hog's Back and Tongham.

(10) **Bisley** 7. Worplesdon 4, Brookwood 6.

(11) **Petworth** 20. Godalming 4, Milford 6, Witley 8, Chiddingfold 11.

The following circular tours have been arranged by Mr. John Trimmer, Consul for the Cyclists' Touring Club:

R., right hand; L., left hand; D., dangerous hill; H., hill requiring caution.

CIRCULAR TOURS.

(A) **30 miles.** Starting from St. Nicolas' Church, by Portsmouth Road (main route 3) to St. Catherine's Hill (1) (*good view from summit*), Godalming (4), Milford (6); take road R. at fork. Hindhead (12); see the view from the Gibbet eastward to Leith Hill, and across the Punchbowl north. Leave the Portsmouth Road by turning L. at Royal Huts Hotel. Shottermill (14); turn L. to Haslemere

Photo by] THE QUAINTEST HIGH STREET IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND. *[Robinson and*

(16). At Town Hall turn L. Greyswood (H.), Brook (H.); join the Portsmouth Road again at Milford. After passing through Godalming, turn R. just before bridge over railway, to Shalford Common; here turn L. to Guildford.

(B) **28 miles.** Starting by St. Mary's Church, to Shalford (2); turn L. beyond railway-bridge. On the common turn L. at direction-post, and then sharp to R. Chilworth (level crossing), Albury (5); turn L. beyond village, passing the Irvingite Church, to the cross-road (the Silent Pool is a few yards up the lane to the left); turn R. Passing the end of the village street at Shere, follow the Dorking road to Gomshall (7). At Abinger Hammer (8) turn R.; one mile beyond turn L. to Abinger Hatch; turn R. at church, through gate at common to Leith Hill, taking the cart-track across the heath at the summit to the Tower. Return by the gate of common, but take road R. at fork by Wotton House to Dorking road; turn R. down Corse Hill (D.), Westcott (15), to Dorking, returning by main route 6.

(C) **24 miles.** Starting from the bridge over the railway, adjoining the station, pass the Royal Surrey County Hospital and the Hillier Almshouses, on to the Hog's Back, to Farnham (10). Leaving by level crossing at railway-station, take road L. at fork. Waverley Abbey (12), and Stella's Cottage and Mill; here turn R. Elstead (14), Milford (17); return by Portsmouth Road (see route A).

(D) **15 miles.** By Chertsey St., Stoke Road, Stoke Mill (1); beyond Hurst Farm (2) take R. at fork, cross Whitmoor Heath, turn L. at cross-road. Beech Hill (4); turn R. and then L. at fork. Woking Village (5); beyond Hoe Bridge Place turn R. and follow road to Byfleet; across heath turn R. to Pyrford; after passing church, turn R. (see ruin Newark Abbey) to Ripley (9); return by main route 1.

(E) **17 miles.** By route B to Shalford and Wonersh ($3\frac{1}{2}$); here turn L. and then R. Shamley Green (5), Gaston Gate (6), Cranleigh (8). Leave by

turning near windmill; cross railway; turn R. over the canal to the Brighton road (main route 4); turn R. Palmer Cross, Graffham, Bramley, Shalford.

(F) **31 miles.** By route A to Milford; just beyond take road on R. to Elstead (9) (see route C); turn L. to Pride of the Valley Inn (12); here turn R. Frensham Common and Devils' Jumps, Frensham Great Pond (15), Millbridge; turn R. Tilford; cross river and turn L. (see the King's Oak); cross the second bridge, and up the hill into the road from Waverley to Elstead, and return as in route C.

(G) **25 miles.** Leave town by Woodbridge Road; at Woodbridge turn L., cross river, under railway, take road L. at fork top of hill; at next fork take centre road (by the Cricketers' Inn). Normandy (5), Ash (7); turn R. at Dover Arms Inn, over canal at Ash Vale, under railway-arch; turn L. (leaving the main route to Reading here); cross railway at North Camp Station (10), and three-quarters of mile beyond turn L. and through North and South Camp to Aldershot (12½); thence by Farnborough road and Hale to Farnham (15), returning along the Hog's Back (see route C).

(H) **16 miles.** Follow Epsom Road (main route 2) for 6 miles. Horsley Towers; turn L. Ockham (9), Ripley (10); return by main route 1.

(I) **26 miles.** By main route 1 (London Road) to White Lion at Cobham (10); turn R. Stoke d'Abernon (11), Slyfield House on L. just beyond, Leatherhead (15). Return by Epsom Road (main route 2).

(J) **27 miles.** By main route 2 (Epsom Road) to Leatherhead (11); opposite Swan Hotel turn R. Mickleham (13), Burford Bridge, Box Hill (14), Dorking. Return by main route 6.

(K) **29 miles.** By route D to Woking; just before reaching village turn L., cross bridge over brook, and turn R. to Woking Station; under railway turn R. Chertsey (12); at church turn R., then L. over bridge; turn R. Shepperton (14); turn R. Halliford; turn R. to Walton Bridge (15); turn R. by

Oatlands Park to Weybridge (17), over hill by railway-station; at cross-road turn L., then first turn on R. into London Road. Return through Ripley (main route 1).

(L) **13 miles.** By route A for 3 miles; after crossing railway-bridge take first turn on R. and over railway again. Compton; at end of village turn L. at cross-road (note chapel on R. near turning), and top of hill turn L., then keep R. to Shackleford (7); take L. at fork roads. Eashing Bridge; at cross-road turn L., and then R. to Godalming. Return as in route A.

Note.—The following places of interest are reached as under:

St. Catherine's Hill and **Chapel** (ruin); **Charterhouse School** and **Museum**, Godalming; **Hindhead** and **the Devil's Punchbowl**. By route A.

The Silent Pool; **Leith Hill**; **Wotton House**. By route B.

The Hog's Back; **Farnham Castle** and **Park**; **Waverley Abbey ruins**. By route C.

Newark Abbey ruins. By route D.

Surrey County School, Cranleigh. By route E.

The Devil's Jumps; **Frensham Pond** and **Barrows**; **King's Oak** at Tilford. By route F.

North and **South Camps**, Aldershot. By route G.

Clandon Park and **Horsley Towers**. By route H.

BRIEF NOTES ON PLEASANT SPOTS ROUND GUILDFORD.

The shortest approximate distance of each place from Guildford, and the number of the Route in the Itinerary in which it is included, are given in each case.

Albury.

THE village now called Albury (4¼ m., Route II., *a*, *c*; V., *b*)—a well-cared-for little hamlet under the shadow of St. Martha's Hill—is named Weston Street on the old one-inch Ordnance map; and the old parish church of Albury—dismantled and abandoned—is half a mile away to the east in the Duke of Northumberland's park. Weston Street contains nothing of particular interest except the new parish church, erected in 1842; but the old church, with its sturdy square tower, surmounted by the strangest of strange-looking cupolas, its ruined chancel and its deserted nave, should certainly be made the object of a pilgrimage. The tower, we believe, has sometimes been called Saxon, but, almost certainly, it is very early Norman. The nave is generally locked, but a peep of its interior may easily be obtained from the windows on the south. The monuments have been left in position. There is something strangely pathetic and suggestive in the relics of this deserted "God's house," especially as we last saw it, in the fast-gathering twilight of a frosty December evening. The south transept, however, is in excellent condition, and is used as a mausoleum.

Almost within a stone's-throw from the "old burgh" church is the Duke of Northumberland's house. Albury Park is extremely beautiful, and the garden contains a far-famed yew-hedge. The property came to the Percy family by marriage with the Drummonds. In the north-west corner of the park is a church, or "cathedral," of the Catholic Apostolic Church—a very poor specimen of Perpendicular Gothic, with a small chapter-house attached. A quarter of a mile further on the road to Newlands Corner, through a gateway on the right, is the so-called Silent Pool. Its ancient and far more interesting name seems to have been Sherbourne Pond.

There is a pretty dingle, a rustic summer-house, and a pool of extraordinary clearness, swarming with tame trout. The visitor who has nothing better to do may very well pay it a visit.

Clandon, East.

A few years ago the little church of East Clandon ($4\frac{3}{8}$ m., Route I.) was so shabby and dilapidated that it was scarcely worth the trouble of a visit, except for the curiosity of discovering in Surrey a church in a state of such shocking neglect. This, we are glad to know, has since been remedied; and we are no longer under the necessity of putting on record that its former little lath-and-plaster steeple, surmounted by a roof of "slated hideousness," was apparently tumbling to pieces! Its principal features are Early English, and there is a "low side" window in the usual position at the south-west corner of the chancel.

Thomas Goffe, the forgotten tragedian, was Rector of East Clandon from 1623 to 1629. His own life here was a tragedy, for the details of which we must refer the reader to Aubrey. The story is too long to set out here, but is reprinted at length in an early number of the *Surrey Magazine*.

Clandon, West.

The church ($3\frac{3}{8}$ m., Route I.) is said by Aubrey to have fallen down through age, "a small time before Christmas, in 1716," but to have been rebuilt "by the Contributions of Parishioners." That it was not then altogether destroyed is evidenced by the ancient piscinas and aumbreys still existing *in situ*. There is what appears to be a holy-water stoup just inside the south door. The south porch, like the west porch at West Horsley, is a delightful piece of old timber framing, now, alas! worm-eaten and rotten. Between Clandon and Merrow is Clandon Park, the seat of the Earl of Onslow. The red-brick mansion is by Leoni (1731), with two chimney-pieces by Rysbrach. The park was laid out by "Capability" Brown.

Compton.

Compton ($3\frac{1}{2}$ m., Route III., *c*; IV., *b*), a pretty village in itself, possesses the most remarkable church near Guildford—in some respects the most remarkable in Surrey (*Surrey Archæological Collections*, vol. xii.). Outside it is commonplace enough, with a prettily-kept churchyard and a shingled, broach spire; inside it presents the architect with points of difficulty, the discussion of which would alone be capable of occupying this volume. The building is chiefly late Norman, and its almost unique characteristic—a feature occurring elsewhere only at Darenth in Kent—is the possession of a two-storied sanctuary, or, more correctly, of a chantry (?) erected immediately over the Communion-table, and open, to the west, to the church. The sanctuary is thus darkened by a low-pitched vault of early character. The west side of this chantry is guarded by a screen of very rude workmanship, which is probably the oldest piece of woodwork now remaining in the kingdom. Mr. J. Lewis André, in fact, does not hesitate to assign it to the second half of the twelfth century. In sharp contrast with this rough and worm-eaten antiquity are the ornate and exceedingly beautiful pulpit and chancel-screen, apparently of Jacobean date—the latter now banished to the tower arch. Some of the details in the south-west corner of the chancel are more than commonly puzzling. Such, for instance, is the very curious excavated cross—now blocked—which once perhaps did duty for a "squint," near which is another undoubted "squint"—also blocked—cut through the thickness of the chancel arch. On the north of the chancel is a recessed altar-tomb, decorated with quatrefoils, which has almost certainly been intended to serve as an Easter sepulchre. It is without inscription. Passing into the nave, the visitor should notice the uncommon forms of the Transition capitals—especially of those on the southern side. The piers themselves are placed on square bases of extraordinary solidity. In the wall of the north aisle are two recesses under Decorated canopies. Presumably they originally guarded tombs, but nothing positive is known of their history, except that they are supposed to have been brought here from other parts of the edifice. At the east end of the south aisle is a

Photo by] THE OLD NORMAN CHURCH AT COMPTON. [*West, Godalming.*

blocked "low side" window in a very unusual position. Half a mile from the village, in the little burial-ground, is one of the most remarkable structures in England — the mortuary chapel built in brick and terra-cotta from the designs of Mr. G. F. Watts, a resident in the neighbourhood. It is described at length and beautifully illustrated in the *Studio* for December, 1898.

Cranleigh. A pleasant rising village (8 m., Route V.) on the London and Brighton line, south of Guildford. The church, much restored, dates from the twelfth century. A genuine relic of William Cobbett is to be found at the house of Mr. E. Holden, in the village, and will no doubt be shown to visitors in response to a courteous application. It consists of a log fireplace, cast in America and used by William Cobbett in his house near Aldershot. When his effects were dispersed, it was purchased and removed to Oliver House, Cranleigh, where it has been in constant use ever since. The house is interesting, as Oliver Cromwell once stayed there, and gave Cranleigh a warrant to hold a fair every Whit Tuesday. The parchment, with his sign-manual written across the Great Seal of England, is still in existence in the neighbourhood.

Farnham. Farnham (10¾ m., Route IV.), a pleasant town, the birthplace of William Cobbett, and the centre of the Surrey hop trade, lies due west from Guildford. It contains an interesting old church and the castle of the Bishops of Winchester. Moor Park, with its associations with Dean Swift, and the ruins of Waverley Abbey are well worth a visit. The neighbourhood is dealt with fully in the Handbook for Farnham, uniform with this volume, issued early in the spring of 1900 by the Homeland Association. It can be obtained from the local or London Publishers of this handbook.

Godalming. Godalming (4 m., Route III.), an interesting old Surrey town, lying south-west of Guildford, on the road to Haslemere. The famous Charterhouse School is located here. The church is well worth a visit. The country round is well timbered, and is noted for its beautiful rural footpaths. It is described in detail in the Handbook for Godalming, uniform with this volume, issued in 1900 by the Homeland Association. It can be obtained from the local or London Publishers of this handbook.

Gomshall. Shere possesses a remarkable old inn—the White Horse—opposite to two ancient elm-trees. A room on the left has a fine open fireplace. A mile to the east, along a road sometimes accounted among the most beautiful in Surrey, is the busy little hamlet of Gomshall—a village which perhaps would be prized more highly if it were not for the proximity of Shere. An old mill here is worth looking at. Another old mill, now partly in ruins, is conspicuous on the right in coming from Shere. In spring we have seen the marshy pasture adjoining it a carpet of golden kingcups.

Horsley, East. The Early English church (7 m., Route I.) with a stucco tower contains several interesting monuments. (1) Brass to Boothe, Bishop of Exeter (1465-78). The Bishop wears his mitre and carries his crosier; the face is in profile, and the hands are folded in prayer. The inscription is very interesting as presenting us, in Latin, with a very early form of an idea which crops up again and again, in some guise or another, in churchyards all over the kingdom:

> "Quisquis eris qui transieris,
> Sta, perlege, plora;
> Sum quod eris, fueramque quod es;
> Pro me, precor, ora."

(2) Near the chancel arch the half-length figure of a man. There is now no inscription; but we have little hesitation in identifying this brass with Aubrey's "Man in a Gown to the Middle"—"Robertus de Brentyngham, Pater Reverendi Patris Thome Exon. Episcopi." This double association of East Horsley with Bishops of

Exeter is explained by the fact that they formerly possessed a manor in the parish. (3) Brass to John Snellynge and Alys his Wyfe (1489). (4) Brass to Thomas Snellinge (d. 1504) and "Jones (*sic*) his Wiff." (5) Elaborate altar-tomb with recumbent figures to Thomas Cornwallis, Groom Porter to Queen Elizabeth, and Lady Katharine, his wife, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Southampton. In a window near are some fragments of ancient glass, one of them dated 1573.

Horsley, West.

Next to Compton, West Horsley Church (6⅜ m., Route I.) is perhaps the most interesting near Guildford; and its situation—it is picturesquely perched on a slight eminence overlooking the Leatherhead road—makes it a striking and conspicuous object to travellers between the two towns. The bulk of the church—consisting originally of chancel, nave, and north aisle—is apparently Early English; but the so-called "Nicholas" Chapel and a Perpendicular south aisle have been added at a later period. The latter is separated from the nave by an arcade of three Tudor arches—a feature of uncommon interest in Surrey, where four-centred arches are rare. The east window, consisting of three tall lancets combined internally by slender shafts, is certainly exceedingly beautiful, and, if original, of very great value; for there is nothing finer of its kind in the county, except the east window at Ockham. In it are preserved two interesting fragments of extremely ancient glass (? *temp.* Henry III. or Edward I.). In the centre light is a figure of our Lord at table, with the Magdalen wiping His feet with her hair; in the light to the north St. Catherine has just been delivered from her wheel of torture. Scarcely less interesting is the kneeling man in armour in the flamboyant window on the north of the chancel. Beneath is the inscription, "Jacobus Berners, Patronus huius ecclesiæ." Above is the Berners crest, a monkey. This Sir James Berners was one of the minions of Richard II., and was involved in his master's ruin, being beheaded in 1388. Below this window is a beautiful Decorated recessed tomb, with the recumbent figure of an ecclesiastic. There is no inscription, but

From a drawing] WEST HORSLEY PLACE. *[by Gordon Home*

the monkey-heads on the canopy above suggest a member of the Berners family. It has been conjectured that this is the monument of Roger de Berners, Rector *temp.* Edward II., or of Radolphus de Berners, "Clericus," *temp.* Edward III. Separated from the rest of the church by two ancient screens is the so-called "Nicholas" chapel—"appropriated as a Dormitory," says Aubrey quaintly, "for the family of the Nicholas's." Here are some interesting monuments: (1) Sir Edward Nicholas (d. 1669) and Dame Jane, his wife. He was Secretary of State to the two Charleses (1641-61), and went into exile during the Commonwealth. "Quum Carolus primus explendo fanatico hiatui Caderet et innocens et illustris Victima Evasit sicariorum manus, Sed ut cum Filio exularet." (2) Sir John and Penelope Nicholas. Penelope was killed by the fall of a chimney at West Horsley Place during the great storm of November 26, 1703. (3) Susan Brisco, who died in childbirth, 1636:

> "She left no Issue, for the Childing Bed,
> Which gave her Death, brought forth an Infant dead."

There is an old tradition that the head of Sir Walter Raleigh was buried in this church, apparently in the grave of his son Carew, who lived for a time at West Horsley Place. It is remarkable with what an air of mystery the disposal of Raleigh's body is surrounded. A letter from Lady Raleigh is known to have been written requesting the permission of her brother, Sir Francis Carew, to bury the body at Beddington. It does not appear, however, that this was eventually done. As for the head, Lady Raleigh is said to have preserved it in her own keeping during the remainder of her life, much as the head of Sir Thomas More is said to have been kept by Margaret Roper at Baynards.

Between the chancel and nave is a screen, apparently of the same date as those enclosing the "Nicholas" Chapel. Built into the wall near the chancel arch is a curious alabaster carving, representing the Nativity, discovered during the restoration in 1810. One of the chandeliers in the nave has apparently been brought from Namur. Notice outside the north door, to the west, two or three consecration (?) crosses, which may be compared with those that occur in great number at Alfold.

Opposite the church, across a sunk fence and a rich foreground of meadow, yellow in spring-time with innumerable cowslips, appears the quaint front of West Horsley Place. The oldest parts are attributed to Sir Anthony Browne, Master of the Horse to Henry VIII., and husband of the "Fair Geraldine" of the Earl of Surrey's sonnets—

"Bright is her hue, and *Geraldine* she hight."

The bulk of the house is attributed, however, to the reign of James I.

Loseley.

The old Elizabethan house of Loseley (2½ m., Route III., *c*), a couple of miles to the south-west of Guildford, may well be called the Penshurst of Surrey. Sir Christopher More, of Derbyshire origin, first settled on this property in 1515, and obtained from Henry VIII. in 1533 a license to empark; but it was left to his son and successor, Sir George, to begin and complete the present mansion between 1562 and 1568. The principal apartments are the Hall and drawing-room, the latter of which has been engraved in Nash's "Mansions of England in the Olden Time" (1839). The drawing-room mantelpiece, with its six caryatides and its "grotesque heads of clowns cut out of the chalk of the county," is surely one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. On the cornice is the rebus of the Mores, a mulberry-tree, with the motto "Morus tarde moriens—morum cito morituram," implying, perhaps, "that the family stock, like the mulberry-tree, should be of long endurance, but that its individual descendants, like the fruit, should, by the common lot of mortality, be subject to speedy decay." Alas for the "long endurance" of the "family stock" of the Mores of Loseley! The property passed through the female line to the Molyneux family, who adopted the name of More, as early as 1691 or thereabouts. Quite a number of monarchs—Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. (as Prince of Wales)—have trod the princely halls and lawns of Loseley. The house is particularly rich in a collection of old manuscripts, a selection from which was published by the antiquary A. J. Kempe in

1836. Among them are preserved original papers relating to the Lady Anne of Cleves; Lady Jane Grey's succession to the crown; Wyatt's rebellion; the Spanish Armada; and the confinement at Loseley of Henry Wriothesley, second Earl of Southampton, as a suspected Papist. There are also autographs of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, Elizabeth as Princess,

Photo by] THE CARVED CHALK MANTELPIECE AT LOSELEY. [*West, Godalming.*

James I., Anne of Cleves, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Lady Jane Grey *as Queen*. Perhaps, however, the most interesting letters are those which refer to the great love romance connected with Loseley—the clandestine marriage of John Donne, then a struggling young secretary, but afterwards the poet Dean of St. Paul's, to Ann More. The story may be read at length in Walton's

Photo by] LOSELEY: THE PENSHURST OF SURREY [*West, Godalming.*

"Life of Donne." Donne's letter to the outraged father, dated "2° Februa', 1601," "from my lodginge by ye Savoy," is a model of dignified humility. "At her lyeng in town this last Parliam^t," he confesses, "I found meanes to see her twice or thrice. We both knew the obligac'ons that lay upon us, and we adventured equally, and about three weeks before Xmas we married. . . . S^r I acknowledge my fault to be so great, as I dare scarse offer any other prayer to yo^w in myne own behalf than this, to beleeve this truthe, that I neyth^r . . . had dishonest end nor means. But for her whom I tender much more than my fortunes or lyfe . . . I hereby beg of yo^u that she may not to her danger feele the terror of yor sodaine anger."

— — —

Merrow. The church (2¼ m., Route I.; II., *a*) has been barbarously over-restored, or, perhaps more correctly, rebuilt. There is a Norman north door and two Norman nave arcades, all of them more or less modern. Almost the solitary object of interest is the Decorated bargeboard over the north porch, engraved as typical by Rickman. It is now in a state of suspiciously good preservation, and we should not care to hazard a guess as to how much of it is really original. Far more interesting than this painfully new church is the old dated inn (1615) on the opposite side of the Dorking road. With its three tall gables and its stately chimney-stack, it is scarcely to be rivalled in Surrey.

Puttenham. To be seen to advantage, Puttenham (5 m., Route IV., *b*) should be looked down on from the ridge of the Hog's Back; seen from inside it is a picturesque village, but sufficiently commonplace. The church is an irregular building, with a delightful old ivy-clad tower; but it has suffered dreadfully from injudicious restoration, which has robbed it of most of its interest. There remains, however, a single Norman slit at the west end of the south side of the nave, and the Norman arcade between the nave and north aisle is a very beautiful feature. There is no south aisle, but a kind of south transept, which completes, with a chapel on the north of the

MERROW VILLAGE.

chancel, the general confusion of ground-plan. An extraordinary feature is the inexplicable arch cut through the thickness of the east respond of the nave arcade. It is circular-headed, smaller than the other arches, and absolutely devoid of ornament. Of its date nothing can be said with certainty, except that it is obviously later than the arcade in which it has been inserted. Its possible use is unknown. Its practical result is to weaken the respond and puzzle archæologists.

Puttenham is interesting as being almost the eastern limit of the Alton and Farnham hop-field. There is much very beautiful country to the south, of an open and moorland character.

Ripley and Send.

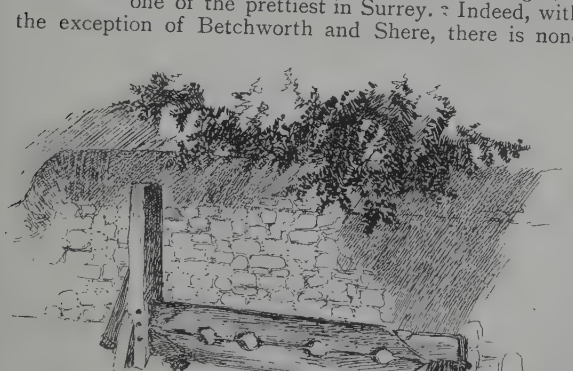
Ripley ($5\frac{3}{4}$ m., Route VIII.), famous of old for the cricket on its village green, and famous in later days as a favourite centre for cyclists, now contains very little of interest except its two old inns. The parish church is at Send, a couple of miles away, overlooking the broad, fat meadows watered by numerous backwaters and windings of the Wey. The church tower, smothered on the north in ivy, is strikingly picturesque, and the body of the church has been happy in escaping destructive restoration. On the south side of the Early English chancel is a so-called "priest's door," and a very perfect little "low side" window. Two other altered openings on either side of the nave would perhaps be assigned a similar meaning did either of them occur alone. The very broad nave is Perpendicular. A mile or so to the north-west of Ripley, passing on the way the quaint timbered structure of Newark Mill, are the scanty ruins of Newark Priory ($7\frac{3}{4}$ m., Route IX.). The situation is very watery. Newark Priory was founded for Canons Regular of the Order of St. Augustine, "within, or before, the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Ruald de Calva and his wife, Beatrice de Sandes," and was dedicated to St. Mary and St. Thomas the Martyr. A representation of the martyrdom of Becket appears on one of the priory seals. The house was surrendered by Richard Lyppescombe at the Dissolution. The remains are now very scanty, and little is left save the rude rubble core of what

Newark Priory.

was once part of the church. If the visitor, however, will be at the trouble to climb up to the little churchyard of Pyrford, which crowns a slight cliff rising above the marshland, he will be rewarded by a noble view, looking away towards the distant downs, in which the shattered fragments of Newark Priory form a striking and beautiful feature.

Shalford.

The old village of Shalford (1 m., Routes II., *a*; V., *a*; VI., *a*, *b*, *c*), with its whitewashed cottages, is one of the prettiest in Surrey. Indeed, with the exception of Betchworth and Shere, there is none



Stocks at Shalford.

with which to compare it. On the right is the Sea-horse Inn, with its window-box flowers and square leaded panes; on the left a short lane leads down to one of the most perfect little water-mills in Surrey—tiled almost to the ground, and with a huge projecting upper story, supported on wooden pillars. Most of the houses are genuinely old, but many of them appear to have been

fitted with comparatively modern barge-boards. Just outside the churchyard are the old village stocks—

"Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade"

—the only stocks in Surrey except those at Abinger and a single post at Newdigate. The church itself was rebuilt, in Early English style, in 1847, and is quite uninteresting.

Shere.

No written description can possibly do justice to the manifold beauties of Shere ($5\frac{3}{4}$ m., Route II., *a, c;* V., *b;* VII.). The gray village church with its quaint broach spire; the rippling waters of the translucent Tillingbourne; the old gabled cottages with their overhanging storeys; the densely wooded escarpment of the abrupt chalk downs; the wealth of foliage in the immediate vicinity; the unbroken seclusion of the narrow valley—these constitute together an unrivalled realization of the ideal of an English village.

The church, with its Norman tower and shingled spire, has been reverently but efficiently *repaired*. Here, at any rate, the old tracery has not been hacked out of the windows to give place to modern masonry as correct as it is lifeless; nor have the two rude porches, the rough old doors, and the huge brick buttress at the north-west angle, been swept away by the unreasoning fury for architectural correctitude. The building is principally Decorated; but there are instances of all the other styles. The south and west doors, for instance, are examples respectively of Norman and Early English; and the latter style is represented again inside by some fine marble columns in the south aisle. The west door has apparently been fastened by a beam, the socket for which remains. Several of the windows contain—what is rare in Surrey—fragments of painted glass. The arches supporting the central tower have been built into walls of earlier date, and traces of the original Norman arch are visible above the one to the south. The font is very old Norman. A couple of features at the north-west corner of the chancel—a hollow quatrefoil and a blocked-up "squint"—are provocative of speculation. There is a mural tablet to Edward Bray, "the historian of his

native county." Engraved on some of the numerous Bray memorials will be noticed their crest, "a flax-crusher or." This, no doubt, is a punning allusion to the meaning of

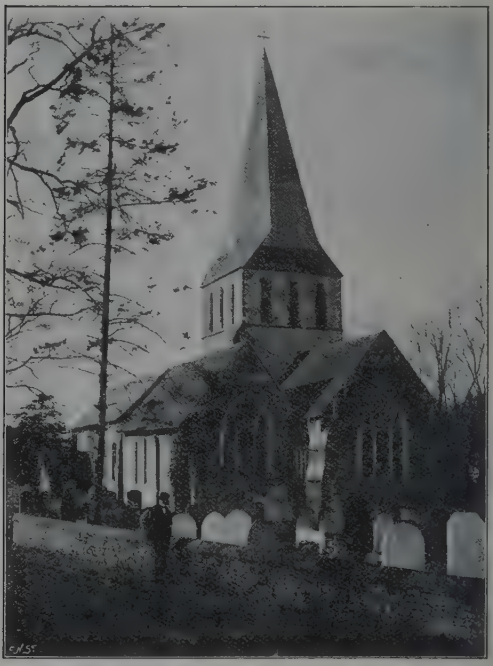


Photo by] SHERE CHURCH. *[R. W. Fielder, Esq.*

the family name. To "bray," in the sense of pounding to pieces, is now apparently obsolete. It occurs, however, in Thackeray's "Pendennis," and in Browning's "A Pretty Woman," though in either case as a clear

reminiscence of a famous passage in Proverbs (xxvii. 22): "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

St. Martha's Chapel.

St. Martha's Chapel (2½ m., Routes II., *c*; XII.)—"the little gray church on the wind-swept hill"—will probably be the first, as it will certainly be the most delightful, of the visitor's excursions out of Guildford. The chapel itself, it is true, is mostly modern restoration, its nave, in particular, having

From an] ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL BEFORE RESTORATION. *[old print.*

been a shapeless ruin as recently as 1848. Nor does it contain anything, save a few old stone coffin-lids. But the strangeness of the site, the beauty of the hill itself, and above all the marvellous and exquisite view over all that is richest and loveliest in Surrey, make this place, perhaps, the first of all shrines for the devotion of the Surrey pilgrim.

St. Martha's Chapel is on the supposed line of the Pilgrims' Way, but nothing definite is known of the date

A STONE COFFIN IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL.

of its foundation, except that it is supposed to be one of the three churches mentioned in Domesday as existing within Bishop Odo's Manor of Bramley. Even the name of the hill is doubtful, for in some old documents it is called "Martyrs' Hill." Salmon, writing of the chapel in 1735, says quaintly, "It is sometimes used for weddings either for luck or privacy."

In the hollow to the north, between St. Martha's Hill and the low chalk downs, is Tyting Farm, with its little oratory—the former home, perhaps, of the priest of St. Martha's. To the south is the "little romancy vale" of Chilworth, eulogized by Cobbett, though polluted in his day by the "influence of the devil"—bank-note and gunpowder mills. The gunpowder-mills remain. Half a mile to the south-west is the moated manor house of Great Tangley—one of the finest specimens in Surrey of the old half-timbered house.

Sutton Place.

The beautiful old mansion of Sutton Place (4½ m., Route IX.), which shares with Loseley the undisputed honour of being the finest house in Surrey, has been made the subject of an exhaustive and beautifully illustrated monograph by Mr. Frederic Harrison ("Annals of an Old Manor House," 1893). It was built between 1520 and 1530 by Sir Richard Weston, at a period of immense architectural activity, and exhibits a perhaps unique combination of Italian details with Tudor Perpendicular Gothic, without the addition of a single classical feature. "Had our builders continued on these lines of thought, it is possible that our architecture might never have fallen beneath the dominion of Palladio, and yet might have worked clear of the imita-

From a drawing by] DISTANT VIEW OF ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL [*Gordon Home.*

tion feudal castle and the mesquin inanity of debased Gothic. But this idea, to whomsoever it belongs, perished with him. Sutton Place remains the single extant production of a peculiar and suggestive type of Renascence Gothic."

Aubrey, writing between 1673 and 1692, speaks thus of Sutton Place: "The place is a noble seat, built of brick, and has a stately gatehouse with a very high tower, bearing a turret at each angle. In it is a square court." "The stately gatehouse" was, alas! pulled down, with the whole of the north side of the "square court"—both of them being then in a ruinous condition—in 1782. It is impossible to convey by any written description anything like a proper sense of the charm of this beautiful old house. A remarkable feature, which occurs again at Layer Marney—a similar building of slightly earlier date—is the very free use of terra-cotta. "It is one of the very few ancient buildings still remaining in our country, which are made of terra-cotta and brick, without any dressing of stone. . . . Mullions, drip-stones, string-courses, turrets, arches, parapets, groins, and finials are all moulded in fine terra-cotta, with delicate designs. . . . The mass and completeness of the terra-cotta work is hardly equalled by any old work in England." Sutton Place, again, has a further claim to notice in the fact that it is one of the first purely domestic great houses ever built in the country. A curious feature is the introduction in every possible corner of a rebus on the founder's surname in the shape of a butt, or "tun," of wine.

Wanborough.

"The same Goisfrid (Geoffrey de Mandeville) holds Weneberge. It is not of the land of Asgar." We have ventured, on the ground of its unusual interest, to insert this short extract from Domesday. Its inner meaning is well brought out by Brayley. Why are the jury so emphatic in their finding that Wanborough was not part of the land of Asgar? Now it happens that De Mandeville held two other manors in Surrey—at Clapham and Carshalton—and at each of these places we get a similarly curious entry. "Goisfrid de Manneville holds Clopeham. . . . The Inquest of the

Hundred say that Goisfrid has this manor unjustly, because it does not belong to the land of Asgar." It is the same when we turn to Carshalton. "Goisfrid de Manneville holds Aultone. . . . The men of the County and the Hundred say that they never saw the Writ or the Attorney who, on the King's part, gave Goisfrid seisin of the manor." The meaning of all this seems clear. The rapacious Geoffrey, who had been duly granted the lands of the dispossessed Saxon thane, Asgar, had managed also to get into his clutches a good deal of other people's property. Ill-gotten gain, they say, brings no luck; and we find, indeed, that this Wanborough property was confiscated during the reign of Stephen.

Wanborough ($5\frac{3}{4}$ m., Route IV., *a*), or Weneberge, or Warenberge—it seems hopeless to settle its orthography—is little more than a large farmhouse and its appurtenances, snugly placed, with its smallest of small churches, on the northern slope of the Hog's Back. The little church is Early English, without vestige of chancel arch or tower, though presenting a rather unexpected feature in its Perpendicular screen. With the exception of Woldingham, this little ivy-clad sanctuary is apparently the smallest in Surrey, measuring, according to the dimensions in Brayley, 45 feet in length by $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth—almost exactly the size, it will be seen, of the ruined St. Catherine's Chapel. Wanborough, too, like St. Catherine's and St. Martha's, was for generations a neglected ruin, till it was restored and re-opened for public worship in 1862.

The springs at Wanborough, like the ponds at Carshalton, are never known to have frozen.

Wonersh.

This pretty village (3 m., Route III., *b*) is snugly tucked away under the southern declivity of Chinthurst Hill. Several of its timber-framed cottages are very old, but have been restored with reverent care. Notice especially the Grantley Arms, with its many-coloured swinging sign. The principal interest centres, however, in the old village church. It has been dreadfully knocked about, and was largely rebuilt after a fire in 1793—it is said from designs by Lord Grantley's butler. Its

ugliness is certainly in keeping with the period and tradition. Very little of true "churchwarden" style now remains in rural Surrey, and we confess we should be sorry to see this quaint old structure share the fate of Dorking, Cheam, and parts of Carshalton. On the contrary, long may it survive, with its square box-pews and "three-decker" pulpit—conspicuous among the former of which is the family pew of Wonersh Park, with its remains of a fireplace, brass rods, and faded silk curtains—things that carry us back at a bound to the times of William and the Georges. There remains, however, a good deal of old work incorporated in the modern masonry, and much of this has been recently brought to light by judicious exploration. Some of it, apparently, is very old indeed. The capitals of an archway, for instance, between the tower and nave look very much like the early Norman work under the tower of St. Mary's at Guildford. Above this are the traces of a rood-loft door. Other old arches will also be observed between the tower and the vestry, and the vestry and the chancel. On the south of the chancel is a mortuary chapel in a shockingly neglected and dilapidated condition. The churchyard, now closed for burials, is thickly surrounded by trees, and wears, even in the sunshine of an autumn afternoon, an appearance of chastened gloom. In this church tower, and elsewhere in the neighbourhood, the visitor will observe the curious local habit of studding the mortar in the joints of a wall with little lumps of ironstone. The custom is alluded to by Gilbert White in the "Natural History of Selborne" (Letter IV.).

ANGLING IN THE GUILDFORD DISTRICT.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE LATE C. B. SELLS ("MAY-FLY").

THESE notes are intended as a practical guide to the angler visitor who makes Guildford his headquarters. On the Wey the angler will find plenty of scope for pursuing his hobby. There are several miles of public water and several stretches of private water, to which latter he can have access by making personal applications to the various riparian owners. There is a club, called the Guildford Angling Society, who rent some eleven miles of fishing in the Wey, their waters being strictly preserved and of very high order, both as regards quantity and quality of fish. To the coarse fisherman the Wey ought to prove itself a paradise should he have a fair knowledge of the art of angling and selection of "swims." The chief species of fish in the Wey are pike, perch, roach, bream, chub, and dace. Rudd, carp, and trout are occasionally met with, and the last is, as a rule, of goodly size. Roach and bream are without doubt very plentiful, run to a fair size, and many very good bags have been made during the past three or four years. It may sound curious for me to say the past three or four years, but previously to this date, for some ten or fifteen years, the Wey was a mass of pollution from one end to the other. Now, thanks to the energetic action of the Thames Conservancy, ably backed up by the different public bodies situated on the river's banks, the Wey is rapidly mending and returning to its splendid condition of years ago. The Wey is a slow-running river, and is navigable from Godalming Bridge to its entrance into the Thames at Weybridge. There are some miles of backwaters—the remnants of the old river before it was made navigable—all of which contain good fish, and are ideal spots for the angler in the summer months. I should add that all these back-streams are strictly private, and at the end of these notes will be found a short description of the Wey from Unstead Mills, above Guildford, to Walsham Lock below, together with the names of those having fishing rights.

I propose now to enter into the different modes of angling employed on the Wey, giving both my own experiences and those of others.

Firstly I take roach-fishing, it being the most popular and scientific form of angling. There is no branch of angling about which so much has been written or so much talked as "roaching." To start and write an article on that subject would occupy all the space allotted to me, and that many times over. To me there seem to be three classes of roach-fishermen: (1) The angler with the wrong tackle and a fair knowledge of roaching; (2) the angler with the right tackle but a poor knowledge of fishing; (3) the man with the right tackle and a good knowledge of fishing. These notes are meant for all three classes who may visit the Wey, and I hope they may find them useful. Roach-fishermen are divided into two camps—the "roach pole brigade" and the "Nottingham rod brigade." Both classes will find the Wey admirably suited to their requirements. For summer roaching I have found it to be far the best to fish with the short Nottingham rod with a light leger in shallow swims, sitting well back from the water, and using the finest of tackle. Some swims cannot, however, be fished with a short rod, and one is compelled to resort to the long rod and tight line, using swimming tackle. To the angler fishing the Wey in the summer months I would give this advice: Stick to the short Nottingham rod with running tackle, fish on the bottom with a light float leger, and use very fine tackle. In the winter it is better to use the longer rod, selecting deep swims, and to have the bait travelling about 3 inches from the bottom. Having given this advice, I leave the angler to use his own discretion. Next, one is faced by the question of baits. Here the angler has a very varied choice. White bread paste, brown ditto, boiled wheat, caddis-grubs, gentles, wasp-grubs, bread-crusts, various coloured pastes, brandlings, and lobworms will, I think, fairly exhaust the menu to be set before the roach. These baits, especially paste and lobworms, are very deadly with bream or carp.

In the Wey I have always made it a practice to use nothing but paste during the earlier portions of the fishing season. Making inquiries amongst my fellow-anglers,

I find that, with very few exceptions, they are unanimous as regards the use of paste. The best mode of preparing it for use is to take a portion of the crumb of a stale loaf, place it in a clean white rag or cloth, soak it in water, and work up the paste in the cloth. Another excellent plan is to add some of your ground-bait to the paste. I have times without number found this dodge secure roach when they would not condescend to touch the plain white paste. Gentles, wasp-grubs, and worms should be avoided during the summer months, or the angler will find his life made a misery from the persistent attentions of the gudgeon and other small fish. Boiled wheat and bread-crust, on the other hand, will be found very killing baits during the autumn and winter.

The Wey has always had a reputation for holding good roach, and that reputation is likely to be increased should our delightful old river continue in its present state of progress. Bags of 20, 30, and even 40 lb. of roach are frequently being made on some reaches, and a roach of 1½ lb. is not uncommon. Ground-baiting is a subject that I would fain leave to the angler, with this advice: Use little and take care it is good, and, above all things, lower it to the bottom, and don't "chuck" it in anyhow. Place it well at the top of the swim, and whilst fishing throw in a little loose bait, letting the stream carry it down. Bread and bran or bread and crammings make the best ground-bait, with perhaps the addition of a few fresh brewer's grains.

In dealing with bream-fishing, very few remarks are needed. A properly-rigged leger baited with a lobworm should do the trick. White paste has its advocates, but if the angler sticks to his "leger and lobs" he cannot go far wrong.

Now as to pike-fishing. Live-baiting, spinning, and trolling are the commonest methods. Let me here make an appeal to visitors fishing for pike. There is a form of fishing (?) known as "gorge-bait." Nothing is more loathsome in the eyes of a true sportsman than this horrible form of fishing. There is no sport in it; it merely consists of allowing the fish to swallow your bait, and you strike him after allowing him to get it well down, and subsequently play him when he has the hooks

Photo by] VIEW FROM THE RIVER WEY, SHOWING ST. NICOLAS CHURCH TOWER *[Robinson and Son.*

firmly fixed in his interior arrangements. Can anything be more disgusting, or lend itself better as an excuse for the anti-sportsman to dub fishing a cruel pastime? The fishing in the open portions of the Wey is under no control, and the angler is perfectly free to use any tackle he likes, short of dynamite or nets, and it is therefore that I make this appeal. This horrible gorge-bait is, I am sorry to say, used to a great extent by a certain class of angler; but a short demonstration on the advantages of snap tackle has secured more than one convert.

I feel it would be unnecessary for me to give advice on pike-fishing beyond a few words on the rigging of the tackle. Times without number one meets with anglers fishing for pike with what is summed up in the words "hawser-like tackle." The rod should be from 10 to 11 feet long, strong but pliable, fitted with upright rings, and a revolving top ring, a Nottingham winch, and 100 yards of medium stout line. Let the angler beware of steel or piano-wire traces; they rust or "fray," and finally break on hooking a good fish. Fine dull-coloured gimp, suitably weighted, a good lively dace on Bickerdyke or Jardine "snap," with a float about the size of a duck's egg, should complete the outfit. In the Wey pike are very numerous in fact, too numerous. In size they vary from 1 to 18 lb., the latter size being very scarce. Fish of from 5 to 8 lb. are by no means rare. If the angler will follow my advice, he will stick to spinning with a dead or artificial bait. As regards artificial baits, the golden Devon minnow or the Wagtail about divide the honours in their killing power. The golden Devon is very deadly in thick water, and in clear water the Wagtail has the advantage, in that it is not quite so showy. Fish by walking downstream, casting well over towards the opposite bank, and allowing the bait to sink well, as in most places the depth of water is considerable. In the summer the angler should try for pike in the corners of the weirs, using a paternoster or heavily-weighted leger.

Perch are numerous, but run to no very great size. Some good spots for perch are round the mill-tail at Millmead, and up near the railway bridge at Unstead.

Carp are not numerous in the Wey, but if the angler

is fortunate enough to secure one, it is sure to be of a goodly size. There is preserved at the headquarters of the Guildford Angling Society a carp taken from the Wey which turned the scale at just over 17 lb.! Such fish are exceedingly rare. They usually run about from 4 to 5 lb.

In mentioning trout, very few words are needed. They are very scarce, and it is not worth the angler's while to try and catch them. There are a few in the mill-pool at Guildford. If the angler is fortunate enough to hook one, he will find all his work cut out to land him.

For the fly-fisherman the backwaters and some stretches of the main portions of the Wey should have a great attraction, from the fact that they contain large numbers of chub. The best stretches to find chub are the backwaters at Burpham, Sutton Park, and the broad meads at Woking. In the main stream chub are plentiful at Sutton, and along the canal at Cartbridge, Send. The chub in the Wey are plentiful, and run up to 4 lb., and occasionally larger. There are very few fish that rise so greedily to a fly properly presented to him as a chub. There is a charm about fly-fishing for the "loggerhead," in that it requires, on the angler's part, an infinite amount of patience, combined with no less a degree of skill. There is no portion of the Wey that cannot be fished from the bank with a fly, and therefore I omit mentioning the use of boats. Having devoted a good deal of study in the direction of fly-fishing for chub on the Wey, I give here in a few words the conclusions I have come to.

The chub in the Wey is quite as knowing as his brother "loggerhead" of the Thames, and requires as much, if not more, skill to bring him into the landing-net. As regards rods, the angler should use a 10-foot greenheart or "split cane," which must be powerful, but pliant. Lines I leave to the angler's own fancy, but personally I use a fairly heavy tapered line of Messrs. Hardy Brothers' Gut cast—well, here comes the tug-of-war. Some advise a 3-yard and some a 2-yard. I give my verdict for the 2-yard cast. It should be strong enough to enable the angler to hang on to his fish, and prevent him rushing

for the nearest bed of weeds or sunken tree-root. In his first wild plunge after being hooked, Mr. Loggerhead exerts all his strength to try and smash your tackle, and it is incumbent on the angler to be able to cope successfully with these tactics. Brown-stained gut, or even green, is advisable, unless the angler is fortunate enough to have gut that does not shine. Of the varieties of flies, the angler cannot do better than stick to the stock patterns of red or black palmers. White moths, May-flies, and alders are very good at proper times. In using either variety of palmer fly, the angler should tip it with a small piece of white kid about the size and shape of a gentle. Mr. Patrick, of High Street, Guildford, stocks a large assortment of flies, and I can most highly recommend his patterns as being most killing, and admirably suited to the Wey or Mole. As a last piece of advice, I would impress on the angler the necessity of fishing far off, and taking the greatest care not to show himself, or his bag will be small.

Other forms of chubbing are dapping with the natural or artificial fly, legering with cheese paste, worms, or frogs. Nottingham fishing or long corking is not suited to the Wey. I therefore omit it.

Having now exhausted my stock of advice on angling, let us take a walk from Unstead Mill, above Guildford, as far as Walsham Lock below, following the towing-path the whole distance. Just after leaving the mill, we come upon the L.B. and S.C. Railway bridge, and from here downstream, for the matter of a mile or so, is a splendid stretch of water for roach and bream fishing. One swim, just opposite the mouth of the old Wey and Arun Canal, is a famous spot for big bream and roach. Having reached St. Catherine's Lock, the water is slow and stagnant until we get to where Colonel Godwin-Austen's backwater enters the river, and then the stream recommences, and from here until we reach Mr. Leroy's boat-house at Guildford there are many good swims, which will generally be evident from the well-worn state of the bank.

We will now walk through the town until we arrive at the Onslow Bridge. From here to Stoke Lock all

the way down is fair water for roach and bream, especially that part which runs through what is known as the Station Meadows. I must remind the angler visitor that he must stick to the towing-path, and not venture on opposite banks without permission of the owners. Colonel Austen's backwater is rented by the Guildford Angling Society. Just before arriving at Stoke Lock there are Stoke Mills. Messrs. Bowyer Brothers and Newell are the proprietors of this mill and backwater, and application to fish should be made to them personally. From Stoke Lock down past Burpham Lock until we get to Trigg's Lock, all the fishing on *both* banks, including Burpham Backwater and Sutton Backwater, belongs to the Guildford Angling Society. All this portion of the river contains plenty of fish, and is very picturesque. From Trigg's Lock to Cartbridge, at Send, the water is strictly preserved by the riparian owner, and permission is not easily obtained. On reaching Cartbridge, if the angler should need refreshment, let him set his course dead up the main road in a due northerly direction, and pay a visit to the White Hart at Old Woking. Flowing through the meads here is a backwater, which is open to all as long as they respect the standing grass, the stream eventually emptying itself into the main stream at Papercourt Lock. From Papercourt Lock to Walsham Lock, passing Newark Abbey and lock on the way, all fishing is free. Round about Newark Abbey the fishing rights belong to Mr. W. Webber, who is always ready to grant permission to the angler on a personal and courteous application. This, I trust, may be a short guide to the angler, but should he feel uncertain as to his being in the right by fishing at some places, I should advise him to make inquiries on the spot, and ascertain before commencing operations, thus avoiding the unpleasantness of being requested to "move on."

The Mole.

This river is within easy distance of Guildford, and can be reached best by taking train to Cobham. The river is strictly preserved, and permission is necessary before the angler can try his skill in its waters. It is entirely different to the Wey, being shallow, unnavigable and quick-running, with a beautiful gravelly bottom. Here and there there are slow deep stretches, which

form, as a rule, mill-dams or weir-heads. Its banks are steep, and thickly wooded in places, making it somewhat difficult to fish. It is to this river the fly-fisherman should betake himself. Chub are very numerous, and one has the chance of dropping across a good fat trout. Roach, bream, pike and perch are the chief inhabitants of its waters. As regards tackle, etc., the same remarks apply to the Mole as to the Wey. Permission to fish is rarely refused the angler on a personal and courteous application. The chief land-owners on its banks are: Mr. T. Bennett, of Cobham Court; Mr. M. D. Rucker, of Woodlands; Rev. T. Phillips, of the Rectory, Cobham; Mr. G. Lee, of Cobham; and Mr. C. Coombe, of Cobham.

Lakes and Ponds.

Wisley Huts, near Ripley, is about the only lake available to anglers, who can obtain leave from the proprietor of the hotel on its banks. Other lakes are: Postford Ponds, at Albury; Loseley Place, Compton, on the Godalming road; Horsley Towers, East Horsley; Broadwater, at Godalming; and the pond at Bramble Ride, between Clandon and West Horsley. All these are strictly private, and permission is rarely obtainable.

Anglers can obtain all they require in the way of tackle from Mr. Jeffery, gun-maker, in the High Street; from Mr. Patrick, of High Street, who keeps every variety of tackle; or from Mr. H. Martin, at the Town Bridge. I now bring these notes to a close, with the hope that they may prove of use to the angler visitor, and with my sincerest wish for "tight lines."

BOATING ON THE WEY.

By "Aquarius."

Trip 1.

Although the Wey cannot favourably compare with the Thames from the point of magnitude, it requires a deal of beating in the matter of scenery. What is more delightful than a few hours' sculling on the Wey, practically free from steam-launches, and never overcrowded by other craft? I propose to deal with the Wey from Godalming to its entry into the Thames at Weybridge, making Guildford our starting-point.

The first trip is from Guildford to Unstead Mills. This is, perhaps, the most popular trip for those who do not care to go in for a long day. Having obtained our boat, we start from the lock at Mill Mead. From here we progress up-stream for the distance of about a mile, when we arrive at St. Catherine's Hill, at the foot of which is situated the ferry and a spring of exceptional purity which emerges by a miniature tunnel. In reference to this spring, it is stated that a certain old lady, who had the reputation of being a witch, lived at Farnham, at the foot of the Hog's Back. One day she found a similar tunnel at the rear of her residence, where her ducks were feeding. Giving a clap of her hands, the ducks rushed up the tunnel, eventually emerging at St. Catherine's. [N.B.—This is probably a fairy-tale.] At the top of the hill is situate the ruined Chapel of St. Catherine, for a full account of which I will refer my reader to another portion of this book. Having visited this old ruin, and continuing our way up-stream, we presently come to St. Catherine's Lock, from which can be obtained a view of Shalford House, with the village church spire nestling among the trees close by. Our destination is a small pine-wood on the right bank, abutting on the L., B. and S. C. Railway bridge, some mile and a quarter up-stream from this lock. As we progress up-stream, just past the Broadford Brewery we pass the mouth of the old Arun Canal, which is now closed

to traffic. Having alighted at our destination we take a look round. Due south, standing up in bold relief, we see the Unstead Woods, continuous with which are the Hascombe Hills, with the village of Bramley on the

Photo by] ON THE RIVER WEY [*R. W. Fielder, Esq.*

east side, and the township of Godalming on the west. From here we get also a beautiful view of the county town, with the old Castle Keep showing up among the

trees and houses. There is no place handy where one can get tea, and I should advise any boating party to take their own provisions with them, including fresh water, spirit-lamp, and kettle, or obtain a complete picnic hamper from the boathouse. Should time permit a short excursion further up-stream can be made, but it entails the working of a lock twice for the pleasure of ten minutes' sculling, through portions of the river which can be easily seen by standing on Unstead Lock, only a stone's-throw away. There is a word of warning necessary to those boaters returning in the dark. About 50 yards above the South-Eastern Railway bridge at Shalford there are some piles standing 6 feet out of the water in mid-stream, and unless the "man at the helm" were cognizant of their existence, they might lead to an accident. Again, below this bridge there is a weir on the right bank.

Trip 2: Guildford to Newark Abbey (whole-day trip).

Having embarked at the boathouse at either the Town or the Onslow Bridge, we reach Stoke Lock after a pull of about two miles. Below this we continue through broad, grassy meadows till we reach Burpham Weir. Just before reaching the weir one can sometimes obtain a view of Sutton House, tucked away snugly among the trees, right ahead of the boat and distant nearly a mile. At the weir the river turns sharply to the right, bringing us to Bower's Mill and Lock. Having safely negotiated the lock, we pass through what, to my mind, is one of the prettiest stretches on the Wey—fine broad meads, fringed by the home coverts of Sutton Place on our left, with ground rising gradually on our right, terminating at the sky-line in the Merrow and Clandon Downs. Passing under Sutton Bridge, there is first a sharp turn to the left, succeeded 100 yards further down by a sharp turn to the right. At Sutton Bridge there is an old waterfall marking the commencement of the canal, the stream below being the old river. Away to our right can be seen Send Church, and Send

Lodge, the residence of the Misses Onslow. Next we come to Trigg's Lock. Continuing our journey, we arrive at the village of Send, where there is a "dummy" lock, and about a mile further down is Papercourt Lock.

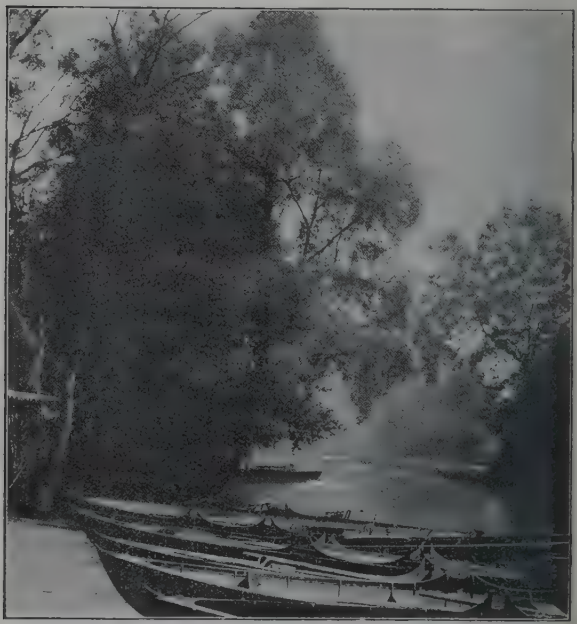


Photo by] A PEEP ON THE RIVER AT GUILDFORD. [*R. W. Fielder, Esq.*

From here, away to our left across the meadows will be seen Old Woking Village, and about a mile and a half ahead lies our destination—Newark Abbey. Having reached Newark Lock and secured our boats, we prepare luncheon at a little triangular piece of meadow abutting on the

lock. Luncheon over, we stroll round to the old ruined abbey, which rises up in the centre of a grass field. Here let me appeal to boating-parties. Mr. Webber, who farms the land, does not object to people visiting the ruin so long as they keep off the standing grass and avoid doing damage. Having spent an hour or so in strolling about, we will pack up and retrace our steps until arriving at Sutton Park Bridge, also known as Broad Oak Bridge. Here we will rest awhile and have tea. Hot water can be obtained from the right-hand or smaller lodge at the drive gates, some 120 yards from the bridge. This is a particularly nice spot to have tea, it being shaded from the sun by fine old oaks and elms. Permission can be obtained to view Sutton Place by writing a day or so beforehand to the steward. The house is situated three-quarters of a mile from the river, and a full description of it appears elsewhere. Tea over and "all aboard," we paddle quietly home, and I feel assured that should any of my readers undertake this trip, they will be amply rewarded, and I can guarantee them a most enjoyable day.

Trip 3 (*a lazy four-days' trip*).

This trip consists of a continuation of the first part of Trip 2, starting from Guildford, and sculling quietly down to Newark Abbey, and thence to Walsham Lock, which is approximately a mile below Newark. Leaving our boat in charge of Corps, the lock-keeper at Walsham, we wend our way across the meadows by a footpath which brings us out at Ripley, where we spend the rest of the day and stay the night at either the Anchor or the Talbot Hotel. Next day, having obtained our boats, we start away down-stream towards Weybridge, having to negotiate three locks on the way: firstly Byfleet, next Addlestone, and then Weybridge, emerging from the Wey close to Harris's boat-house, where we leave our boat for the night, putting up at the hotel next the boat-house. Next morning we start again on the return journey, staying at Ripley the night, and the following day sculling on to Guildford. This makes a most delightful four-days' outing, and one which I trust my readers will try. An energetic boating party can, how-

ever, easily accomplish the voyage to the Thames and back in two days.

HINTS TO BOATING PARTIES.

1. Always take a lock-key in the boat, and a towing-line may be useful.

2. When the water is low, never run up more than one sluice at a time, as it interferes with the millers' head of water.

3. Keep to your left on meeting a boat, and on overtaking one pass it on the right-hand side.

4. Cease sculling, if possible, on passing anyone angling from the bank, or keep well out of his "swim."

5. Never go ashore on any side but the towing-path side.

6. Don't trail a spinning-bait behind the boat, as it is unsportsmanlike, and liable to get you into trouble.

GUILDFORD GOLF CLUB.

President: The Right Hon. the Earl of ONSLOW, G.C.M.G.

Hon. Secretary: DR. B. G. FRITH, Drumgay, Guildford.

Secretary: HORACE S. FOLKER, Trinity Chambers, Guildford.

Hon. Treasurer: W. P. TRENCH, Capital and Counties Bank, Guildford.

LOCAL NOTANDA.

THE Publishers have not felt it necessary to incorporate in this handbook a list of the times of the services in the churches and chapels, nor a list of the public institutions. Full particulars regarding these matters will be found in the local Directory, price sixpence, published by Frank Lasham, High Street.

GUILDFORD AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTRE.

THE healthfulness of Guildford is well known, and its water-supply is of the highest purity. These facts, together with the salubrity and beauty of the district, with its wide, open commons and high elevations, commend it as a district in which to place growing children.

In the town itself are some excellent scholastic establishments. Notably the Royal Grammar School (for boys), High Street, headmaster Mr. J. C. Honeybourne, M.A., assisted by a strong staff of masters, is an old endowed school of excellent reputation. Mr. A. T. G. Hunt, B.A., has also at Grenville School, 108, High Street, a school for boys, well conducted and central. An excellent school for young ladies is at Cambridge House, Quarry Street, conducted by Miss Howatson (late Miss Jepps). The Guildford School of Music, situated in the High Street, is doing excellent work. Several schools are in the immediate neighbourhood—the Charterhouse, the County School at Cranleigh, and High Schools at Guildford, Bramley, Woking, etc.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A (Page 44).

The doorways at St. Catherine's present several strange peculiarities, and have given rise to some suggestive speculations, for which the reader is referred to a paper of great interest by Mr. Thackeray Turner, the Secretary of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, which has been reprinted by Mr. Lasham, of Guildford, in "Three Surrey Churches."

APPENDIX B (Page 51).

Wall-Paintings at St. Mary's Church.—Since the publication of the first edition of this book (1900), a commencement has been made towards the restoration of these interesting paintings. Very little, however, had been done at the date of the writer's last visit to this church, shortly after Christmas, 1903.

APPENDIX C (Page 53).

It is to be noted that the Rev. H. R. Ware in his exhaustive account of St. Mary's in "Three Surrey Churches," inclines strongly to the belief that this fragment is really a part of an ancient rood-screen, which originally separated the chancel from the nave, and that its employment as a reredos in St. Mary's Chapel was merely a temporary and accidental use of it. His theory involves, if I understand it rightly, the assumption that the chancel was thus shut off from the nave by an impenetrable screen—a condition of things which never, to my knowledge, existed in an ordinary parish church. I have carefully considered Mr. Ware's conclusions, and admit that the question is

possibly open to argument, but I see no reason to alter the opinion which I have already expressed in the text.

APPENDIX D (PAGE 59).

GUILDFORD CASTLE.—In an interesting paper contributed to the *Surrey Archæological Collections* for 1901 (vol. xvi., p. 28) Mr. H. E. Malden, M.A., contends, with great show of reason, that the curtain wall enclosing the so-called "inner ward" is really a "shell keep"—probably built soon after the Conquest, and therefore much earlier than the later square keep—after the fashion of those at Arundel and Farnham.

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THE MARKET HOUSE, GODALMING.
From Church Street.

The Homeland Association's Handbooks.—No. 14.

Godalming

and Its Surroundings.

BY

T. FRANCIS W. HAMILTON

Illustrated with Drawings by GORDON HOME, and Photographs by G. WEST.

Published under the auspices of the Homeland Association for the promotion and encouragement of Touring in Great Britain and Ireland.

Price 6d. nett. Bound in Cloth (Library Edition), 1/6 nett.

GODALMING: R. B. STEDMAN, Bookseller, 33, High Street.
LONDON: THE ST. BRIDE'S PRESS, LTD., 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.
(Official Publishers to the Homeland Association.)

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1900.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

With a view to making future Editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to The Homeland Association, St. Bride's House, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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GODALMING.

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO GET TO GODALMING.

THE picturesque and ancient town of Godalming lies in a valley overlooked on all sides by steep wooded hills. It is four miles south of Guildford, the capital of Surrey, and exactly 34½ miles from London by the London and South Western Railway.

By Rail.

Express trains run on the two main routes from Waterloo. The old main line is *viâ* Surbiton, Woking and Guildford, while the newer line leaves the old one just beyond Surbiton and runs through Oxshott, Effingham, Horsley, and Guildford.

Travelling by the old line one has to be content with merely suburban scenery until after passing Surbiton. Esher Common is really the first bit of pure country, and a moment later the train affords a fleeting glimpse among the trees of Wolsey's Tower—a solitary gate-house.

Passing the river Mole, Walton and Weybridge on the Thames follow close upon one another, with their crops of new houses of the style of the Elizabethan revival, which, although numerous, are not unpleasing to look upon.

Leaving behind the long cutting in the fir-covered slope of St. George's Hill, the line passes over the river Wey and then turns southwards from the Thames valley and plunges abruptly into the pine-clad moorlands of western Surrey.

Woking Junction resembles a wedge of London suburbs with its new shops and villas, but they only cluster around the station, and the remaining six miles to Guildford are in pretty pastoral scenery. Immediately beyond Guildford the train enters a long tunnel in the chalk of the extremity of the Hog's Back, and after a glimpse of daylight penetrates beneath St. Catherine's Hill on the Portsmouth road.

The remaining three miles to Godalming have splendid views over the heavily wooded country towards the Hog's Back and the Charterhouse School, as well as eastwards in the direction of St. Martha's Chapel and Albury.

The journey *viâ* Effingham and Horsley is slightly prettier than that just described, but it has no particular features to mention, being just a continuous change from plough fields to pasture and pasture to woodland. A more circuitous, although a slower route, is through Wimbledon, Epsom and Leatherhead, joining the last-mentioned line at Effingham Junction. This route generally necessitates changing at Guildford.

The South Eastern Railway runs from London Bridge, Charing Cross and Cannon Street to Shalford Station, three miles from Godalming. The journey is about 44 miles in length, but it is undoubtedly the prettiest of al the routes, running beneath the southern slopes of the North Downs from Reigate. But the beauty of the scenery does not altogether compensate for the convenience of the trains and the position of the South Western Station in the centre of the town, with the new station at Farncombe for Charterhouse.

By Road.

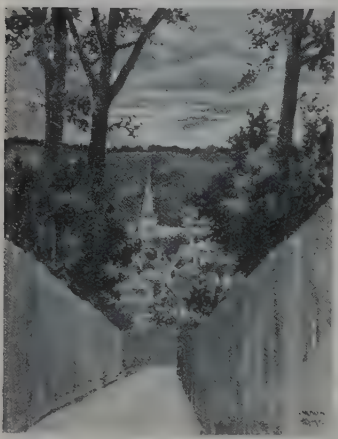
Concerning the roads from London, there are three—the Ripley road, the Epsom and Leatherhead road through Guildford, and the Brighton road as far as Reigate, and then *viâ* Betchworth, Dorking, Shere and Albury.

Of the three the Ripley way is the most direct, being just 32 miles from London. By way of Leatherhead the ride is lengthened two or three miles, and going through Reigate makes the distance nearly 40 miles. All three roads have charms of their own, the country in each case being exceedingly beautiful.

Approaching Godalming from Guildford.
The view from St. Catherine's Hill

Chapter II.

GODALMING: PAST AND PRESENT.



Looking over Godalming from Holloway Hill.

Just where the "chalky Wey" of Pope, emerging from the rather narrow sandstone valley which is now overlooked by the towers of the modern Charterhouse, changes its course sharply from east to north, and sets its face for the first time in earnest in the direction of its ultimate destination in "Tamise ripe" at Weybridge—there by the side of the rich, deep water meadows, in a position of singular loveliness, shut in and secluded by abrupt and richly-draped hills, lies the old-fashioned borough of Godalming—"a haunt of ancient peace"—a strangely picturesque cluster of warm, red-tiled roofs, surmounted by almost the only ancient genuine spire to be found throughout the length and breadth of Surrey. Other Surrey churches have little spirelets—Witley,

Nutfield, Chelsham, and others—but none that we can think of, unless it be Ash, has anything to compare with this soaring spire at Godalming.

Godalming is a town of ancient history. It is mentioned in the will of Alfred the Great in the year A.D. 900, by which it was given by that monarch, together with his manors of Guildford and Stemingham (? Steyning, in Sussex), to his nephew Aethelwald.

Derivation of the name Godalming.

The name, of course, goes back even further—the "riverside meadow," or "ing," of some Saxon Godelm. "Ing," in this sense, is still common in the North, as Wigglesworth-"ings" and Preston-"ings," on either side of the Ribble, below Settle, in Yorkshire. It also occurs with some frequency in Essex. Ingatestone, for instance, is the "ing" at the Roman milestone; Margaretting, St. Margaret's-"ing;" and so on in other examples. The reader must be careful not to confuse this word with the quite different "ing" which is common in the *middle* of place-names, and is generally supposed to indicate an old Saxon "mark"—in Beddington, for instance, in Chiddingfold, and in Billingshurst, which probably has reference to a "ton" of the Bedingas, of which family, apparently, was the Venerable Bede; a "fold" of the Chiddingas; and a "hurst," or clearing in the wood, of the Billingas. But these obscure subjects we must leave to the learned in general, and to Canon Isaac Taylor in particular.

The Bridge.

The old bridge that originally spanned the river at Godalming, at the entrance to the town from the north, was probably one of those charming old stone structures which may still be seen over the Wey at Eashing, Tilford, and other places. It was formerly known as the "Bishop's Bridge," probably because it was the duty of the Lord of the Manor—for many generations the Bishop of Salisbury—to keep it in proper repair. The latter obligation suggests an explanation to an otherwise inexplicable fact—that the bridge was closed against every kind of vehicular traffic except when floods rendered the adjacent ford impassable. This great inconvenience was remedied under the

provisions of an Act of Parliament passed in 1782, by which the private bridges at Godalming, Cobham, and Leatherhead were to be rebuilt, made free and open, and thenceforth maintained at the expense of the county. All these three bridges are obviously from the designs of a single architect, and all are picturesque red-brick structures. A feature in all is the curious semicircular recesses suspended on brackets over the river. That at Leatherhead is the largest and most imposing; that at Godalming perhaps the least important. Leaning over the eastern parapet of this bridge we may enjoy a beautiful view across the flat water-meadows—yellow in spring with innumerable marsh-marigolds—away to the distant shrine of St. Martha's Chapel.

River Wey.

By an Act of Parliament passed in the thirty-third year of George III., the navigation of the Wey was extended hither from Guildford in 1760, chiefly by means of the old river channel and partly by newly-constructed waterways. Among the local industrial concerns connected with the River Wey may be mentioned the large flock-mill at Eashing, the paper-mill at Catteshall, the extensive manufactory for the preparation of oiled leather at Westbrook, and an important flour-mill at Unstead. In addition to these, a considerable tanning establishment and a military accoutrement factory are successfully maintained in the borough.

Early Industries.

It is stated that the numismatic collection of the King of Denmark contains two pennies of Ethelred coined at Godalming, which seems to suggest that at an early period important manufactures were carried on in the town. But the principal ancient industry of Godalming was undoubtedly that of cloth-making. Going down the High Street the visitor may still see on the west side the sign of a woolpack gracing a rebuilt inn, and a woolpack constitutes part of the borough arms. These little facts are significant. As a matter of fact, we know that the wool trade once flourished, not only at Godalming and Guildford, but in many of the surrounding villages. The industry, however, was woefully depressed as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century. There exists among the

Photo by] **HIGH STREET, GODALMING.** [*G. West.*

A Corner of the Market House on the left, and the half-timbered "White Hart" Hotel on the right.

Domestic State Papers a petition to the Council, dated the 26th of November, 1630, and presented by Philip West, John Pinor, Joshua Pinor, Lawrence Hackman, John Woods, Robert Chitty, Henry Chitty, Henry Monger, Nathaniel Webham, Timothy Chitty,* and others. These are all described as clothiers of Godalming. They state that they have for many years maintained 1,400 poor people in spinning of wools, weaving, working, dyeing, fulling, and dressing of cloths called Hampshire kersies, and have sold the same to Samuel Vassal, merchant, who vented (*sic*) the same beyond seas. Vassal being restrained of his liberty, and no other merchant taking upon him that trade, the petitioners were utterly disabled, and enforced to take to some other course for their maintenance, and the poor people, with sobs and tears, in this time of scarcity pitifully importuning the petitioners, are now clean without work and ready to starve. They conclude by asking for an order for venting their cloths. On the 30th of December we find a second petition "of distressed clothiers of Godalming and Wonersh to the Justices of the Peace of Co. Surrey." This again sets out their miserable estate, having no market for their cloth, and being perplexed with the woeful cries of the poor workfolk ready to be famished, whilst the creditors of the petitioners are pressing hardly upon them for their debts. The petition concludes by begging the justices to further the petitioners' cause with the Council. The justices of the peace examined into the truth of this petition, and found that very little cloth was now made in the two parishes, and that the number of poor people depending upon this work and at present in distress were 1,100 in Surrey alone, besides a great number in the adjoining county (? Hampshire). The justices of the peace appear, in the light of a subsequent letter from Sir William Elyott, dated from Busbridge on the 10th of January, 1631, to have rather understated, than otherwise, the extent of the distress. According to Sir William, the poor people of Godalming

* "Chitty" was formerly a common name in Godalming; the first baptism entered in the parish register is that of "Margaret, daughter of Lawrence Chytty and Constance his wyff," in 1582, the first marriage entry, in 1583, is that of Harry Chitty and Julian Jower.

and Wonersh *alone*, who depended on the clothiers, amounted to 1,100, besides others in neighbouring *parishes* to the number of 3,000 persons. The scandal-loving Aubrey, writing apparently between 1672 and 1691, lets out a rather ugly secret in connection with this decay of the Surrey cloth trade. If we are to trust him, the clothiers, who were so harrowed by the "woeful cries" of the starving workfolk, were, in many instances at least, the cause of their undoing. Ognersh, or Wonish, or Ignorsh, as he calls it, had, he assures us, "been a Village of great Note for its Clothing Manufacture; but has been in its waining condition above threescore Years; it chiefly consisted in making blew cloth for the *Canary* Islands: The Decay, and indeed Ruin of the Trade, was their avaricious Method of stretching their Cloth from 18 Yards to 22 or 23; which being discovered Abroad, they returned their Commodity on their hands, and it would sell at no Market. The same fraudulent Practice caused the Decay of the Blews at Guildford"—and probably, we may guess, at Godalming. Be this as it may, it is clear, however, that the industry lingered on much later at Godalming than at the county town. In Emanuel Bowen's map of Surrey, published in 1735, it is stated in a marginal note that Guildford was "once noted for its clothing trade." Of Godalming it says that it is still the principal clothing town of the county. In connection with the decay of the wool trade, and of measures adopted artificially to arrest it, we may here take note of the extraordinary statute of Charles II., ordering that no dead body should be buried except in woollen graveclothes, on penalty of payment of a fine. "It became the custom for the poor to obey the law, and the rich to pay the fine and evade it."[4]

Godalming trade, since the "decay of the blews," has happily developed in many new directions. At the close of the last century an establishment was founded for the production of fleecy hosiery, and this industry, together with the manufacture of cotton, silk stockings, and gloves, continued to flourish till within a recent date. The last hosiery factory occupied the site of the present steam laundry at Langham For some time past

Bargate stone has been obtained locally in large quantities, and utilised extensively in the erection of churches and other buildings.

Corporation.

Godalming is a municipal borough and a market town, although it never possessed the privilege of returning representatives to Parliament. The right to hold a market was conceded by Edward I. in 1300, and confirmed on January 25th, 1575, by a charter of Queen Elizabeth, under which the town was further incorporated by the style and title of the "Warden and Inhabitants of the Town of Godalming." It was ordained by the Queen's charter that the Warden should select eight of the most learned and experienced men to act as his assistants; and any person who declined this office, when so nominated, was to forfeit five marks, which sum was to be expended for the benefit of the town. The old municipality was reconstructed by the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, and then consisted of four aldermen, twelve councillors, and a *mayor*. The borough, as extended in 1892 by a provisional order, now contains about 9,000 inhabitants, and is at present governed by a corporation, comprising a *mayor*, six aldermen, and eighteen councillors. The substitution of the commonplace "mayor" for the original picturesque "warden" was, in our judgment, a piece of vandalism as vexatious as it was utterly uncalled for.

Godalming was one of the first places in the kingdom to adopt electricity for lighting purposes, but it was subsequently discontinued, and the town is now lighted with gas by a company formed in 1836. The water supply is vested in the corporation, who recently purchased the undertaking of the Frith Hill, Godalming, and Farncombe Water Company. The works are in Borough Road and Catteshall Lane, and a reservoir at the former place is capable of holding 200,000 gallons; a like quantity is provided for by a lately constructed reservoir on Munstead Heath. That at Frith Hill has a storage capacity of 411,600 gallons, and the Frith Hill tower tank holds 28,000 gallons. A complete system of sewerage was carried out in 1894 by the municipality. It may be here remarked that the River Wey constituted the anciently

recognised boundary of Godalming on the north; on the western confines of the borough was the stream that crosses the main road to Milford at Ockford Mill, and in an eastward direction the course of another former frontier stream intersects the lane leading to Catteshall. When an Act of Parliament, regulating municipal affairs and sanctioning expenditure in connection with highway maintenance, was obtained in 1825, its operations were confined within the limits of the old boundary, with a view of avoiding the expense and responsibility entailed by keeping the turnpike road in repair beyond the original paved carriage-way.

Market House.

The old town hall and market house, at the west end of the High Street, was erected by subscription in 1814, apparently under the direction of a Mr. Perry, a local architect. The building stands in the middle of the street, and consists of an upper story supported on four open arches, the whole surmounted by a turret, crowned with a cupola, and containing a clock. The projecting staircase at the south-west corner is very curious. The whole of the building is now covered with plaster-work; but it is apparently, as is visible in places where the plaster has flaked off, constructed underneath of honest red-brick. Were this plaster to be carefully removed, the brickwork repointed, and the building as a whole judiciously restored, Godalming would probably possess in its market house, not only a building unique in Surrey, but also a municipal ornament not altogether unworthy to be ranked with the picturesque old structures at Watlington and Amersham. It is much to be hoped this may some day be done. In the meanwhile Godalming has practically decided on the erection of a new town hall, the "premiated" design for which—to quote the daring phraseology of the "Builder"—may be seen in the number of that paper for the 12th of November, 1898. The design is very pleasing; but there is no good reason why the possession of a new town hall should necessitate the destruction of the old. The grey old market house, even as it at present exists, is a feature of quite singular interest in the long, red High Street of Godalming; and the loss that its destruction would entail on the

The Market House at Godalming.

Erected in 1814.—Compared with those at Watlington in Oxfordshire and Amersham in Bucks.

They are all picturesque and interesting buildings, and it is very much to be hoped that none of them will be destroyed.

picturesqueness of the town is a thought not pleasant to dwell on.

The town hall contains two or three portraits—John Simmonds, Mayor; Henry Marshall; and Richard Balchin, six times Mayor (on the last occasion in 1864). There is also a portrait of a former distinguished native, Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Balchin, who "was born of very obscure parentage, February 4th, 1669, at Godalming, in Surrey, and rose to the eminence noticed above, entirely by his own exertions and services, for which he was rewarded by his Sovereign with the Governorship of Greenwich Hospital." Sir Robert was lost in October, 1744, off Alderney, with the whole of his crew, 1,200 in number. There is a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. His portrait, in full-bottomed wig, was presented to the Mayor and Corporation by Sir Henry Austen.

There is also a historical record, compiled by Mr. S. Welman, of the wardens and mayors of the borough from the date of its incorporation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Outside, near the north-east corner, and inserted in the ground against the wall of the market house, is a solitary post, which we should like to be able to believe represented the last remnant of the ancient stocks. Stocks must undoubtedly have existed at Godalming, as they formerly existed to our knowledge at Guildford, and exist to this day at Shalford. We are afraid, however, that there is reason for believing that this solitary post never performed any more exalted function than that of assisting in barricading the narrow passage which at this point exists between High Street and Church Street. The Godalming Parish Register, under date the 26th of April, 1658, contains an entry of the brutal punishment meted out to an unfortunate vagrant. "Heare was taken a vagarent, one Mary Parker, widow with a child, and she was wipped according to law, about the age of 30 yeares, proper of personage, and she was to goe to the place of her birth that is in Grauvesend in Kent, and she is limited to iiij days and to be carried from tything to tything till she come to the end of the said jerney."

Old Houses. Though not so rich in old houses as Guildford, Godalming contains many striking examples. Two fine old dated edifices on the west of the High Street are very curious specimens of the ornamental brickwork of the last century; and the ancient "White Hart" Inn, near the junction of Church Street,

Photo by] THE 17TH CENTURY BRICK HOUSE IN HIGH STREET, GODALMING. [*G. West.*

is an excellent example of the half-timbered dwelling. Grouping, as it does, with the quaint old market house, it affords us one of the most striking views in Godalming. The "Angel" Hotel, on the west of the High Street, though modernised on the face of it fronting to the street, shows us, at its rear, some genuine old work, whilst the recent additions constitute as good a copy of

an old style of architecture as we are likely to find at any inn in the country. Another old inn, the "King's Arms," is interesting for quite another reason. Peter the Great and his suite, twenty-one in all, were lodged here in 1698, on their way up from Portsmouth to London. The bills of fare for their breakfast and dinner are preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

BREAKFAST.

Half a Sheep.
A Quarter of Lamb.
10 Pullets.
12 Chickens.
3 quarts of Brandy.
69 quarts of Mulled Wine.
7 doz. of Eggs, with Salad in proportion.

DINNER.

5 Ribs of Beef, weighing 3 stone.
1 Sheep.
56¾ lbs. of Lamb.
1 Shoulder of Veal, boiled.
1 Loin.
8 Rabbits.
2 doz. and a half of Sack.
1 ,, Claret.

The Allied Sovereigns and their suites were entertained at the same house by Host Moon, when travelling to Portsmouth in 1814, to celebrate the public rejoicings on the overthrow of Napoleon.

Recent Improvements.

In recent years the general aspect of the borough has been vastly improved by several admirably designed and well-constructed buildings. One of these is the Congregational Church, situated in Bridge Street, which was erected by voluntary subscriptions in 1869 at an expenditure of about £3,660. It has a tower surmounted by a spire eighty-five feet in extreme height, and is a handsome edifice of native rubble and Bath stone in the Early Decorated style. The Wesleyan Chapel is in Hart's Lane. The Technical Institute and School of Science and Art in Bridge

Road was built in 1896 at a cost of £3,000, from the designs of Mr. S. Welman. It is a structure of red brick and Bath stone in the Renaissance style, and has a south-western tower. The institute is conducted in accordance with the regulations of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the educational scheme of the Surrey County Council, and is managed by a committee elected by the town council. The Conservative Club in Wharf Street, designed by the late C. H. Sparkes, C.E., and erected at an outlay of £5,500, is a pleasing edifice of brick and stone in the Early English style, and contains a large hall, billiard and reading rooms, with accessory accommodation. The Liberal Club in Bridge Street, completed in 1888, is constructed of red brick with Mansfield stone dressings; and the Masonic Hall in South Street, dating from 1886, is a brick building with Bath stone facings, in the Renaissance style.

Meath Home. The Meath Home of Comfort for epileptic women and girls was founded in 1892 at Westbrook House, in the beautiful grounds adjoining Godalming railway station, by the Countess of Meath, who, after purchasing the old manor house, formerly the property of General Oglethorpe (*see* page 29), repaired and furnished it in a manner suited to the accommodation of about sixty inmates. In 1894 the building was enlarged, and two years later a new wing was added by the Countess of Meath at an outlay of £1,500; and the establishment is now available for seventy four patients with an adequate staff. The home is vested in trustees, and is under the management of a Working Committee, consisting of the trustees and a maximum number of fourteen other members, and this body elects a Reference Committee. The latter are chosen from gentlemen and ladies eminent in the medical profession, well versed in hospital administration, or who have rendered efficient support to the institution. The system of treatment pursued at the Meath Home is similar in essential features to that adopted at Bielefeld Epileptic Colony in Upper Westphalia, the Alt Scherbitz Asylum near Leipsic, and other noted Continental establishments of

a like nature, where cheerful surroundings, constant occupation, and the avoidance of all unnecessary excitement are recognised as matters of vast importance. Whilst enjoying the advantages to be derived from skilful medical care and treatment, the patients are engaged in industrial pursuits, such as needlework, knitting, fancy basket-making, and kindred employments, besides assisting occasionally in domestic affairs; and certain hours of each day are set apart for recreative purposes. The payments vary from eight shillings per week for children under twelve to two guineas for ladies specially accommodated. The annual receipts specified in the last report issued amounted to £2,443, as compared with an expenditure of £2,272. In addition to the amount received from patients, £500 a year is required in order to keep the Home in a thoroughly efficient state. The Rev. L. H. Burrows acts as chaplain to the Home, and both he and Mrs. Burrows are warmly interested in its welfare, and would, we feel sure, give visitors any information regarding its work.

Wyatt's Almshouses.

At Meadrow, about half a mile northward from the bridge, are Wyatt's Almshouses, which were erected and endowed under the will of Mr. Richard Wyatt, dated 1618, "upon part of the Peis-marsh." They afford a comfortable asylum to ten poor men, each of whom has two rooms, and is allowed a small weekly sum in addition to certain annual gratuities. The building is a plain one of brick, with a chapel in the centre, and it has a large garden at the back. The yearly income of the charity, derived from 146 acres 2 roods 28 perches of land and £691 in Consols, amounts to £182, and its management is vested in the master and wardens of the Carpenters' Company, as originally stipulated by the founder.

The Church.

We turn now to the principal object of interest in Godalming, the venerable Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. Aubrey remarks that "this church is said to have been an episcopal See before the Conquest, and to have a bishop, dean, and canons belonging to it; Loseley being the bishop's seat, and the canons having their residences at Godalming, in what is

now called Church Street." What grounds exist for this statement does not appear, but the Rev. Owen Manning, who was vicar of Godalming, and wrote in conjunction with Mr. Bray the well-known "History of Surrey," says that Aubrey's conjecture is wholly without foundation, for "not to mention," he explains, "that our records are entirely silent on this head, we know, of a certainty, that the whole of this country, after the first five years from its conversion to Christianity (during which it was subject, in its ecclesiastical capacity, to Wilfrid, bishop of the South Saxons), became annexed to the jurisdiction of the West Saxons; and that on the erection of Winchester as a separate diocese, about twenty years after, it became a member of that see, and hath ever since remained such." Manning refers to several ancient authorities in support of his view, and there can be little doubt of its correctness. Manning, it should be mentioned, is buried in the churchyard, and a tablet to his memory is inserted in a wall of the nave.

Godalming Church is singularly fortunate in having been made the subject of a beautifully bound, beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated, and—we may perhaps be allowed to add—beautifully written monograph by Mr. S. Welman, a local antiquary and architect. Everyone who is able should certainly make a point of obtaining a glimpse of this delightful and scholarly little book, which is exactly a model of what such a book should be. For the archæologist the manner in which the history of the church is gradually unfolded from the various indications afforded by the existing structure affords a study in ingenious and convincing conjecture; nor will the general reader—except, perhaps, in the rather technical section dealing with the timber framing of the spire—find difficulty in following the detailed building up of Mr. Welman's elaborate argument. A special feature is the series of conjectural restorations of the church, as there is reason to believe that it existed during successive epochs—the Saxon church of the early part of the eleventh century; the Norman church of the time of Flambard; the Early English church of the thirteenth century; the Decorated church of the fourteenth century; the

Photo by] GODALMING PARISH CHURCH. *[G. West.*

The Lead-covered Spire is one of the most remarkable in Surrey.

Perpendicular church of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and the "churchwardenised" church—this latter from actual old prints—of last century and the beginning of this. Here we propose to summarise—of course, very briefly—only the interesting results at which Mr. Welman arrives. The evidence on which he bases his numerous conclusions—sometimes merely the position of a few stones in the wall, the measurement of a column, or the position of a tie-beam—are clearly beyond our present limits. Nor would it, indeed, be fair to borrow so largely from a book to which we are already so largely indebted.

The Saxon Church (11th century).—This was a very humble structure, consisting of an aisleless nave and chancel. Certain features of this original fabric are still discoverable by the curious, hidden away in the roof space of the nave; but to the general visitor the existing structure presents no visible feature of such undoubted antiquity. Yet as a matter of fact the whole lower storey of what is now the central tower, and probably the more easterly part of the nave, still enshrine the actual masonry constructed by the piety of our Saxon ancestors. Mr. Welman's arguments on this interesting point seem to us conclusive. The visitor, however, must not be disappointed at finding none of those details—such as triangular-headed windows or the familiar "long and short" work—which he is accustomed to associate, in such churches as Sompting, or Bradford-on-Avon, or Worth, with what we call Saxon architecture. Such, if they ever existed, have long ago vanished. Yet this very fact, if possible, rather adds to, than detracts from, the feeling of veneration with which we regard these reverend walls. Time indeed has transfigured, but it has failed to obliterate, these first rude efforts of mediæval art.

Norman Church (12th century). Ranulph Flambard, afterwards Bishop of Durham and Chief Justiciar to William Rufus, was the first Norman rector of Godalming Church. We know that he was a mighty builder—has he not left us as monuments of his genius the great nave of Christ Church, and the Norham Castle of Scott's "Marmion"? What more likely than that he should try his skill in remodelling the rude Saxon church of his

parish? Such at any rate is the belief of Mr. Welman. The new church was more ambitious than the old. The original nave was apparently left untouched, but a new Norman tower—sturdy and squat—was raised on the actual walls of the old Saxon chancel. The casual visitor might well be forgiven for supposing that this tower was then raised to the present height, for the little belfry windows—two on each face—have every appearance of being round-headed. So, in his ignorance, once thought the present writer. But appearances, we know, are deceitful. The openings in question are properly pointed, and belong to a later period. At the same time a new chancel was built to the east, perhaps to accommodate the growing needs of the church. Traces of its original round-headed windows were discovered on either side during the restoration by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1879. These traces have been very properly preserved to sight; but, unfortunately, the old Saxon arch, which for over 800 years had separated the tower from the nave, was destroyed in the same restoration. North and south transepts were afterwards added, at a slightly later period, by Flambard or one of his successors, and the Norman church was complete.

Early English Church (13th century).—The church was still destined to increase, and the close of the first quarter of the thirteenth century left it to the eye of a careless observer a totally different structure. Now for the first time it received roughly the general appearance which it still presents. Chantries were added on either side of the chancel, and the nave was enlarged by the addition of aisles; at the same time the tower was raised by a storey, and was probably crowned by a spire. This spire, however, was not that which now surmounts it, but apparently a "broach" spire, like those still in existence at the neighbouring churches of Compton, Cobham and Shere. Why was this early spire abandoned? Aubrey, that lover of the marvellous and the legendary—whose story, as we have seen, of a Godalming bishopric was so roughly handled by the less credulous Manning—preserves for us a curious old bit of tradition, or folklore, which helps us to a possible explanation:—"The People of this Place have a current Tradition that in a great

Tempest of Thunder and Lightning, the great Bell of this Church was carried out of the Tower, and thrown into the River at a great Distance; when the Bell sinking, and being not possible to be taken up, it caused a great Whirlpool, which no Swimmer dares adventure into." "This tradition," says Mr. Welman, "has had the usual miraculous additions made to it by a wonder-loving people, but it is probable enough that it is founded, like many others, on fact. The fact in this instance seems to have been, that at some past time the spire had been struck and damaged by lightning in a great storm." Hence the necessity of erecting the new spire.

Decorated Church (14th century).—But the erection of the new spire belongs to the succeeding architectural epoch. It is of timber, covered with ornamental leadwork, and is, we think, without parallel in Surrey, with the exception, perhaps, of that at Chobham. Spires such as this "were common after the middle of the thirteenth century, but have mostly disappeared." Mr. Welman mentions three—at Barnstaple, in Devonshire; at Almondsbury, in Gloucestershire; and at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. The latter, now twisted by the warping of its timbers, is a familiar object of remark and curiosity to travellers on the Midland Railway. There is another nearer home, unless our recollection misleads us, at Wheathampstead, in Hertfordshire. Spires of lead or stone, of any date or character, are distinctly uncommon in the south-eastern counties. It is very different in Northampton or Lincolnshire. We do not, of course, reckon under this head the quaint little oak-shingled spirelets which are scattered in profusion over parts of Surrey and Sussex. One could number these up by dozens—at Limpsfield, at Horsham, at Horstead Keynes, at Merstham. In Kent, on the contrary, the spire of any kind is rare, and the prevailing type is the tower. Mr. Welman gives us a plausible explanation why so many leaded spires have entirely disappeared. These leaded spires during the civil wars were much resorted to for the lead on them, which was then required for other purposes. "We shall want some lead," writes the Lord-General to his cornet; "the steeples have plenty."

The Perpendicular Church (15th and 16th century).—The principal alteration witnessed by this epoch was the extension of the nave and its arches by a single bay to the west; new roofs and ceilings also appear to have been inserted; and the period was as prolific at Godalming as elsewhere in the enlargement and remodelling of windows. The decay of Gothic architecture left the church undoubtedly in very much the state in which we still find it.

The Churchwarden Period (17th and 18th century). — This witnessed the usual typical monstrosities—the erection of galleries, and sounding boards, and square box-pews; the panelling over of walls; and the boarding of roofs. This was the church of Owen Manning, the historian of Surrey, and of General Oglethorpe, perhaps Godalming's most famous parishioner. In some respects he may be regarded as a predecessor of John Howard. His philanthropy was celebrated, and is enshrined by Pope in a famous couplet in the second epistle of the "Imitation of Horace"—

General Oglethorpe, the Prison Reformer.

> "One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
> Shall fly like Oglethorpe from pole to pole."

Lecky calls him "a very remarkable man, whose long life of 96 years was crowded with picturesque incidents and with the most varied and active benevolence" ("England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. v., p. 499). "He would probably have remained an undistinguished Member of Parliament"—he entered Parliament as member for Haslemere in 1722—"if it had not happened that among his acquaintances was a gentleman named Castell, who, having fallen from a considerable position into hopeless debt, had been imprisoned in the Fleet, and being unable to pay the accustomed fees to the warden, had been confined in a house where the small-pox was raging, and had perished by the disease. This incident directed the attention of Oglethorpe to the management of the prisons. For many years it had been known that debtors in England had been subject to frightful privations, and a book had been published as early as 1691 enumerating

GODALMING CHURCH: FROM A PRINT ABOUT 1850.

From Brayley's "History of Surrey."

their wrongs, but no steps had been taken to redress them. Oglethorpe, however, succeeded in 1729 in obtaining a Parliamentary inquiry into the condition of the Fleet and the Marshalsea, which was afterwards extended to that of the other jails, and the results were so horrible that they produced a universal cry of indignation. . . . Cases were found of debtors who, being unable to pay the fees, were locked up, like Castell, with prisoners suffering from small-pox, and thus rapidly destroyed; of others who were reduced almost to skeletons by insufficient food; of sick women who were left without beds, without attendance, and without proper nourishment till they died of neglect; of men who were tortured by the thumbscrew, or who lingered in dire agony under irons of intolerable weight. . . . The reforms of the abuses in the English prisons by no means exhausted the philanthropic energies of Oglethorpe. Like Berkeley, his imagination was directed towards the West, and he conceived the idea of founding a colony in which poor debtors on attaining their freedom might find a refuge. . . . Early in 1733 the colony of Georgia was founded, and Oglethorpe was for many years its governor. Besides giving a refuge to needy classes from England, the colony was intended to exercise a civilising and missionary influence upon the surrounding Indians; and in its charter Oglethorpe inserted a most memorable clause, absolutely prohibiting the introduction of slaves." We notice, however, that Mr. J. A. Doyle, in the article on Oglethorpe in the "Dictionary of National Biography," has the following remark: "On grounds of military expediency, rather than of social economy, negro slavery was wholly prohibited."

We resume our quotations from Mr. Lecky. "When hostilities broke out with Spain he conducted the war with brilliant courage and success, and he succeeded in materially diminishing the atrocities which had hitherto accompanied Indian warfare. . . . He was one of the first men who recognised the rising genius of Johnson, and in his old age he was the intimate friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke. His singularly varied and useful life terminated in 1785."

Godalming Church has gone through two restorations since the dawning of the Gothic revival—in 1840, when the nave was lengthened by the erection of an additional bay; and in 1879, during the incumbency of the late Vicar, the Hon. and Rev. Canon Brodrick, at the hands of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, assisted by the advice of Mr. Ralph Nevill, a well-known Surrey antiquary. The restoration of 1840 was characterised by the usual vices of its period; and the destruction of the ancient sancte bell, which used to hang, under a little canopy, outside the spire at the south-east angle of its base, is stigmatised by Mr. Welman as "unpardonably wicked." "The work of 1879 was necessarily largely an undoing of the work of 1840, and a rebuilding, still larger, of the north and south aisles of the church, with an extension of the north transept for the purpose. In carrying out this work, the old Saxon arch that had done duty between eight and nine hundred years at the eastern end of the nave was removed, and the new Early English arch now to be seen was inserted. . . . The old Norman arch on the east side of the tower was also altered, being raised several feet." Why could not the old Saxon arch have been raised in a similar manner?

One Vicar at least of Godalming merits particular notice. This is Samuel Speed, grandson of the famous historian and map-maker, who was appointed to the living by the Dean of Salisbury in 1663. His contemporary Aubrey styles him "the famous and valiant Sea Chaplain and Sailor"—claims to greatness substantiated by the undoubted fact that he was chaplain to the Earl of Ossory, and was present with him "on board the admiral at the naval action fought with the Dutch on 2nd June, 1665" ("Dictionary of National Biography"), and by the tradition, which Aubrey accepts, and we know of no good reason for disputing, that it is he who figures as the "muscular Christian" of Sir John Birkenhead's famous old ballad—

> "His chaplayne he plyed his wonted work,
> He prayed like a Christian and fought like a Turk,
> Crying now for the King, and the Duke of York,
> With a thump, a thump, thump, etc."

Chapter III.

GENERAL FEATURES OF THE DISTRICT.

Scenery round Godalming.

The scenery of the beautiful country round Godalming exhibits much variety, and affords in places striking contrasts between what is delightful and what is mere commonplace. In many parts the landscapes are much diversified, here with picturesque uplands, there with romantic heights. Again, we have woodland dells and verdant valleys; at times level tracts where cornfields, meadow lands, and orchard plantations are mingled, whilst in other situations are presented features which perhaps yield but few attractions to the ordinary tourist. The surface of the country is varied and undulating in a marked degree, and scattered among the chalk and greensand ridges are a multitude of smaller hills, commanding charming prospects, as well as some more lofty heights, whose summits reveal many fine views over miles of hill and dale, as, for instance, Castle Hill and Highdown Hill, in the immediate vicinity of Godalming; St. Catherine's Hill, Pewley Hill, and St. Martha's Hill, near Guildford; Newland's Corner, eastward along the chalk downs, the "Hog's Back" forming their westward extension; Pitch Hill, in the heath and fern district of Hurtwood Common; Holmbury Hill, further east; Leith Hill, the culminating point of the greensand ridge; and the Hindhead constituting its south-western termination. Throughout the neighbouring districts are several extensive and richly-wooded parks, that contain much beautiful scenery of an interesting and pleasant nature. In these localities we frequently find a series of rounded and densely timbered

[Photo by] GENERAL VIEW OF THE GODALMING VALLEY. [G. West.

eminences, and then deep sylvan depressions of romantic appearance are presently succeeded by well-pastured, undulating terraces and green banks, over which are scattered at irregular intervals numerous groups of trees, with here and there noble, solitary specimens of oaks and elms, beeches and chestnuts, whose grand proportions betoken a venerable age.

Scenes such as may frequently be witnessed amid the picturesque surroundings of Godalming are eminently suggestive of Kingsley's graphic portrayal of a typical English landscape, and his vivid description of the many pleasant rural associations which constitute the chief features of country life in this favoured land of ours. In these he sees "Nature perfected by the wealth and art of peaceful centuries." The pleasant fields and meadows may indeed well remind us of Ruskin's eloquent words of praise, when he asks us to consider what we owe to that "glorious enamel," the meadow grass, and poetically dwells upon the endless beauties and varying charms of the fields "displaying all spring and summer," of "the walks by silent scented paths," the "pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth with evening warmth of barred sunshine."

The Chalk Downs.

With regard to the chalk downs that form so conspicuous a feature in all distant views in the neighbourhood of Godalming, Sir John Lubbock, after remarking that "turf" is indigenous to English soil and climate, proceeds to state that "no turf is more delightful than that of our downs—delightful to ride on, to sit on, or to walk on. The turf indeed feels so springy under our feet that walking on it seems scarcely an exertion; one could almost fancy that the downs themselves were still rising, even higher, into the air.

"The herbage of the downs is close rather than short, hillocks of sweet thyme, tufts of golden potentilla, of milkwort—blue, pink, and white—of sweet grass and harebells, here and there pink with heather, or golden with furze or broom, while over all is the fresh air and

sunshine, sweet scents, and the hum of bees. And if the downs seem full of life and sunshine, their broad shoulders are types of kindly strength, so that they give an impression of power and antiquity, while every now and then we come across a tumulus, or a group of great grey stones, the burial-place of some ancient hero, or a sacred temple of our Pagan forefathers.

"I love the open downs most," he adds, "but without hedges England would not be England. Hedges are everywhere full of beauty and interest, and nowhere more so than at the foot of the downs, where they are in great part composed of wild Guelder roses and rich dark yews, decked with festoons of traveller's joy, the wild bryonies, and garlands of wild roses covered with thousands of white and delicate pink flowers, each with a centre of gold."

The Flora of Godalming.

We have no room here to write about the flora of Godalming, though it is a topic on which much might be said. Enough that the happy accident which has placed the town almost on the border of the sandstone and the chalk; the vast range, towards the south, of its pine-covered moorlands; and the presence of the Wey, with its inevitable accompaniment of deep, fat river-meadows, lend to the flora a character and a variety for which we might otherwise look in vain. Especially will the botanist greet with pleasure the marshy ponds in the neighbourhood of Thursley, where he may hope perhaps to find, among myriads of gypsy-worts, skull-caps, and marsh-valerians, specimens of rarer growth. Mr. Baring Gould, in his delightful novel, "The Broom Squire"—the scene of much of which is laid in the neighbourhood of Godalming, and which every visitor should make a point of reading—speaks of these ponds as decorated in summer by the exquisite blossoms of the flowering rush. Certainly we ourselves have found it—it is wiser not to say more precisely where—lifting its umbels of delicate pink flowers by the banks of a stream not a hundred miles from Godalming.

One other flower only calls for particular mention in the present pages, not because of its absolute rarity, for

in many other places it is common enough, but because of the frequency with which it decks the sandy lanes round Godalming, though almost unknown in many other parts of Surrey. This is the beautiful little shining-leaved cranesbill (*Geranium lucidum*), one of the most elegant of all our native geraniums, whose delicate little pink blossoms and shining green leaves will be found in their thousands by the wanderer who keeps his eyes open in the lanes running towards Witley and Hascombe.

A Godalming Lane.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

ONE cannot be very long at Godalming without getting a glimpse of the long line of the towers and spires of Charterhouse School, on the summit of a hill to the north-west of the town.

As everyone knows, the Charterhouse boys have not enjoyed the invigorating breezes of the North Downs for many years. When originally founded the school was situated in a comparatively rural district of London, but in process of time this became a densely occupied portion of the Metropolitan area, and for some years the position was regarded as unsuitable for an important public school. In 1864 the Public Schools Commissioners reported that the school would succeed better if removed from its ancient home in the vicinity of Aldersgate Street to the country, an opinion emphasised by the gradual decrease in the number of scholars. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1867, sanctioned the sale of old Charterhouse School and the erection of new buildings elsewhere, with the result that the Merchant Taylors' Company purchased the property for £90,000, and transferred their school thither from Suffolk Lane. After considerable deliberation the present site near Godalming, 300 feet above sea-level and about 70 acres in extent, was chosen, and the erection of the new Charterhouse School, as designed by Mr. Philip Hardwick in the neo-Gothic style, was commenced in 1869.

Building the School.

The buildings, of local sandstone, were completed in 1872, but considerable additions have since been made. During the interval of the

construction of the new school, important changes were made in the constitution of Charterhouse, and the government of the school made distinct from that of the hospital.

What is known as "New School," a block of eight class-rooms, was finished in 1874, and the eight "out-houses" were purchased or built by various masters. The same year appeared the chapel; a structure known as "The Barn," followed in 1876; science class-rooms and laboratories, in 1882; the hall, with six more class-rooms, in 1884; the museum and another batch of class-rooms, the lecture theatre, and the carpenter's shop, in 1891. At various times during these additions came the two sanatoriums, the two pavilions, the swimming bath, fives, racket and squash courts, and the lodges.

The Approach from the Town.

The walk from Godalming town is just a mile, and the road along Nightingale Valley, known as Sandy Lane, rises steadily, passing under a viaduct known as "The Bridge." An odd feature of this approach—the most convenient from the town—is that it leads up to the back of the school. In planning the position of the buildings the architect found that Nature's intention was very clearly in favour of an approach from the west, and he made the main entrance in this direction. Every one approaches from the east, and thus there is only a gasometer to mark the most used entrance to the school; and there is the additional loss to visitors from the fact that on this side there is no official at hand to show them over the place. If possible then, it is clearly an advantage to go by the other road leading up to the western front.

From the grounds the view is magnificent, nearly every interesting spot described in this book being visible—on a clear day even the distant Hanger of White's Selborne can be seen.

The Founder's Tower.

The most attractive feature of the outline of the buildings is the Founder's Tower, rising in three stages to a height of 150 ft., containing the principal entrance. Its battlemented parapet and crocketed pinnacles are crowned with a rectangular spire,

and a statue of Thomas Sutton, the founder of the school, can be seen in a niche about 100 ft. from the ground.

The Chapel. The Chapel is a handsome one, and in matters of detail displays some artistic features. It contains a good reredos, and a beautiful east window, the gift of the Queen, in memory of Prince Consort. Some fine oak panelling on the left-hand wall is deserving of special notice. The most interesting brass is that to F. L. Vogel, aged 23, "who died with all his comrades near the Shangani River, Matabeleland, in a noble struggle against an overwhelming force of enemies." The bronze statue of Dr. Haig Brown in front of the chapel, a memorial to his work as headmaster, was unveiled on Saturday, July 28, 1900, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Lord Alverstone and others. Mrs. Rendall, wife of the present headmaster, performed the ceremony, and the Archbishop made a speech dwelling on Dr. Haig Brown's devoted labours for the school.

After leaving the chapel, the Cloisters will be found interesting, chiefly from the fact that in their arches are preserved several old stones, transferred hither from London in 1872, and inscribed with the names of many notable Carthusians. From this point a corridor or

The Library. passage leads to the fine Library, which is open to the whole school without restriction for a considerable portion of each day. It has admirable accommodation, and is amply supplied with books, periodicals and daily papers. Some years ago the library was largely augmented by the munificence of Mr. Allen, an old Charterhouse boy, and it now contains about 11,000 volumes. Opening out from the library,

The Great Hall. and practically a continuation of it, is the Great Hall, designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield. This splendid room is primarily intended for entertainments, but is also utilised for roll call and examination purposes. Several pictures presented by Mr. Allen, and some portraits, decorate the walls of the hall; and on either side are a succession of class-rooms, as well as special rooms having laboratories attached, for chemistry and physics. The Museum and

Photo by] INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL. [*G. West.*
Showing the East Window, a gift of Her Majesty the Queen.

an adjoining lecture theatre, forming an extension of these buildings, were erected in 1892, from the designs of Sir Arthur Blomfield, and in harmony with the rest of the structure. The museum embraces two parallel halls, one devoted to objects of art and antiquity, and the other containing a varied collection of natural history specimens. In the first will be found an excellent assortment of prehistoric flint and bronze implements, numerous coins and medals, a number of cases devoted to ethnographical objects, and a unique collection of autographs, sketches and fragments perpetuating the memory of distinguished Carthusians. The natural history room is intended to illustrate the fauna, flora and mineral productions of the British Isles, and its chief attractive feature is a fine collection of native birds originally formed by the late Mr. W. Stafford, of Godalming, and purchased from his representatives; and this has been amplified by recent acquisitions. The selection of geological and mineralogical specimens displayed here, though not very extensive, is of a representative character.

The Museum.

Cricket is not a strong point with Charterhouse, although a great deal has been done to encourage the chief of games. Perhaps the secret of the indifference displayed by so many boys to the game is through the fact that not many years ago there was practically no ground worth playing on. This has been remedied now, and the school possesses one of the finest and truest pitches in the country. Indeed, it is often called too true by bowlers.

Sports.

Football has been for many years as strong as cricket was the reverse. In that comprehensive volume on the school, entitled "Charterhouse," by A. H. Tod, M.A., an assistant-master, there is mention of "Baden-Powell, who kept goal in 1875–6. [He] took a very liberal view of a goal-keeper's functions. His voice enabled him to direct the forwards at the other end of the ground, and his agility enabled him to cheer the spectators with impromptu dances when he had nothing pressing to do." Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell was generally known among the Carthusians as "Bathing Towel," and

also as "the funniest beggar on earth." His popularity at school rendered "B.P.'s" magnificent defence of Mafeking in the Boer War of 1900 a matter for a display of intense enthusiasm, and when news of the relief finally arrived practically the whole day was given up to celebrations. The following quotation from the *Times* of May 21st gives some interesting details :—

"Colonel Baden-Powell's association with Charterhouse as an Old Carthusian caused the news to be received at the school with special enthusiasm. The first intimation reached Dr. Rendall, the headmaster, at about a quarter to ten o'clock on Friday night, and it was greeted with vociferous cheering throughout the house. On Saturday morning service ended with the hymn 'Now thank we all our God.' Afterwards the school assembled in Founder's Court, and the headmaster, speaking just under the school flag, gave a short address, remarking that the long ordeal had ended in a glorious deliverance. They all rejoiced and were proud of Colonel Baden-Powell and of the laurels he had won for England, for himself, and for Charterhouse. They would salute the flag which he for seven months had flown so gallantly at Mafeking with volleys, and by joining in cheers for Baden-Powell and in singing the 'National Anthem.' Five volleys were then fired by the cadet corps, and the cheers were lustily given. Morning school finished at 10.30 a.m., and the boys, carrying flags, went down to meet the Royal Navy Eleven, with whom, by an appropriate chance, the school had arranged a cricket fixture for the day. The visitors were loudly cheered, and Sub-Lieutenant White, of H.M.S. *Powerful*, was chaired round the green. At luncheon the headmaster gave the toast of 'Baden-Powell,' which was received with musical honours. In the evening the 'Te Deum' and 'Carmen Carthusianum' were sung in the chapel, the service concluding with the 'National Anthem.' Afterwards there was a display of fireworks on the green, which was witnesssd by a large crowd of people from the town of Godalming and the surrounding country. During Saturday numerous congratulatory telegrams were received, including one from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who telegraphed: 'I congratulate Charterhouse and every boy in it on his fellowship with Baden-Powell.' On behalf of the school, telegrams congratulating Colonel Baden-Powell have been despatched by the headmaster and by Mr. F. K. W. Girdlestone, who has administered the Carthusian Mafeking Fund."

The school goes in for almost every form of athletics and all the usual games. Paper-chases have been discontinued for some time, owing to the trouble with the farmers of the neighbourhood, a deputation of these much-injured people dropping in to see the headmaster after

nearly every chase. Very interesting details are given in Mr. Tod's book in the chapter devoted to Games. The school "tuck shop" is a most important institution, run on very wise principles. For instance, everything must be paid for at once, and the shop is not opened before dinner. The shop shows a clear annual profit of £400, and this sum is devoted to all sorts of useful purposes. Among them are the land on which the swimming bath stands, the Lessington Field, the cost of the racket, squash and fives courts, the upper green pavilion, the organ, the entertainment properties, and the rifle range.

Cycling is not allowed during term time, for many excellent reasons. "May you ride a bicycle here, sir?" once said a small new boy to Dr. Haig Brown. "I may," was the reply, "if I like, but I don't want to." The small boy must have looked confused.

Famous Old Boys.

Of celebrated Carthusians but one has so far been mentioned. The earliest renowned Carthusian of whom any record has been preserved is Dr. Isaac Barrow, the great divine, who occupied the Greek chair at Cambridge in 1660, and two years later became professor of mathematics. In the latter capacity he numbered the celebrated Newton among his pupils. Dr. Barrow subsequently was appointed chaplain to Charles II., and in 1675 was chosen Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Joseph Addison may be considered as occupying a position next to Barrow. Dr. Johnson, in his well-known "Life of Addison," says: "I have inquired when he was sent to the Chartreux; but, as he was not one of those who enjoyed the founder's benefaction, there is no account preserved of his admission. At the school of the Chartreux, to which he was removed from either that of Salisbury or Lichfield, he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele which their joint labours have so effectually recorded." Addison was probably about two years at the London school, but he makes no reference to it in any of his essays or other literary productions. Next to Addison naturally comes Sir Richard Lalor Steele, the founder and editor of the "Spectator" and "Tatler,"

who is rendered memorable by Thackeray in one of his best lectures on the "English Humourists."

Thackeray.

As an Old Carthusian, William Makepeace Thackeray may be placed after Steele. A capital biography of him has been written by Anthony Trollope for the "English Men of Letters" series. George Venables, Thackeray's friend and schoolfellow, writes thus of him: "My recollection of Thackeray, though fresh enough, does not furnish much material for biography. He came to school young—a pretty, gentle, and rather timid boy. I think his experience there was not generally pleasant. Though he had always a scholarlike knowledge of Latin, he did not attain distinction in the school; and I should think that the character of the headmaster, Dr. Russell, which was rigorous, unsympathetic, and stern, though not severe, was uncongenial to his own. With the boys who knew him Thackeray was popular, but he had no skill in games, and, I think, no taste for them."

Havelock.

Sir Henry Havelock, born in 1795, was apparently the first Old Carthusian who attained eminence in the military profession. Three Havelocks, brothers, were educated at Charterhouse, and all afterwards distinguished themselves as soldiers. Thomas served under Sir De Lacy Evans in Spain, while William, a Lieut.-Colonel in the 14th Light Dragoons, was wounded at Waterloo, and eventually killed in action at Ramnugger. Henry, the future hero of Lucknow, was at Charterhouse in 1804.

Very different in many respects to these was Martin F. Tupper, the poet and man of letters, who was educated at Charterhouse, and Christ Church, Oxford. Tupper's school-days, if one may judge from his autobiography, were not particularly felicitous. George Grote, D.C.L., F.R.S., the banker and historian, was at Charterhouse between the years 1804 and 1810. He devoted himself in early life to literature and politics, and in 1832 was elected Member of Parliament for the City of London. In 1842 he retired from Parliamentary life with a view to completing his great work, the "History of Greece." Few histories have been received

Photo by] GENERAL VIEW OF THE The Founder's Tower.

with more universal approval than this wonderful production, which bears testimony to a profound knowledge on the part of its author of the political and social life of the ancient Greeks.

"Other celebrated Old Carthusians," as enumerated by Messrs. Eardley Wilmot and Streatfeild in their valuable work "Charterhouse Old and New," are—

Alderson, Sir E. H., Baron of the Exchequer.

Bessborough, Earl of.

Blackstone, Sir Stephen, celebrated Legal Authority and Author of "The Commentaries."

Blore, G. J., Headmaster of King's School, Canterbury.

Boyle, Sir Courtenay, K.C.B., Secretary of the Board of Trade.

Bode, John Ernest, Author of "Ballads from Herodotus."

Brodie, R., Headmaster of Whitgift Grammar School, Croydon.

The Chapel. **CHARTERHOUSE BUILDINGS.** [*G. West.*

Bulwer, Sir Henry Lytton, K.C.M.G., Governor of Natal.

Cobbold, T. C., M.P. for Ipswich.

Cooper, Sir Astley, the famous Physician.

Cresswell, Sir Cresswell, Judge of Probate and Divorce Court.

Currey, Dr. George, Master of Charterhouse and Prebendary of St. Paul's.

Dobson, Headmaster of Cheltenham College.

Du Cane, Sir Charles, Lord of the Admiralty, and Governor of Tasmania.

Eastlake, Sir Charles, President of the Royal Academy.

Elder, Dr. Edward, Headmaster of Charterhouse.

Ellenborough, Lord, distinguished Law Lord.

Elwyn, Canon Richard, Headmaster and Master of Charterhouse, and Canon of Canterbury.

Farre, Doctor, Physician-Extraordinary to the Queen.

Hare, Julius C., distinguished Critic and Writer.

Hay, Sir J. Drummond, Her Majesty's Minister at Morocco.

Jebb, Professor R. C., Professor of Greek at Glasgow and Cambridge, and Author of several Literary and most Scholarly Works.

Jelf, Canon G. E.

Lechmere, Sir Edmund, M.P.

Liddell, Henry George, Headmaster of Westminster, and Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

Lushington, Edmund, Tennyson's brother-in-law, Senior Classic, Professor of Greek at Glasgow.

Mackenzie, Kenneth Augustus Muir, Q.C., C.B., Secretary to the Lord Chancellor

Mozley, Thomas, eminent Litterateur.

Murray, John, the celebrated Publisher.

Nettleship, Professor H., Professor of Latin at Oxford.

Osborne, Bernal, popular wit and M.P.

Palgrave, F. T., Author of the "Golden Treasury of Song," and Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

Palmer, Archdeacon, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford.

Panmure, Lord, noted Statesman.

Rodwell, Hunter, Q.C. and M.P.

Saunders, A. P., Headmaster of Charterhouse, and Dean of Peterborough.

Storks, Sir Henry, K.C.B., once Governor of Malta and Under-Secretary of War.

Sutton, Archbishop Manners.

Talbot, E. C., Warden of Keble.

Thirlwall, Bishop Connop, Author of "History of Greece."

Turner, Sir G. J., Lord Justice of Appeal in the Court of Chancery.

Waddington, Horatio, Under-Secretary of State, Home Department.

Webster, Sir R. E., Q.C., Conservative Attorney-General, and M.P.

Wesley, John, Founder of the Religious Sect.

Yates, Frederick, celebrated Actor.

THE HISTORY OF CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

The monastic Charterhouse was founded in 1371 by Northborough, Bishop of London, and Sir Walter Manny. It was designed to accommodate twenty-four monks of the Carthusian order. This religious fraternity dates from the 11th century, and owes its origin to St. Bruno, preacher in the church of St. Cunibert, at Cologne, and a celebrated teacher in the schools of Rheims. The site selected by him for the first residence of the order was a secluded Alpine elevation, difficult of access, in the vicinity of Grenoble; and the establishment, which still flourishes as a monastery, was styled La Grande Chartreuse. Many English monarchs bestowed favours on La Grande Chartreuse. Edward II. helped to restore its church in 1371, and Henry II., as well as Richard I., assigned a perpetual income to the monastery.

It was not until nearly a century had elapsed from the foundation of La Grande Chartreuse that a Carthusian monastery was established in England. By the year 1520, however, eight such houses, besides the London Charterhouse, were in existence. The word "Carthusian" is said by some authorities to have been derived from *caro lusa*, and it was anciently written Cartuse. The number of Carthusian monks in a monastery was thirteen, inclusive of the superior; but the London foundation comprised a dual establishment, which was composed of twenty-four monks and a prior, together with nearly an equal number of lay brothers. The monastic cells lined the chief cloister, and each consisted of a small two-storied house, with a garden. When learning revived in the 15th century, the Charterhouse monks devoted themselves to scholarship. Most of them copied manuscripts, some carved wood, and not a few studied medicine.

The Charterhouse fraternity appear to have acted with unbounded generosity in times of dearth and famine; so much so in the reign of Henry VIII. that we find his minister Cromwell complained that, although the annual

income of the monastery was only £642, food was externally distributed to the extent of £658 6*s.* 3*d.* Although the Carthusian foundations throughout England were at that period entirely free from stain or corruption, London Charterhouse was subjected to cruel treatment. Prior Houghton, in company with the Vicar of Isleworth and a monk named Reynolds, were hanged for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy. An attempt was then made to govern the monastery without a prior, and most revolutionary rules were enacted. The inmates, however, proved refractory, and eventually Charterhouse was surrendered to the Crown. The remnant of the monks, who had not suffered death on account of opposition, went over to Flanders, and settled at Bruges.

After its dissolution as a monastery, the Charterhouse remained unoccupied until 1545, when it was granted to Sir Edward North, a distinguished lawyer and a member of the Privy Council. He demolished the monks' cells, and converted their site into a garden, built several private rooms, and otherwise effected considerable improvements. As one of the first to acknowledge Queen Mary's right of succession, he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Lord North. While Charterhouse was in his possession, Queen Elizabeth paid him a visit, and it was the first house in which she slept as queen after leaving Hatfield. The peer's son, Roger, sold a part of the property to the Duke of Norfork in 1565 for £2,500, and from that time the present Howard House dates its existence. Charterhouse subsequently passed into the hands of Henry Howard, afterwards Earl of Northampton, who erected the palatial edifice at Charing Cross known first as Northampton House, and finally as Northumberland House, but no longer in existence. His nephew, Lord Thomas Howard, was in possession of the Charterhouse seat towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, and again entertained her Majesty here. Another distinguished guest of the same owner was James I., who, according to an old record, "lay there three nights with his Trayne, in which time the Lords of Counsell often resorted

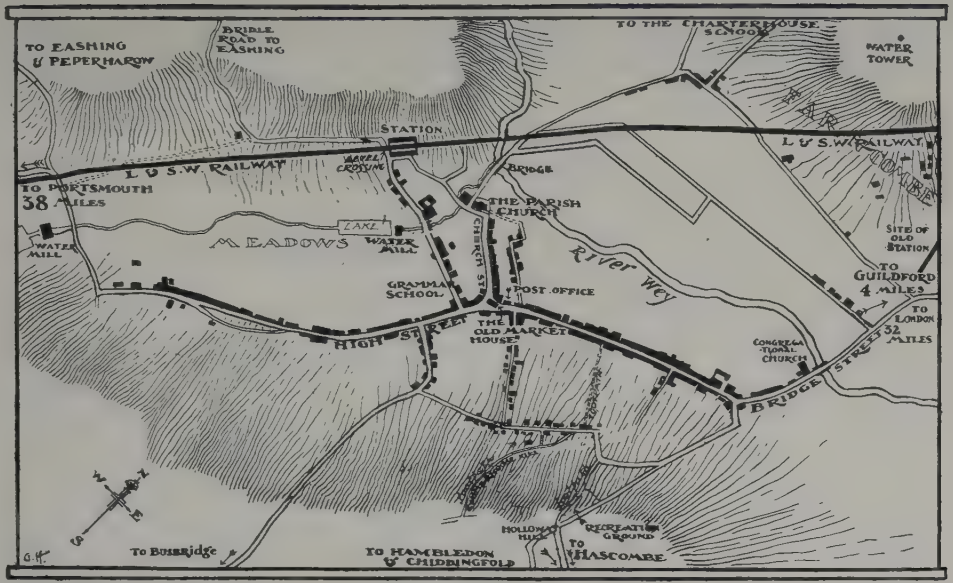
Sir Edward North.

thither, and sate upon serious affairs." Later in life, as Duke of Norfolk, Lord Thomas Howard built Audley End, and it was probably with a view to obtain sufficient money for this purpose that he sold the Charterhouse property for £13,000 to Thomas Sutton in 1611.

Thomas Sutton.

Thomas Sutton, the founder of scholastic Charterhouse, whom Stowe quaintly styles "the right Phœnix of Charity in our times," was born in 1531, at Knaith, Lincolnshire. In the course of a somewhat adventurous mercantile career, he amassed a very considerable fortune. His enterprising transactions during the unsettled period of the attempted Armada invasion would especially appear to have been productive of immense gain. When quietude was restored to England after the dispersion of the Spanish expedition, in connection with which happy event Sutton's name is associated, he proposed to utilise his wealth in a beneficent manner, and with that object in view obtained a charter to establish a hospital at Hallingbury Boucher, in Essex. Hearing, however, that Howard House might be acquired, he entered into negotiations with the Duke of Norfolk, and eventually purchased it from him at what was then considered an excessive price. Having obtained the Royal sanction for the foundation of a hospital, he took out the necessary letters patent in June, 1611, and died at the end of that year. His will, dated in November of the same year, provided for Charterhouse thus: "Also I give for and towards the building of mine intended Hospital, Chappel and School House the sum of £5,000, if I do not live to see it performed in my time." After Thomas Sutton's death a determined effort was made by his nephew, Simon Baxter, to nullify his bequests. Although the services of Sir Francis Bacon, the then Solicitor-General, were retained on his behalf, the law-suit instituted was decided in favour of the governors of the hospital, as defendants. This result was probably due to their offer of £10,000 for renovating "Berwick Bridge upon the River Tweed, which is the chiefest passage between both Kingdoms, [and] is very much ruinated and decayed." There is no record of the date upon which the repairs were commenced.

The intention of the founder was to provide "an house or place of biding for the finding, sustentation, and relief of poor, aged, maimed, needy or impotent people, and also one free school for the instructing, teaching, maintenance and education of poor children or scholars." The number of pensioners at an early date was fixed at eighty, and the age for admission at fifty, unless the candidate had been wounded on land or sea, when he might be admitted at forty. Each was provided with a dinner daily in the grand hall, a daily allowance of bread and butter in his rooms, and a sum of money for other purposes. The original number of boys on the foundation was thirty-five, and these were known as "Gown boys," or free scholars. Day boys were soon added, and they steadily grew until they numbered 400 in the early part of the century. Subsequently, when it was decided to admit boarders after the manner of the older public schools, under-masters' houses were established, and this led to a gradual diminution of the day boys until a limit of about thirty was reached.



SKETCH PLAN OF GODALMING.

CHAPTER V.

LOSELEY.

Loseley House is not open to the public. Application for permission to view can only be obtained by letter from the occupier.

THE fine old manor house of Loseley (William More Molyneux, Esq.)—we have called it before, we think not without reason, the Knole or Penshurst of Surrey—is situated about two miles to the south-west of Guildford, with the parish of Compton on its west, and the lordship of Godalming on its south and east. The manor is within the tithing of Artington, and was held in chief by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, at the time of the Domesday survey; but the reader, we are afraid, would scarcely thank us for inviting him to flounder through its long manorial history, at any rate till we find it in the hands of the Mores, the ancestors of the present owner. Sir Christopher More, whose family had been previously settled in Derbyshire, first acquired an interest in this property in 1515, and on becoming possessed of the whole of the estate obtained a grant of free-warren, with a licence to enclose a park, as appears from a writ of privy seal of Henry VIII., preserved among the muniments at Loseley. It is dated Chelseheth, December 24th, in the twenty-fourth year of that monarch's reign (1553), and gives licence to Christopher More, described as one of the clerks of the Exchequer, to impark and surround with hedges, ditches, and pales, 200 acres of land at his manor of Loseley, free-warren in the same to be included. From records

The Mores of Loseley.

of later date we gather that red deer were kept in the park thus formed. This Christopher More was Sheriff of Surrey and Sussex both in the twenty-fourth and the thirty-first years of the reign of Henry VIII., on the first of which occasions he received the honour of knighthood. In the thirty-seventh year of Henry's reign he held the office of King's Remembrancer of the Exchequer, which he retained until his decease in August, 1549. There is an inscription to this Sir Christopher in the Loseley Chapel at St. Nicholas's Church in Guildford.

William More, the eldest surviving son and successor of Sir Christopher, was born on January 30th, 1519-20. He sat in Parliament as member for the borough of Guildford several times during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth; and in that of the latter queen he was chosen knight of the shire for Surrey. William More also twice held the office of Sheriff for Surrey and Sussex, and was appointed Vice-Admiral of the latter county. On May 14th, 1576, the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in the Earl of Lincoln's garden at Pyrford, near Woking, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, who, on giving him her hand to kiss, said that he "well deserved the honour which she had then conferred upon him." Sir William More may be considered as the founder of Loseley House, for he began in 1562 to build the central compartment of the mansion, somewhat to the north, probably, of an earlier edifice, some vestiges of which have been placed in the great hall of the present building. He died, much respected, on July 20th, 1600, in the eighty-first year of his age, and was buried in the family vault at St. Nicholas's Church, Guildford, where he is commemorated by a magnificent monument. This gentleman was highly esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, who visited him at Loseley in the years 1577, 1583, and 1591, as well as, probably, on one or two other occasions. He was a firm supporter of the Protestant religion, and, in 1570, the safe keeping of Henry Wriothesley, second Earl of Southampton, who had been subjected to restraint as a suspected Papist, was entrusted to him, and the Earl in consequence became a prisoner-guest at Loseley for nearly three years.

George, the only son and heir of Sir William More, was born on November 28th, 1553, and according to Anthony Wood was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. In the year 1597 he was nominated Sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, and, about the same time, received the honour of knighthood. Like his father, he acquired the special favour of Queen Elizabeth, who, on November 3rd, 1601, augmented his estate by a grant of the lordship and hundred of Godalming. In the beginning of the next reign he was appointed treasurer to Henry, Prince of Wales. On the 11th and 12th of August, 1603, both King James and his queen were royally entertained at Loseley by this gentleman, and three years later, in the same month, he was again honoured by a visit from the king. His majesty promoted him to the chancellorship of the Order of the Garter in 1610, and five years after this event, from a "full confidence in his honesty," as James himself expresses it, and "without the knowledge of any," he appointed him Lieutenant of the Tower, after the removal of Sir Gervase Elwes, or Elwayes, from that important post, in consequence of his having been implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. In the early part of August, 1617, Sir George entertained the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., at Loseley. He sat in Parliament, as member for Guildford, repeatedly during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, and was likewise a representative for the county of Surrey in several Parliaments of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. He had four sons and five daughters, and his death occurred in 1632. Ann, one of his daughters, was privately married in 1600 to John Donne, afterwards celebrated as a poet and a divine, on whom King James conferred the deanery of St. Paul's, but who at that time was secretary to the Lord Chancellor Egerton. The love romance of this young couple and the early struggles and privations of Donne are told in his life by Isaac Walton. Something, too, of this troubled incident is to be gleaned from a remarkable series of letters preserved among the Loseley manuscripts.

Robert, the eldest son of Sir George More, who was born in 1581, represented the borough of Guildford

Photo by] LOSELEY MANOR HOUSE. [*G. West.*

during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and again in that of James I., by whom he was knighted. He also held a seat in Parliament three times as a knight of this shire during the reign of the latter sovereign. When Sir Robert More's death occurred at Loseley in February, 1625-6, his children were six sons and five daughters. Poynings More, the eldest of these, was born in February, 1605-6, and succeeded to the family estates on the death of Sir George, his grandfather, in 1632. He sat for the borough of Haslemere in Parliaments of James I. and Charles I., and was also a representative for Guildford in the third year of the reign of the latter king, by whom he was created a baronet on May 18th, 1642. On the death of Sir Poynings, in 1649, William, the elder of his two surviving sons, succeeded to the title and inheritance at the age of six years. He was appointed Sheriff of Surrey in the year 1669, and represented Haslemere in two Parliaments of Charles I. The baronetcy granted to his father became extinct at the death of Sir William, without issue, in 1684, as his younger brother had died previously, and the family estates devolved on the Rev. Nicholas More, a younger brother of Sir Poynings, who was then Rector of Fetcham. He enjoyed the inheritance but five months, and was succeeded by Robert, his only son, who died unmarried in May, 1689, when the two daughters of the Rev. Nicholas More became co-heiresses. On the death of Elizabeth, the elder of these, in 1691-2, the estate became entirely vested in Margaret, her surviving sister. This lady married Sir Thomas Molyneux, of Sefton, in Lancashire, who was a member of the ancient family from which the present Earl of Sefton is descended.

Sir William More Molyneux, the eldest and only surviving son of Sir Thomas and Lady Molyneux, succeeded to the Loseley property in 1719, and the inheritor of the family estates on the decease of Sir William, in 1760, was his second son, Sir Thomas More Molyneux. On the death of his elder brother, James, in the previous year, Sir Thomas was chosen a member for Haslemere, and he was also elected a representative in Parliament for the same borough in 1761, 1768, and 1774. He died unmarried on the 3rd of October, 1776, in the

fifty-third year of his age, "whereupon," continues the manuscript from which most of these particulars have been derived, "the male issue of this family became extinct." The Loseley estates afterwards descended successively to his sisters, Cassandra and Jane, neither of whom married. William More Molyneux, Esq., the present representative of "that branch of the family which became, by intermarriage with the female inheritrix of More, the possessors of Loseley," derives his title to the property by virtue of his descent from Sir Thomas More Molyneux.

Loseley Park.

Loseley Park, an extensive and finely-wooded demesne, is situated about two miles south-west of Guildford, and is approached from the old London and Portsmouth coach road by a pleasant drive, partly enclosed by pretty hedgerows, and at intervals overshadowed by a succession of trees. The immediate scenery is enriched by many venerable oaks and elms, scattered singly or united in groups. There is also a fine expanse of water in close proximity to the Manor House, and on the outskirts of the park, towards the west, where the ground rises somewhat, matured plantations of firs grow among a variety of other trees. Many points of vantage give views over a beautiful range of country; and a magnificent avenue, bordered by broad stretches of greensward on either side, extends southward between rows of stately trees.

Loseley House.

Loseley no doubt "had, from an early period, its manse or capital dwelling-house fortified by a moat, according to the custom of the feudal ages," but although some vestiges of this defence still remain, the early dwelling itself has been long since demolished. The present mansion is a most interesting example of the Elizabethan age, and was erected between the years 1562 and 1568 by Sir William More, as the central part of a structure intended to form three sides of a quadrangle, if not a complete square. The original design was never executed to its full extent, although a western wing, which included a gallery one hundred and twenty-one feet in length, and eighteen wide, and also a chapel were annexed by Sir George More, the son of the

founder. This additional portion was, however, wholly taken down some years ago, and the building reduced to its former dimensions. More recently the late and present proprietors have carried out much important work in excellent taste, with a view of restoring the mansion to its original state. It is constructed of grey-coloured stone, which imparts a somewhat sombre aspect to the exterior. It is stately in appearance, and a general uniformity, though by no means a strict one, is observed in all its architectural features. All the windows are square-headed, but they differ much in size, and those belonging to the principal apartments are of great size, and separated by mullions and transoms into several lights.

Among the emblazonments in the bay or oriel window of the great hall, which is forty-two feet in length and twenty-five wide, are the arms of the Mores painted on glass, with the date of 1568. There was formerly an extensive collection of military weapons in this apartment, but these have long since been removed; and it now contains only a few calivers and crossbows for deer-shooting, with an interesting collection of pictures. Among these are whole-length portraits painted by Myttens, of James I. and Anne of Denmark, his queen, which were originally placed at Loseley on the occasion of their visit to Sir George More in 1603. Here also is a portrait of Edward VI. by Holbein, and a very large painting of Sir William More Molyneux, with Cassandra his wife, and all their children, at full length, by Somers. Among the other portraits of the More and Molyneux families that are preserved in the mansion are those of Sir William More and his lady; Sir George More; Sir Robert More; Sir Poynings More; Sir Thomas Molyneux, who married Margaret, one of the co-heiresses of the Mores; and Elizabeth, her elder sister. There is also an original portrait of Anne Boleyn, the ill-fated queen of Henry VIII., together with one of Sir Thomas More, his equally unfortunate chancellor. The family of the latter, it may be remarked, was distinct from the Mores of Loseley. The muniment room contains an unusually large and very valuable collection of manuscripts, dating from the eleventh to the seventeenth centuries, and

consisting of sundry royal warrants with autograph signatures, as well as a number of letters from eminent statesmen, chiefly of the Tudor and Stuart periods.

Many of the apartments in this historic mansion are of an interesting character; and all the reception rooms, in addition to several bedrooms, have wainscotted walls.

Photo by] [*G. West.*

THE CARVED CHALK MANTELPIECE AT LOSELEY MANOR HOUSE.

Some of the latter have beautiful hangings and finely-executed ceilings. That, however, which mostly deserves attention is the drawing-room—a splendid example of the Decorative style of the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It exhibits an enriched cornice bearing the rebus of the More family -a mulberry tree—intersecting the motto, "Morus tarde moriens—Morum cito moriturum"

("The mulberry tree dies slowly, though its fruit dies soon"), implying, perhaps, "that the family stock, like the mulberry tree, should be of long endurance, but that its individual descendants, like the fruit, should, by the common lot of mortality, be subject to speedy decay." The wainscotting is panelled, and the ceiling ornamented with pendant drops and moulded Gothic tracery, within the involved forms of which the figure of a cockatrice is frequently repeated. The chalk fireplace, which is of an elaborate design and in an excellent state of preservation, may be described as consisting of an upper and a lower division. The latter, in the Corinthian order, is composed of two columns and a bracket on each side, sustaining a very florid entablature. Below each bracket is a caryatide figure, and the whole is based on low pedestals, adorned with festoons and other sculptures. The upper division, or mantel, is bounded at the sides by brackets and caryatides of a grotesque character and in different attitudes, supporting a fascia and cornice variously enriched. In the intermediate panelling are displayed the heraldic bearings of the Mores and their allied families within six compartments. Emblazoned shields of arms also appear in the glazing of the mullioned windows in this magnificent room, an excellent representation of which appears in Nash's "Mansions of England in the Olden Time" (1839).

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE BEAUTIFUL VILLAGES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

COMPTON, PUTTENHAM, PEPERHAROW, AND WITLEY.

THESE two pretty villages lie not far apart on the southern side of the chalk ridge of the Hog's Back, and the visitor will probably include them both in a single tour of inspection. Compton is as quiet and picturesque a village as one could very well wish to see — a few old cottages, a bit of village green, and here and there a house of the "quality." A remarkable old cottage, with a timbered projecting upper story, locally known as "Noah's Ark," is sure to arrest attention. The church is less prominent, and almost escapes notice in its richly timbered graveyard, though at a little distance its oak-shingled spire is a prominent feature in the landscape. As,

Compton.

however, it is probably the one object in the village which has drawn thither the footsteps of the pilgrim, he will certainly make a point of exploring it before passing on towards Puttenham (the key may be found at Mrs. Cobbett's, a house on the right as you quit the hamlet on the way to Guildford). It is, in fact, in more respects than one, among the most interesting churches in Surrey, and possesses in its double chancel—we call it that for lack of a better name—a feature of curiosity which occurs again only at Darenth in Kent.

A church of some kind is mentioned in Domesday, and doubtless some portion of the present structure was standing when that record was compiled; but the prevailing architectural characteristics and style of ornament point to a later Norman period, with additions of various succeeding dates down to debased Perpendicular. In 1843 the interior of the edifice underwent a complete repair and a partial restoration; and a further renovation was effected in 1860, when the dangerous condition of the east wall necessitated its being taken down and rebuilt. The church consists of a nave and aisles, the double chancel already referred to, and a small tower with a broach spire at the west end. On the south side is a large modern porch, opening into the church by a pointed arch with bold mouldings; and the inner doorway is surmounted by a Norman arch with chevron ornament.

The nave is divided from each aisle by three arches, plainly labelled and apparently semicircular, but in reality slightly pointed. These spring from two massive Norman columns and two responds on either side, all of which have a square abacus and capitals variously sculptured with fluted and other ornaments. The chancel is separated from the nave by a slightly pointed arch with chevron moulding, and its singular feature is the division of its east end into two stories. About midway up, the chancel is crossed by a low semicircular arch enriched by various mouldings, the dog's-tooth or flower ornaments of which indicate its late character. This arch is surmounted by a remarkable wooden screen or balustrade, ascribed to the twelfth century, and considered by competent authorities to be one of the oldest pieces of

Photo by] **Interior of Compton Church.** [*West, Godalming.*

Showing the upper storey in the chancel and the beautiful Jacobean pulpit.

woodwork now remaining in England. The latter fronts the lower part of the ancient chantry-chapel or rood-loft, the floor of which rests on a low groined roof of chalk supported by massive diagonals at the eastern extremity of the chancel. This chapel was formerly entered from without by a separate doorway and stair connected with it, but the present approach is from the interior of the church. It contains a plain piscina, as does also the chancel beneath; and there is a third piscina, more richly ornamented, at the east end of the south aisle, and on the right of the pulpit. By the entrance to the upper chapel is an aumbry. The east window, which is deeply recessed on account of the unusual thickness of the wall, contains some fine old coloured glass, on which is depicted the baptism of Christ by St. John. In the wall of the north aisle are two shallow recesses, formed by wide segmental arches, which are underwrought in ornamental divisions with pendants. These were possibly the canopies of tombs, but there is nothing to fix their true meaning. On the north side of the chancel is a rather plain altar tomb, also placed in a recess of the wall, and decorated with quatrefoils. It is without heraldry or inscription of any kind, and is supposed to have been used as an Easter sepulchre. The same

THE CARVED OAK BALUSTRADE IN COMPTON CHURCH.
Held to be the oldest existing piece of carved woodwork in England.

supposition is probably correct in the case of numerous

Details of the Porch of the Mortuary Chapel at Compton.
The angels' heads looking up represent Hope, and those looking down Sympathy. [*By kind permission of "The Studio."*

other altar tombs in other churches placed in a similar position, some of which were probably erected—as

we know was the case of the Gaynesford tomb at Carshalton — in the lifetime of the persons they commemorate.

There are still a few objects of minor interest to be seen in Compton Church. A small brass of Thomas Genyn and Margaret his wife, in the centre aisle, bears the date of 1508. The font, exhibiting features of a late Norman period, is large and of an unusual form. The upper portion, containing a basin for immersion, is square, and has its sides and angles chamfered down to connect it with a low round basement or pedestal. The visitor should also notice the fine old Jacobean pulpit and screen of the same period. The latter has been moved from its original site between the nave and the chancel, and now does duty in shutting off the base of the tower.

Compton is the home of Mr. G. F. Watts, the well-known Academician. In the grounds of the little shady village cemetery is a red building absolutely unlike any other in the British Isles—the mortuary chapel executed from the designs of Mrs. G. F. Watts, in brick and terra-cotta. The modelling was carried out exclusively in the grounds of Limnerslease, by a village class under the superintendence of Mrs. Watts. The whole of the design and ornament of the chapel is based on various symbols. In plan, there will be noticed the circle representing eternity and perfection, surmounted by the cross. The interlaced work of the Book of Kells was probably the inspiration for most of the details of the ornament.

A pleasant rural highway, extending nearly two miles through a picturesque woodland district, connects Compton village with that of Puttenham.

Puttenham.

On Puttenham Heath a stone has been erected to denote the place where the Queen's carriage was stationed at the great military review in 1851, when she is said to have exclaimed that she was not aware that a spot so lovely existed in her dominions.

Puttenham Church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, is in the Transition-Norman and later styles, standing above the village and so hidden by trees that the tower scarcely shows itself among them. It is built of stone, and the irregularity of its architectural design would lead to

the inference of considerable alteration at different times. When restored in 1862, the gallery was removed, the east end rebuilt, and the chancel provided with oak stalls.

IN PUTTENHAM VILLAGE.

In its present state the church comprises a nave and chancel; a south transept, nearly square; a north aisle, with a massive tower at its west end; and a chapel or chantry pertaining to the mansion of Puttenham Priory.

The latter opens to the chancel by two pointed arches springing from a thick round column, and its floor is raised a few feet above that of the chancel. The memorials in the chancel consist of six white marble tablets, as well as a small brass, dated 1431, which commemorates the memory of Edward Cranfield, a former rector. The aisle is divided from the nave by plain semicircular arches, supported by three massive columns and two half-columns, with high bases; and between the nave and chancel is a high-pointed arch.

We well remember our first view of Puttenham as seen from the top of the Hog's Back—a point from which we venture to think it appears to its greatest advantage. The writer and two friends were tramping at the time from Guildford to Alton, on a walking tour to Winchester. The season, he fancies, was Whitsuntide; the day, as he still has good cause to remember, was one of the hottest of the hot. The distant outlines of Crooksbury and Hindhead were but dimly discernible through the burning heat haze; even the elevation of the steep chalk down afforded scarcely a breath of wind. It happened that he had never been along that road before, though long previously he had gladly roamed far and wide over the breadth of Surrey. Suddenly the party came in sight of Puttenham—a cluster of old cottages, a thick embowering of wood, a grey church tower lying far down beneath them. It seemed to him then—though it seems to him no longer—almost the ideal of an English village—a veritable "sleepy hollow." In reality, there are many villages far more beautiful in the limits of Surrey itself—Betchworth, Shere, or Shalford—but somehow it struck him on that sultry summer morning with a peculiar charm of old-world remoteness. Perhaps it was viewing it only from above, without going nearer to dissolve the charm. He has visited Puttenham since; but it has proved itself in truth "another Yarrow." It is old-fashioned, and pleasant enough, and quietly picturesque, but it is no longer the unknown village, full of all kinds of delightful possibilities, seen with delight, and regretfully left unvisited, from the high chalk road that traverses the Hog's Back!

Peperharow.

The parish of Peperharow—formerly Peper-Hara, and in Domesday, Piperhage—is bounded by that of Godalming on the north and east; those of Witley and Thursley adjoin it on the south; and Elstead forms its western confines. In a southerly direction it extends in a long narrow tract as far as Cricklestone, and thus embraces a large area of the extensive heath district towards Thursley. The soil is principally of a sandy nature, but there is a fair proportion of meadow and pasture lands. According to Manning, Peperharow was so called from Pipard or Pepard, the name of some ancient proprietor, and the Saxon word "ape," signifying a possession or estate. The family is supposed to be of Norman extraction, and the name occurs among the entries in the Roll of Battle Abbey. If Peperharow was ever in possession of the Pipards, it must have been before the Norman Conquest, as it does not appear that the family held this or any other estate in Surrey at the time of the Domesday survey.

The Peperharow estates were purchased, in 1713, by Alan Brodrick, afterwards created Viscount Midleton in the kingdom of Ireland. The manorial estate descended to George, the third viscount, who commenced building the present mansion of Peperharow in 1765; but, as his death occurred in the same year, it was completed by his son and successor, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant and Custos-Rotulorum of Surrey in 1820. The present Lord Midleton is the latter nobleman's grandson.

Peperharow Park.

Peperharow Park is an extensive demesne, intersected by the meandering river Wey, which gives additional charm and interest to the varied surrounding scenery. The southern part of the park, which originally formed a portion of Oxenford Grange, is not in the parish of Peperharow, and is separated from it by the river. The grounds were much enlarged by the fourth Viscount Midleton, and were further extended by his successor, who effected numerous improvements on the estate. The mansion, a building in the so-called Italian style, was built from the designs of Sir William Chambers, and occupies a well-sheltered position on rising ground. A fine portico, after a design

by Mr. Cockerell, was subsequently added on the north-east side, and other alterations since made have considerably improved the external appearance of the house. Some valuable paintings by eminent masters, and some original portraits, are preserved here. Among the latter are a portrait of the Emperor Charles V., by Titian; of George Buchanan, the Scottish historian; of Gilbert Burnet, the historian and Bishop of Salisbury; of Alan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland and first Viscount Midleton; of Sir Thomas Brodrick, and of Admiral Brodrick. The park is notable for the delightful appearance of its great sweeping greensward, broken up by stately groups of trees. The timber throughout the plantations is of widely differing species, and include several large Oriental planes and a fine specimen of the deciduous cypress. The entire area of the park comprises about two hundred and eighty-five acres, and it is well stocked with a large herd of deer. The conservatory is westward of the house, as are also the ornamental grounds, occupying nearly fifteen acres. Among other remarkable trees in the pleasure grounds are some giant specimens of the cedar of Lebanon (*Larix cedrus*), which are specially mentioned by Loudon in his "Arboretum Britannicum." One of these displays huge proportions, and when measured, in 1781, was found to be nine feet six inches in girth at three feet from the ground. It has now a circumference of upwards of fifteen feet at about the same height, and its numerous immense branches, some of which are seven feet round, embrace a horizontal extent of more than one hundred feet.

Bonfield Spring.

In that part of the park included in the Oxenford estate is the Bonfield Spring, over which a picturesque cell, designed by Pugin in the Ecclesiastical style, was erected in 1843 by Viscount Midleton. The water is considered to be medicinal, and according to Aubrey cures certain ailments, a reputation which doubtless was turned to good account when it belonged to the monks of Waverley. He further says that "gold and silver money, not Roman but old English, and also rings have been found near this place, which makes the inhabitants give 2*s.* per acre

more than elsewhere, in hopes of finding more." Others, however, are of opinion that the well-known sagacity of the monks in always selecting the best land will better account for the increased rent than the expectation of finding concealed riches.

Peperharow Church.

Peperharow Church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is in the near vicinity of the mansion, and was repaired and enlarged by the fourth Lord Midleton in 1826. More recently, in 1845, considerable alterations, under the superintendence of Mr. Pugin, were effected at the expense of the late viscount, and in 1877 the nave was re-roofed and reseated. These alterations, however, have stopped considerably short of what, apparently, it was once intended, or suggested, to carry out. In Brayley's and Britton's "History of Surrey," which was printed at Dorking and published in 1850, is a plate of the still more extensive reconstruction of the church proposed by the architect Pugin. This shows the building with a lofty spire, and represents it as improved and magnified beyond all recognition. Personally we are glad that this magnificent transformation has never been carried out. The present old stones, though of no real architectural pretensions, possess at least a certain rural charm and the dignity of age. The nave is separated from the aisle by three pointed modern arches ornamented in the Transition style, and supported by clustered shafts of Irish marble from the Midleton quarries in the county of Cork, while the capitals are of Caen stone sculptured with varied foliage. The Decorated windows and south porch are in part restorations. The entrance arch to the chancel is semicircular, and springs from slender columns spirally ornamented; and this arch, with its mouldings, is also richly decorated in the Norman style. The chancel ceiling is panelled, and covered with paintings of sacred emblems. The east window, which is acutely pointed, is divided by mullions into three, and the whole is filled with rich stained glass. The reredos is of Caen stone, and consists of five canopied compartments, the middle one containing a cross supported by angels, and the other four having cherubims on flaming wheels. The

three stone seats, or sedilia, beneath the south window, have been restored, as has also a small piscina between them and the east wall.

The chantry, or sepulchral chapel, which adjoins the chancel on the north side and opens into it through a pointed arch, has a wagon-headed oaken roof divided into panels by intersecting ribs, ornamented with quatrefoil bosses, painted and gilt; and the panels are painted azure, with stars. In the east window are figures of St. George and St. Helen under canopies, and the side windows have stained glass. This chapel, as well as the chancel, is paved with encaustic tiles. In front of the altar-rails is a grey slab, inlaid with a cross in brass, which formerly covered the burial-place of Joan Adderley, who was first married to Sir John Adderley, Lord Mayor of London, in 1442, and afterwards to William Brocas, Esq., lord of the manor of Peperharow in the time of Henry VI. An ancient brass of the same lady, representing her as kneeling before a desk or altar, is let into a tablet of Sussex marble, and fixed against the north wall of the chancel, near which she was buried in 1487. Instances, such as this, of double brasses—one mural, and one on the floor to mark the actual place of burial—though exceedingly uncommon, are found elsewhere. We may add that there is an instructive paper on the Peperharow brasses in the "Surrey Archæological Collections." Near the entrance to the chancel on the north side, under a pointed arch, is the monument, executed by Weekes, of George Brodrick, fourth Viscount Midleton, who died in 1836. His lordship is represented by a finely finished statue of white marble, in a recumbent position, with an open book in the right hand. The emblematic accessories are the sword and scales and the cross. Above the inscription are neatly-wrought sculptures of the family arms and supporters.

Robert Wood, a mathematician of eminence in the seventeenth century, was a native of the parish of Peperharow; and the Rev. Owen Manning, B.D., the learned historian of Surrey, was its rector from 1789 to 1801. In the Calendar of State Papers, under date 1640, we find the following curious entry concerning the conduct of

Mr. Wood, Rector of Peperharow: "Being asked at a visitation held at Guildford, 18th September, 1640, by [Dr. Mason] the Chancellor of Winchester diocese, if he read the prayer appointed by his Majesty in the expedition against the Scots in time of Divine Service, he answered: (1) He knew not from what authority it came. (2) Since he heard the Scots were come into England he thought the prayer needless, because he had heard of an accommodation. (3) He prayed for the King in his prayer before the sermon, a copy whereof he said he was ready to show. Being further asked if he were resolved to read the appointed prayer hereafter, he said, as before, he thought it needless, as the Scots were come into England for an accommodation." There seems to be nothing in the State Papers to throw light on the subsequent history of this contumacious rector.

The patronage of the living has always been vested in the lord of the manor.

From Peperharow the visitor may return to Godalming in accordance with the detailed instructions given in Ramble I. Or he may, if he like, push on further afield, through a rich and beautiful country, past Ockstead, Tilford Bridge, and the romantic ruins of Waverley Abbey, to the old-fashioned town of Farnham. All these latter places are described in detail in Mr. Gordon Home's handbook to Farnham already published in this series.

Witley.

The parish church of Witley is dedicated to All Saints, and stands amidst pleasant surroundings on elevated ground adjacent to the central part of the village street. This fine old building is of stone, and consists of a nave, transepts, and chancel, forming a cross, from the intersection of which rises a low square tower surmounted by a shingled spire. The tower contains eight bells. The church was repaired and renovated in 1844 at the cost of the Rev. John Chandler, the then Vicar; and more recently a complete restoration was effected at an expenditure of £5,000, the whole of which was defrayed by J. H. Foster, Esq. This gentleman was also donor of the handsome stained-glass east window, a beautiful

WITLEY CHURCH.

alabaster reredos, and the fine oak roof of the nave. The church is chiefly in the Early English style of architecture, but shows in the chancel a good Decorated east window, which is divided by mullions into three lights, and ornamented with delicate tracery. Adjoining the chancel on the north side is an old chapel belonging to the manor of Witley, the east window enriched in its head with handsome tracery. The Norman doorway, with cushion capitals, on the south side, remains within the Early English arch. It was reopened at the time of the first restoration. In the south wall of the manor chapel is a small piscina, and the church also contains a sedile and an aumbry, an Early English octagonal font, and some fine fifteenth century heraldic glass. A handsome Perpendicular screen divides the chancel from the nave. An imperfect brass in the north wall of the chancel, with the date of 1468, mentions "Georgii Ducis Clarence & Dns. de Wytle, ac fratri Edouardi quarti, regis Anglie & Franc"; and was doubtless placed there when the Duke of Clarence held possession of the manor. Under an arch in the wall between the chancel and the chapel is the brass, dated 1525, of Thomas Jonys, Jane his wife, and their six children: "which Thom's," the inscription states, "was one of the sewers of the chamber to oure souverayne lorde kynge Henry VIII." A brass in the north wall of the manorial chapel bears the date of 1634, and commemorates Henry Bell, who is said to have been "Clarke Controwler of the Household to our late Soveraigne Lord King James of Blessed Memorie." There are several others of more recent date, besides a number of marble memorial tablets of good design. A mural painting, somewhat indistinct in outline, is displayed on the south wall of the nave.

The picturesque rural character of the village, and the singular beauty of its wooded neighbourhood, have attracted many prominent artists and notable writers to Witley in recent times. Mr. J. C. Hook, the Royal Academician, who now lives at Churt, was the first to arrive, in 1857. He afterwards erected the house known as Pinewood, which, with improvements and extensions, now forms the country seat of Lord Knutsford. Mr.

Birket Foster painted many of his beautiful landscape scenes at the residence which he built near the summit of Wormley Hill. Mrs. Allingham and George Eliot were also among those who found temporary or permanent homes in this lovely district. Mrs. Humphry Ward, the well-known novelist, also resided for some years at Witley, and much of the surrounding scenery has probably found its way into one of her best known novels.

THE CHURCHYARD STEPS AT WITLEY.

CHAPTER VII.

RAMBLES AFOOT.

1. PEPERHAROW AND HURTMORE.

(Distance: 6 miles.)

TURNING one's back upon the old Town Hall, and going up Church Street, past the Parish Church, and then over the level crossing at the railway station, a pleasant lane will be found running along a natural terrace just above the railway. From this bridle-road there are some picturesque views over Godalming in an easterly direction, showing its environment of steep wooded hills. After walking a short distance a point is reached where a pretty vista of the valley to the west opens out, with the Hindhead ridges constituting a mountainous-looking background; and here a footpath branches to the left towards Milford, whilst a bridle-road on the right leads in the direction of Eashing Bridge and village. Following the bridle-path under the spreading branches of oaks, beeches, and elms, you are on the margin of the undulating, tree-grown pasture lands of Ockfordwood Park.

When a higher position is attained the road trends northwards, and soon after to the west, when the crest is reached, giving a view of the towers of Charterhouse School in front, and miles of wooded country towards the east. Not many yards beyond an old farmhouse is a swing-gate on the right, leading to a field-path, going westwards to another farmhouse of more pretentious

appearance, set among the most delightful rural surroundings. Before reaching this point there is a rather striking view of the Charterhouse building, surmounted by its towers and turrets; and in the line of the horizon more to the west the spire of Shackleford Church is seen peeping out of a dark mass of Scotch firs. Passing the farmhouse last mentioned and an antiquated timbered cottage by the side of the highway just opposite, which is as perfect a specimen of the ideal Surrey or Sussex cottage as one can find in either county, you soon reach a singularly pretty country road, with a swing-gate on the right, by another timbered cottage. Following a footpath by this brings one into the most charming woodland scenery. The track lies along the borders of a refreshing green dell, intersected and bounded by a profuse growth of hedges, bushes, and trees, with a richly-wooded rising background. The pathway meanders in its downward course under the deepening shade of trees until it suddenly emerges on the public highway a stone's throw from Eashing Bridge and village.

Eashing Bridge.

The photograph reproduced here will give a much better idea of Eashing Bridge and its delicious surroundings than any written description. So delightful is the view that one cannot see it for the first time without drawing a deep breath of satisfaction at the perfect harmony of the old bridge with its surroundings. Eashing Bridge, like those at Tilford, is not only an exceedingly picturesque, it is also an exceedingly ancient structure. Enthusiastic antiquaries, indeed, have not scrupled to place it as early as the reign of King John. Be this as it may, it can hardly be disputed that it is of venerable age, and we are sincerely glad to note that it has recently been acquired by that useful institution, "The National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Natural Beauty and Historical Associations." Gazing at the old bridge from the village street, one slowly takes in the rich scenery all around—the broad and placid sheet of water (the River Wey), the beds of pink-blossomed rushes and clumps of willows, the half-timbered houses, with the encircling mass of foliage, partly in the low-lying meadows and partly crowning the hills

Photo by] AT EASHING. [*G. West.*

close by. On this spot one sees as perfect a bit of Nature's picture-making as is to be found in the county, the view comparing favourably with Tilford and Waverley, near Farnham.

About a hundred yards beyond Eashing Bridge you may pass through a gateway, by a cottage covered with roses and creepers on the right, and enter a road leading under the outstretched branches of rows of ancient oaks to an entrance to Peperharow Park. A certain degree of uniformity in general features characterises most of our old English parks; but pursuing the pathway to the church in this particular one on a lovely autumnal afternoon, and reaching a spot where the distant heights of Hindhead are discernible on the far horizon, it is impossible to fail to be profoundly impressed with the extreme beauty and the varying aspects of Nature's wonderful scenic display. The view expands, and becomes, if possible, more strikingly picturesque, as the mansion of Peperharow and the church close by are approached. A full description of these, with a summary of historical data, is given in Chapter VI.

Peperharow Park.

Directing your steps northward from the church, a wonderful group of old farm buildings, rich in various tints of softly-subdued colouring, appears on one side of the avenue, and on the other an ivy-covered dwelling; and climbing higher, a noble prospect over a beautiful sylvan country southward to the prominent ridge of Hindhead is presented to view. Here for a second time in the park can be seen some fine cedars of Lebanon, and also near this point of observation may be seen an entrance and a swing-gate, each of which affords exit to the highway connecting Shackleford, Hurtmore, and Compton in one direction, with Elstead and its district in an opposite way. Following the route eastward, indicated by a direction-post as proceeding to Hurtmore and Godalming, one cannot help pausing to take in the ever-varying charms and contrasts of these open woodlands, where the trees stand in a rich growth of bracken and fern—the home in due season of sweetest songsters and choicest wild flowers. After traversing upwards

of half-a-mile of this exceedingly pleasant highway, Shackleford Church is reached. It occupies a secluded position, surrounded by matured plantations, park lands, and wooded tracts of country. Perfect tranquillity and peaceful repose seem to reign supreme here, amidst varied scenes of leafy beauty. The church was erected in 1865, from the designs of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., in the Early English style. It has a well proportioned central tower, with spire; some excellent stone carving in the interior; and several handsome coloured glass windows.

Shackleford Church.

From here the road may be taken to Hurtmore and Farncombe, pointed out by an adjacent guide-post. Several prettily-designed modern houses appear in this locality, and happily their surroundings are not denuded of trees an abundance of pines, gorse, and heather remaining. A short distance beyond the church, and at a point where the highway being described trends to the north, and another road branches towards Shackleford village, a stile on the right bank leads to a footpath over arable and grass uplands. Following the direct course of this field-path, wide views of fine country scenery are presented on every side; but the walk has only extended over a few fields when a descent is made into a secluded and romantic glen, overlooked by many giant oaks, graceful beeches, and massive elms. In this charming spot is the ancient manor-house of Hurtmore, standing among cedars and conifers of many varieties. Passing a pond close by, the path unites with another footway, and then takes a higher level not far from the winding course of the Wey. The many pretty sights and scenes of this richly-wooded valley lend a special interest to the conclusion of the walk. Presently, emerging from under the shadow of the numerous oaks and kindred forest trees that border each side of the way, the suburbs of Godalming are entered in Peperharow Road.

2. LOSELEY AND COMPTON.

(Between 8 and 9 miles.)

Starting from Godalming Church, one crosses over the bridge spanning the Wey; and then going under the railway bridge, there commences the ascent of Frith Hill by Deanery and Hindhead Roads. At their point of junction, where the first curve of the winding road occurs, an excellent view is obtained of the old borough, with its southern frontier ridges forming a wooded background, and the calm waters of the Wey pursuing a meandering course through the intervening meadows. As higher levels are reached by the Hindhead Road, exceedingly pretty valley scenery is unfolded southward towards Haslemere, and westward in the direction of Shackleford and Peperharow; and the buildings of the Charterhouse become more and more a feature in the landscape to the north on approaching the water tower on the summit of Frith Hill. After this point has been gained, a number of attractive modern houses appear on either side of the way; and then come the more pretentious dwellings of the house-masters of the Charterhouse. Continuing a direct course northward after passing the fine approach to the school, and crossing obliquely the lane connecting Farncombe and Hurtmore, one enters a newly-constructed roadway between some handsome villas, and soon notices a swing-gate that leads to a footpath proceeding due north over the crest of the ridge, as well as to another that goes off in a north-westerly direction to Compton Church and village. Following the first, there comes an abrupt descent through dense plantations to a lower level, where the path crosses a broad field towards Binscombe Farm and village, with the Loseley woods directly beyond. More distant still is the chalk down range, with St. Martha's Chapel a conspicuous object on the crest of its solitary hill.

Binscombe.

At Binscombe the pathway emerges on to the public highway leading from Farncombe to Compton and Puttenham on the west, and pursuing it for a short distance, to where a direction-post indicates its

Distant View of St. Martha's Chapel.
From the lane between Shalford and Wonersh.

destination, one may continue the walk by the singularly pretty rural lane that branches northward from that spot. Again avoiding an approach to Compton by another roadway route soon entered, one turns in an opposite direction, and immediately afterwards appears a stile in the left boundary fence, adjacent to a stream of water. Taking a pathway here which leads across meadow lands, displaying a profuse growth of hedges and bushes, you reach a pleasant open spot in the stately avenue leading up to Loseley, from which there is a delightful view of the fine old mansion in its environment of grand ancestral trees. Rambling onward through the heavily-timbered parklands, considerably higher ground is presently reached, where one is awarded a sweeping and magnificent prospect over a wide tract of wooded country. Having gained the summit of the rise under the shadow of a dense beech and elm wood, you enter another avenue to Loseley, and by it proceed eastward, until the wooded ridges, verdant slopes, and low-lying pasture lands of the valley are unfolded to view in the direction of Dorking and Reigate.

Loseley.

When an intersecting road is reached, you go northward along a typical country highway, bordered by luxuriant hedges, and shaded with rows of oaks and elms. This leads past an interesting timbered farmhouse, several old cottages, and a few better-class residences of comfortable appearance—all comprised in the hamlet of Littleton. The village lies sheltered by the surrounding woods and hangers. Presently some distinct traces of the chalk strata are discernible in the immediate vicinity, and here, adjacent to an antiquated timbered dwelling on the left, a swing-gate denotes the entrance to a field-path pursuing a direct course westward. Rural scenery of the exceptional beauty one soon grows into the habit of expecting, is as noticeable here as anywhere else in the neighbourhood of Godalming. The walk is continued by the footway indicated, and a characteristic feature of the chalk formation is noticeable in the rounded contour of the rising ground to the north. An abundance of oaks, elms, beeches, and chestnuts is met with on re-entering Loseley Park and on coming

Littleton.

within view of the imposing northern façade of the stately old manor-house of Loseley—the Knole or Penshurst of Surrey—with its fine mullioned windows and many ivy-coloured gables. A detailed description of this grand old building, with some historical account of its former possessors, is contained in Chapter V.

A little farther on an avenue is entered close by a park lodge; and at the same moment a noble landscape opens out southward to the ridge crowned by the buildings of the Charterhouse. Just before reaching a large farm in a pretty, sheltered situation, a footpath is seen descending obliquely to the left across an arable field; and following it, you obtain an exit by a field-gate into a green lane winding in a south-western direction towards Compton village. Avoiding a branch road on the left side by some cottages, you arrive at the village extremity of Compton Common, in the neighbourhood of the tree-dotted pasture lands of Field Place. The picturesque old village, with its many features of interest, is next entered, and soon after may be noticed the dark, yew-shaded approach to the church, close by the principal avenue and gateway to Eastbury House. Compton Church is fully described in another chapter; but it may here be mentioned that it occupies a particularly pleasant situation, perfectly secluded, and in part enclosed by some magnificent cedars of Lebanon in the adjoining grounds of Eastbury Manor.

Compton.

Walking westward through the village, we turn to the left by the boundary wall of the mansion gardens and farm outbuildings, and enter a highway leading past some prettily-designed cottages, and afterwards by a singularly attractive residence very favourably placed in woodland surroundings. A few yards beyond this a field-gate on the same side of the road gives entrance to a pathway stretching in a direct line towards a solitary oak on the crest of the elevated ridge immediately in front. The route is still pleasant in the extreme; and in all directions appear woods scattered over hill and dale, possessing many well-grown oaks, elms, and beeches, as well as more unusual forest trees. Backward glances reveal the red gables and tall chimneys of Eastbury

House, in close association with the grey church spire and the giant cedars. The woodland views among these rich, undulating park lands are at times supremely beautiful, as with reluctance their varied beauties are exchanged for the densely-wooded glades through which the path presently takes its uncertain course to upland regions.

When the open fields at the higher level are attained, the continuation of the footpath is followed by the western side of a tall holly hedge, and the winding country lane connecting Compton with the Hurtmore and Shackleford districts is reached at an elevated position, where a distant view southward is commanded over the Peperharow Woods to the cape-like projection of Hindhead. Under the shade of some stately beeches we walk a few hundred yards towards Hurtmore, and then, by a gate on the right bank, enter a pathway going in a south-westerly direction over cultivated land to a point in the road between Farncombe and Shackleford, close to Northbrook Place, and comparatively near to Charterhouse School. Pursuing this highway eastward, we get a view of Northbrook Place, and then rejoin the outward line of route not far from the Charterhouse. The descent to Godalming is made by the more direct way of approach through Sandy Lane.

Northbrook Place.

3. BUSBRIDGE, HAMBLEDON, AND WITLEY.

(About 10 miles.)

Commencing this walk at the old Town Hall, we proceed a few yards along High Street before turning to the right into South Street. Having surmounted the gradual rise of this narrow thoroughfare, and following for a short distance the eastward extension of Croft Road, there comes another ascent, in a southerly direction, by a paved pathway known as Summerhouse Lane, and entered by a few stone steps that appear on the right near the Catholic Chapel. When the summit of the ridge is attained on Holloway Hill, we have on the side a number of handsome villas, surrounded in each instance by more or less extensive

Holloway Hill.

grounds, and communicating by well-kept avenues with several intersecting roadways, which appear to have been recently constructed.

Pursuing hence a direct route past the Recreation Ground, we come upon a pleasant suburban highway, and under the shade of rows of elms, some of them magnificent specimens of their kind, are conducted in

BUSBRIDGE CHURCH.

due time into a pretty rural lane. A narrow road to the left leads to Busbridge Church, and when the boundary wall of Busbridge Park is approached a transverse road may be seen which connects the main highway to Milford with that to Hascombe. Immediately in front of the position now reached an ordinary field-gate admits to a public footpath pursuing a direct southward course through the park and close by some immense elms. The line of route along this is now parallel with the avenue to the mansion, but at a higher level; and dotted over the rich park pastures extending eastward are many trees, whose huge trunks and widely-extending branches betoken an existence of several centuries.

Busbridge Church.

Having made a descent into a sheltered valley, we

get a picturesque peep of Busbridge Hall beyond its ornamental lake, situated among cedars and conifers that are scattered over the terraced lawns, and shut round by a dense growth of stately trees ascending on every side to the crests of the adjacent heights. Busbridge Hall—at present the property of the Hon. Violet F. Monckton—is seated in a wooded dell at the head of a fine expanse of water. Originally built by Sir W. Eliot, a justice of the peace for Surrey in the time of the Commonwealth, the mansion was enlarged by Sir Robert Barker; and considerable improvements, both in the residence and in the surroundings, were made early in the present century. As now existing the house is a handsome building, and its principal rooms contain ornamental marble chimney-pieces that were formerly in one of the palaces of Louis XIV., as well as several valuable pictures. The grounds and park include a great variety of beautiful scenery, broken up by picturesque lakes and plantations, and surrounded by hills. The scenes around this spot are in a remarkable degree beautiful and varied, and a very small idea of the enchanting views can be conveyed by any written description. In continuing the walk hence a footway through the valley to the right towards Milford is avoided, and instead you follow that over the hillside southward. Looking down from the elevated position just climbed on a bright autumnal morning to the delicate gold and russet tints of the foliage as it is reflected on the mirror-like surface of the placid lake which surrounds the ancient house, the imagination is tempted to wander freely in painting fancy pictures, whilst gazing with delight on the charm and contrasts of the scene beneath.

Busbridge Hall.

After absorbing as much of the view as possible, a few large Spanish chestnuts are passed, and soon afterwards one emerges from the park into a tree-shaded lane. A cottage is presently reached, beyond some farm buildings, and crossing at right angles the road connecting Hambledon with Godalming, a pathway appears leading through a dense pine and beech plantation. This woodland path comes out again in time to the public highway, which

Photo by] BUSBRIDGE PARK AND HALL. [*G. West.*

here runs over Highdown Heath in a south easterly direction towards Hascombe. Pine trees, ferns, and heather constitute the immediate and entire surroundings, and when a point is reached where the roads from Godalming, Milford, Burgate, Hascombe, and Highdown Hill converge, you follow the last named route as indicated by a handy guide post. On each side of this sylvan way juniper bushes are thickly mingled with the pines, gorse and heather. Having traversed about two thirds of the upward slope now visible in front, a pathway is noticeable on the right leading through a birch plantation and up a steep ascent to the summit of Highdown Hall. A magnificent panoramic landscape, uninterrupted on every side, is here unfolded to view. Looking to the north, Godalming and the towers of the Charterhouse are plainly discernible, and beyond them the ridge of the Hog's Back may be readily traced from Farnham in the west to Guildford in the east, whence the continuation of the chalk downs may still be made out by Dorking and Reigate to the borders of Kent. Juniper Valley occupies the wooded depression that intervenes between this point of observation and the uplands bordering on Munstead Heath. The eastward densely wooded heights that denote the vicinity of the "Hascombe Beeches," and extend towards Telegraph Hill in the main direction of Hascombe and Cranleigh, are flanked on the right by the pine plantations of Holloway's Heath, and beyond these lie the demesne lands of Park Hatch. Turning southward, a vast expanse of the Surrey and Sussex Weald stretches away to the distant South Downs, prominent among which is Chanctonbury Ring, above Worthing, crowned by its well known clump of trees, with Hambledon and Chiddingfold in the immediate foreground. The Hindhead and Blackdown headlands appear prominently on the western horizon, and Haslemere lies snugly tucked away among the nearer wooded hills and vales; whilst farther to the north the forest growth of Thursley Common, Witley Common, and the environs of Lea Park occupy an

Highdown Heath.

Highdown Hall.

Hascombe Beeches.

intermediate position in the beautiful and varied landscape scene.

Half-a-dozen miles or so away to the south, on the eastern slope of the Sussex Blackdown, is the late Poet Laureate's home at Aldworth, the view from which, if not quite the same, is at any rate greatly similar to that which is visible from Highdown Ball. Lovers of Tennyson who have climbed to this last-named height will perhaps be reminded of the characteristic lines in the prologue to General Hamley—

> "You came, and look'd, and loved the view
> Long-known and loved by me,
> Green Sussex fading into blue,
> With one gray glimpse of sea."

Looking southward over the Weald from the lonely eminence of Highdown Ball, across leagues and leagues of alternate pasture, tilth, and woodland Sussex is still the best timbered county in England—away to the graceful outlines of the blue South Downs, that "majestic chain of mountains" of old Gilbert White, the lines are likely to occur spontaneously to the lips of every lover of Tennyson. The North has wilder and grander scenes to stir the pulse and quicken the imagination; but England perhaps has nothing to show more softly beautiful than these sudden prospects over the vast undulations of the Weald.

Highdown Ball is the subject of a curious and, we believe, unexplained bit of folk-lore:

> "On Hydon's top there is a cup,
> And in that cup there is a drop;
> Take up the cup and drink the drop,
> And place the cup on Hydon's top."

What will happen to the bold adventurer who obeys this mysterious mandate, or whether, after drinking the drop, he will ever have time to replace the cup before the occurrence of something wonderful, the rhyme omits to tell us. An old edition of Murray's Handbook for Surrey quotes a curious parallel from the other side of the Border.

The origin and meaning of these obscure folk-lines should be made a subject of inquiry in "Notes and Queries." Perhaps they are akin to the drawing the sword or blowing the horn in the various legends of Arthur and his sleeping knights which crop up--at Richmond in Yorkshire, for instance—in various parts of the country.

Descending by the southern slopes, you rejoin the rural and somewhat secluded highway close by a spreading beech tree which here flourishes in solitary but stately grandeur. Thick underwood and ferns line the way westward, and reaching a point where the country lane followed bends abruptly to the south towards Chiddingfold, a stile on the right gives entrance to a charming path through a woodland glade. After emerging on to the open fields the footway continues over rising ground and suddenly Hambledon Church shows up immediately in front.

Hambledon Church.

Hambledon is referred to in the Domesday Book under the designation of Hameledone. The church—a small one—is of modern date, and occupies a picturesque position a short distance from the village. An interesting old farmhouse and out-buildings stand close to the churchyard, in which are two gigantic yews, the more ancient one measuring thirty feet in circumference and the middle-aged one seventeen, at five feet from the ground. The trunk of the larger is hollow, but the other is still quite sound, and, judging from their foliage, both appear to be in flourishing condition.

A bridleway to the right by the boundary wall of the farm premises conducts us under the extending branches of a succession of elms and ashes, a number of Spanish chestnuts, and some oaks and beeches, to the main thoroughfare close by a wayside inn. A few yards along the road there is a footpath to the left by the enclosure of the inn garden, and entering a field over a stile you go on westward through the valley in reposeful woodland surroundings. The route onward lies along the course of a tree-shaded bridle-track, and you keep to the right until a gorse waste is reached with a background of sombre pines. When the big modern mansion of Enton

appears standing out to the north you pursue the continuation of the pathway through a pine wood, but soon after emerge again into the open on the sandy sward immediately in front of the mansion, with birches, Scotch pines, and bracken on either side of the way. Close to a large sheet of ornamental water, studded with islands, bright with rhododendrons, and sheltered by pines and oaks,

Photo by] IN WITLEY VILLAGE. [*R. W. Fielder.*

you cross the pretty road that leads in a circuitous course to Witley, and continue the walk through a birch plantation with an abundance of bracken in all directions. Presently the footway leads under a railway arch, then over a rustic bridge, next winds close by a pair of tall elm trees, and after passing through the undulating pasture lands of Witley Park, with its tree-shadowed sheet of water near at hand, conducts you by a stile under lofty elms to the main highway.

Witley.

Photo by] THE INGLE NOOK IN THE "CROWN" INN AT CHIDDINGFOLD. [*G. West.*

You are then at the southern extremity of the picturesque village of Witley, with its many ancient, as well as modern, half-timbered houses nestled deep in their leafy surroundings. The ivy-clad church, with its massive central tower, occupies a commanding position, approached on the left from the principal inn, and close by the fine old vicarage house, shaded by a magnificent plane tree.

4. WITLEY, CHIDDINGFOLD, AND HASCOMBE.

(About 15 miles.)

This is a beautiful ramble for a summer's day, partly through the levels of the low-lying Weald, partly over the sandstone uplands that lie between Hambledon and Godalming. For convenience sake we start at Witley Station, but the tourist who does not mind a few extra miles may, of course, make his way thither on foot. Emerging from the down side of the station, we follow the railway approach into a country lane running in the direction of Haslemere, and turning down this towards the right, observe almost immediately a new road on the left affording shorter access to Hambledon and Chiddingfold. The woods on either side in the early days of spring are bright with myriads of bluebells. In a quarter of an hour or so—possibly less—we attain the high road to Chiddingfold, and if we pursued it for a mile and a half—we are giving approximate distances only—we should arrive at the heart of that picturesque village—the church and the old village inn. The latter is a very remarkable structure, and a midday crust of bread and cheese furnishes the wanderer with a plausible excuse for a peep into its old-world interior. The church is principally Early English, and has suffered, it will perhaps be thought, from rather too extensive a restoration. Chiddingfold was the site of a long-vanished industry, traces of which have been brought to light, and may now be seen in the museum of the Surrey Archæological Society at Guildford. It was, in short, the locality of a glass house at a very early period; but the works are said to have been

Chiddingfold.

Photo by] CHIDDINGFOLD CHURCH. *[G. West.*

peremptorily closed during the reign of Elizabeth on the complaint of the dwellers round. Those were indeed the days of drastic remedies; and we sigh, for a moment, for like arbitrary powers, when we discover a beautiful neighbourhood disfigured by smoky lime-works or a reeking brick-field. The name of Chiddingfold is interesting, for it apparently points, as does Chiddinglye in Sussex, and Chiddingstone in Kent, to a long since vanished family of Chiddingas. From Chiddingfold the rambler may make his way, if he like, in a pretty straight line to Burgate or Hascombe; but since the whole detour to Chiddingfold adds more to the length of the stroll than many pedestrians will perhaps be inclined for, we think it better to continue our route from the point where we first came into the Chiddingfold high road. This we do by crossing the road, and continuing in the same direction eastward, mounting gradually through the scattered hamlet of Hambledon, clustered round its pretty bit of common. The views to the right, away towards Blackdown and Hindhead, are beautiful beyond description, and we are more and more impressed with the forest-like aspect of the Weald whenever we look down on it from above.

Hambledon.

Hambledon consists of several old and many recent residences, and some of the latter go far, by their good taste and picturesqueness, to remove the reproach of the modern builder. A characteristic upland lane—cut, like so many others in this sandstone district, deep into the soil, and overhung by trees—winds up gradually in a northerly direction till we arrive, on our left, at a little inn. On the right, a gate gives access to a path which climbs steeply over a meadow, and brings us finally to Hambledon Church. The edifice has been completely rebuilt, and need not detain the visitor long; unless, indeed, he be tempted to linger because of the fine old yew tree or the magnificent view—this time towards the north—away beyond the towers of the modern Charterhouse. From Hambledon we pursue for a mile or two a direction steadily eastward, following first a rough lane, and then a footpath along the very brow of the precipitous escarpment by which this high

tableland sinks down towards the plain. On our left, Highdown Ball lifts its fir-clad summit (see page 93); on the right stretches the vast Weald to the confines of the distant South Downs, conspicuous among which is Chanctonbury Ring, unmistakable by reason alike of its isolated form and its crowning clump of trees. Presently we come to the brow of a densely-wooded glen, which somewhat abruptly pierces the tableland in a direction from north to south. Descend into this by an unmistakable path sloping a little towards the left, and as soon as you come into the road at the bottom, turn to the right, and follow it down as it works round gradually to the east through masses of magnificent timber. At the bottom of this glen, but in private grounds, are the far-famed Burgate chestnuts. The view with these chestnuts in the foreground is said to be as typically Spanish as anything this side of the Pyrenees. Continuing due east along a sort of terrace road, and passing here and there a cottage garden ablaze in summer with a wilderness of flowers, we come at right angles into a road which bears up to the left to Hascombe -a quiet Surrey village nestling peacefully in the heart of an upland valley, surrounded by richly-draped hills. Hascombe Church, like that at Hambledon, has been entirely rebuilt, but the apse at the east end reproduces a feature which existed in the original building. There is a representation of the ancient church in a modern stained glass window on the north of the nave, and the visitor will find attached to a pew a useful little history of the church and a description of its elaborate decorations. The screen, though restored and richly painted, is a really ancient feature. Notice the ornamentation of the nave walls—the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. The fishes, it will be noticed, by a ludicrous oversight, are all too small to be retained prisoners in the very wide meshes of the net. Dr. Conyers Middleton, the well known author of a life of Cicero, was formerly a vicar of Hascombe.

Hascombe.

Not much remains to be said of the journey back to Godalming. Of course it involves some hill-climbing — what stroll, indeed, in this undulating neighbourhood is free from that defect—or merit? It hardly seems

Photo by] THE OLD "CROWN" INN AT CHIDDINGFOLD. *[G. West.*

necessary to call the tourist's attention to the extraordinarily picturesque old house, situated at some depth beneath the road, on the right, on to which he suddenly looks down. Its situation is altogether too remarkable not to arrest his notice. Then we mount gradually, through another sandstone cutting, to the level of Munstead Heath. Here and there, in the hedgerow, the visitor will notice a few stray blossoms of yellow weasel-snout; whilst the light green leaves and delicate little pink blossoms of the shining-leaved cranesbill cluster on the banks in profusion.

5. BRAMLEY, WONERSH, ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL AND GUILDFORD.

(About 9 miles.)

This ramble of nearly nine miles is best terminated at Guildford, and as the antiquarian attractions of the county town will probably leave no time for getting back on foot, it is, perhaps, best to return by rail.

Bramley, three miles from Godalming, has a railway station, and hence it is full of new houses. Its church, mentioned in Domesday, has been several times restored and enlarged. The chancel is Early English, and other portions are Transitional-Norman. Wonersh, half a mile farther, is as remote and antique a village as one may find. The former seat of Lord Grantley is close to the village street, and nearby stands the church, a building of a Georgian aspect, but containing, however, some much older work. One cannot see a sign of the church from the road, so densely is it surrounded by trees.

A mile to the north is the moated manor house of Great Tangley, and Chilworth, with its powder mills, a little farther on, overlooked by St. Martha's Chapel on its bold bluff. The chapel itself is mostly modern restoration, its nave, in particular, having been a shapeless ruin as recently as 1858. Nor does it contain anything, save a few old stone coffin-lids and an altar-tomb to Will Morgan (d. 1602), of more than ordinary interest. But

the strangeness of the site, the beauty of the hill itself, and above all the marvellous and exquisite view over all that is richest and loveliest in Surrey, make this place, perhaps, the finest of all shrines for the devotion of the Surrey pilgrim.

The footpath leading away to Guildford is very easily followed in a north-westerly direction over Pewley Hill, passing close to the fort (one of the line of Surrey's defences against a foreign invasion).

Very full particulars and descriptions of Guildford, and all the villages and pleasant spots in its vicinity, may be found in the Homeland Handbook for Guildford, entitled "Surrey's Capital," uniform with this volume.

HINDHEAD AND HASLEMERE.

The great attractions of Hindhead and its surroundings lie only eight miles south of Godalming, from which district it is much visited.

A new handbook will, we hope, soon be added to the Homeland Series dealing with this delightful portion of Surrey.

Chapter VIII.

ANGLING IN THE WEY AT GODALMING.

Among the MSS. preserved at Loseley will be found particulars of a vehement complaint made by the parishioners of Godalming, at the time of the Commonwealth, against one Dr. Nicholas Andrews, the vicar at that time, inasmuch "that he passed so much time fishing in the 'ing' (meadow) with another priest, that he preached but seldom, and then in a fruitless and unprofitable manner." This terrible charge was proved, we fear, for the unfortunate vicar was turned out of his living by the sermon-loving folk of those days.

Good fish undoubtedly tempted the vicar to his undoing, and good fish there are to-day in the Wey about Godalming, and any disciple of Isaac Walton who thinks of straying to this part of Surrey, and who cares for bottom fishing, should bring with him his rods and tackle.

The following very brief notes will, we hope, be useful to the angling visitor.

The fish to be obtained are roach, bream, carp, dace, perch, and pike.

Roach fishing is particularly good in certain swims, the fish in good condition, and roach of 1 lb. not at all uncommon. Bream are plentiful in the deeper holes nearer Shalford. A fine case of Wey bream are to be seen at Mr. Street's tackle shop in Bridge Street. Carp have been taken up to 5 lbs., and there are probably plenty of specimen fish to be had by the careful angler. Dace and perch are plentiful in most parts of the river. Pike have been taken up to 17 lbs. in weight.

Those who would study the most successful means of

fishing the Wey are referred to the excellent article on the fishing in the Wey, contributed to the Guildford Handbook, issued by the Homeland Association, by Mr. C. B. Sells, a local angler.

Regarding best places, many good roach swims are to be found below the bridge, noticeably at the reedy bend of the river opposite the first clump of trees. There is good carp water still lower down, and between the church and the bridge are many good swims.

Above the town, deep water and good fishing spots will be found near the Charterhouse bathing sheds, and higher up, above the Flock Mills at Eashing, a particularly quiet, beautiful part of the river, surrounded by trees, affords good fishing for roach, bream and perch.

The angler who loves the quiet water side will be charmed with the natural beauties of the Wey. Kingfishers are often to be seen, and the commoner waterfowl abound. The river here colours quickly after rain.

THE WEY AT EASHING VILLAGE.

Chapter IX.

CYCLE RUNS ROUND GODALMING.

EXPLANATION.

The figures after each place indicate the number of miles from the previous one, and NOT FROM GODALMING. Thus, in the first ride: Easbing is 1¾ miles from Godalming Peperharow 1 mile from Easbing Elstead 2½ miles from Peperharow, and so on.

1.—To Farnham and back (20 miles).

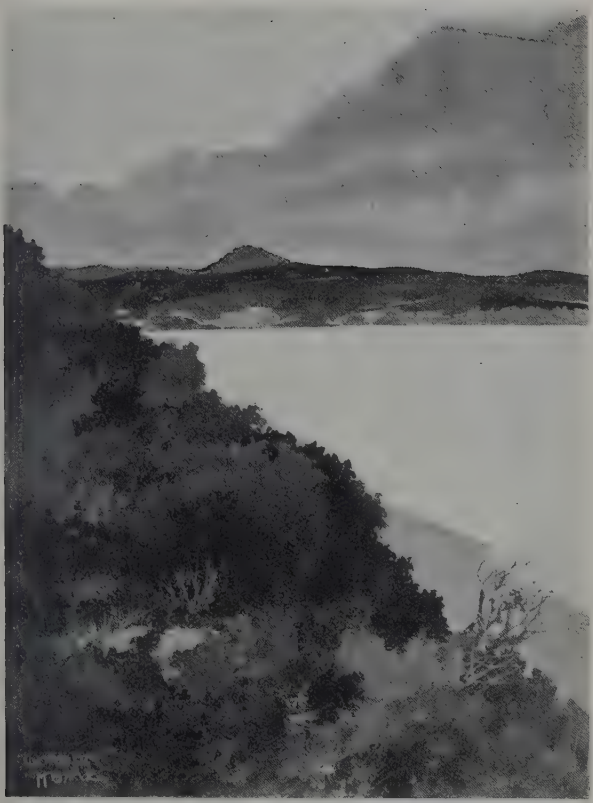
Easbing, 1¾; Peperharow, 1; Elstead, 2½; Farnham, 4½; Puttenham, 6; Compton, 1½; Godalming, 2½.

Beautiful bridge over the Wey at Easbing. Old mill and bridge at Elstead. At Farnham Castle and Park. "The Jolly Farmer" Inn, birthplace of William Cobbett, Moor Park and Waverley Abbey (1 mile out of town). Puttenham Old Norman church. Compton Mortuary chapel and particularly interesting church.

2. To Frensham Pond and back (19½ miles).

Milford, 2; Thursley, 3; Devil's Jumps, 2¼; Frensham Great Pond, 1½; Frensham Village, 1¼; Tilford, 2½; Elstead, 2½; Godalming, 4½ (leaving Peperharow on the left).

Thursley Pretty village on a hilltop. Devil's Jumps Three little conical hills Frensham Great Pond A sheet of water 3 miles in circumference Frensham Church, containing a witches' cauldron Tilford King's Oak, and two picturesque bridges.



A Corner of Frensham Great Pond.
Crooksbury Hill in the distance.

3.—To Hindhead and back (18¾ miles).

Milford, 2; "Royal Huts Hotel" on Hindhead, 5¾; Haslemere, 3; Godalming (by main road), 8.

Hindhead—The Gibbet, memorial to a murdered sailor, magnificent views, and residences of many great literary personages.

4.—To Haslemere and back (19 miles).

Haslemere, 8; Chiddingfold, 5; Witley, 3; Godalming, 3.

Haslemere—Quiet old country town.

5.—To Dunsfold and Cranleigh and back (22½ miles).

Witley, 3; Chiddingfold, 3; Dunsfold, 4; Cranleigh, 4½; Wonersh, 5; Godalming, 3.

Chiddingfold—A pretty village, with fine old inn. Witley—Many antique houses, and old church, beautifully situated. Wonersh—Old inn, interesting church, and former seat of Lord Grantley.

6. To Shere, Ewhurst and back (24¼ miles).

Shalford, 3; Albury, 4; Shere, 1½; Gomshall, ¾; Ewhurst, 5; Cranleigh, 2; Wonersh, 5; Godalming, 3.

Shalford—Stocks, and mill (just off the road). Albury—The Silent Pool. Shere—Charming village, church, and inn.

7.—To Ripley and back (24½ miles).

Guildford, 4; Merrow, 2; East Horsley, 4½; Ockham, 3; Ripley, 1½; Guildford, 5½; Godalming, 4.

Merrow—Old inn. East Horsley—Beautiful Elizabethan manor house.

8.—To Chobham and Woking (31¾ miles).

Guildford, 4; Worplesdon, 3½; Pirbright, 2½; Bisley Camp, 1½; Bisley Village, 1¾; Chobham, 2½; Horsell, 3½; Woking (Old), 2½; Guildford, 6; Godalming, 4.

Chobham—Quaint village and church. Horsell—Pretty common.

LOCAL NOTANDA.

The Publishers have not felt it necessary to incorporate in this handbook a list of the times of the services in the churches and chapels, nor a list of the public institutions. Full particulars regarding these matters will be found in the Local Directory published (price 3d.) by Mr. H. T. Craddock, High Street, Godalming.

The following newspapers circulate in the town and neighbourhood:—

"The Surrey Advertiser," every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. Head office: Market Street, Guildford.

"The Surrey Times." Head office, 11, Woodbridge Road, Guildford.

"The Farnham, Haslemere and Hindhead Herald," every Friday afternoon (see advertisement, page x). Offices: South Street, Farnham.

Reviews of New Books on British Topography.

Old English Churches,

by George Clinch, F.G.S., price 6/6 nett. L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C.

Among the great numbers of ramblers in the country who visit village and other churches how many are there, we wonder, who have sufficient knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture to make these visits anything short of dull? It is not so much to the expert architect as to the average rambler to whom Mr. Clinch's work is invaluable. We venture to predict that after a careful perusal of this book the reader will, if never before, find old churches a fascinating study. Nearly all the instances given are in the Home Counties, or near well-known sea-side resorts, though it is for the Londoner only that this restriction has much point.

The first section of the book deals in a succinct manner with the various styles of architecture—Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, Tudor, Debased Perpendicular, and Early Renaissance, showing very clearly how each can be recognised. Photographs and diagrams being placed exactly where they are required the reader can follow the descriptions of each style without the slightest difficulty. The following section is devoted to Church furniture and accessories, also profusely illustrated with interesting examples. The uses of the Squint, the Aumbry, the Piscina, Easter Sepulchre, Rood Loft, Parclose, and a hundred other church accessories are explained in such a way that handbooks containing information as to where these various relics are to be found will be eagerly sought after by the intelligent reader.

The two remaining chapters deal with Decorations and Monuments. We heartily recommend the book for accuracy and for giving its information in a brief and compact form.

It may be interesting to our readers to know that Mr. Clinch has just written a charming book on the Bromley district (Kent), which will be shortly published by the Homeland Association.

Three Surrey Churches,

A Chapter of English History. St. Nicholas, Compton, St. Mary, Guildford, by the Rev. H. R. Ware, M.A.; St. Martha, Chilworth, by P. G. Palmer. Together with Some Notes on St. Catherine's Chapel, Guildford, by Thackeray Turner. Also Notes on the Antiquity of the Pilgrim's Way, &c., &c. With illustrations from sketches and photographs. Price, large paper, crown 4to, bound in buckram, 12/- (to subscribers, 10-) nett; crown 8vo, cloth, 5/- nett. Guildford: Frank Lasham, 61, High Street. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

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